Saturday Review

MARCH 11, 1961 / 25¢

THE FAIR AT SEVILLE

In the words and oils
of Barnaby Conrad

SPRING AND THE TR

BY
HUDDEE HERRICK
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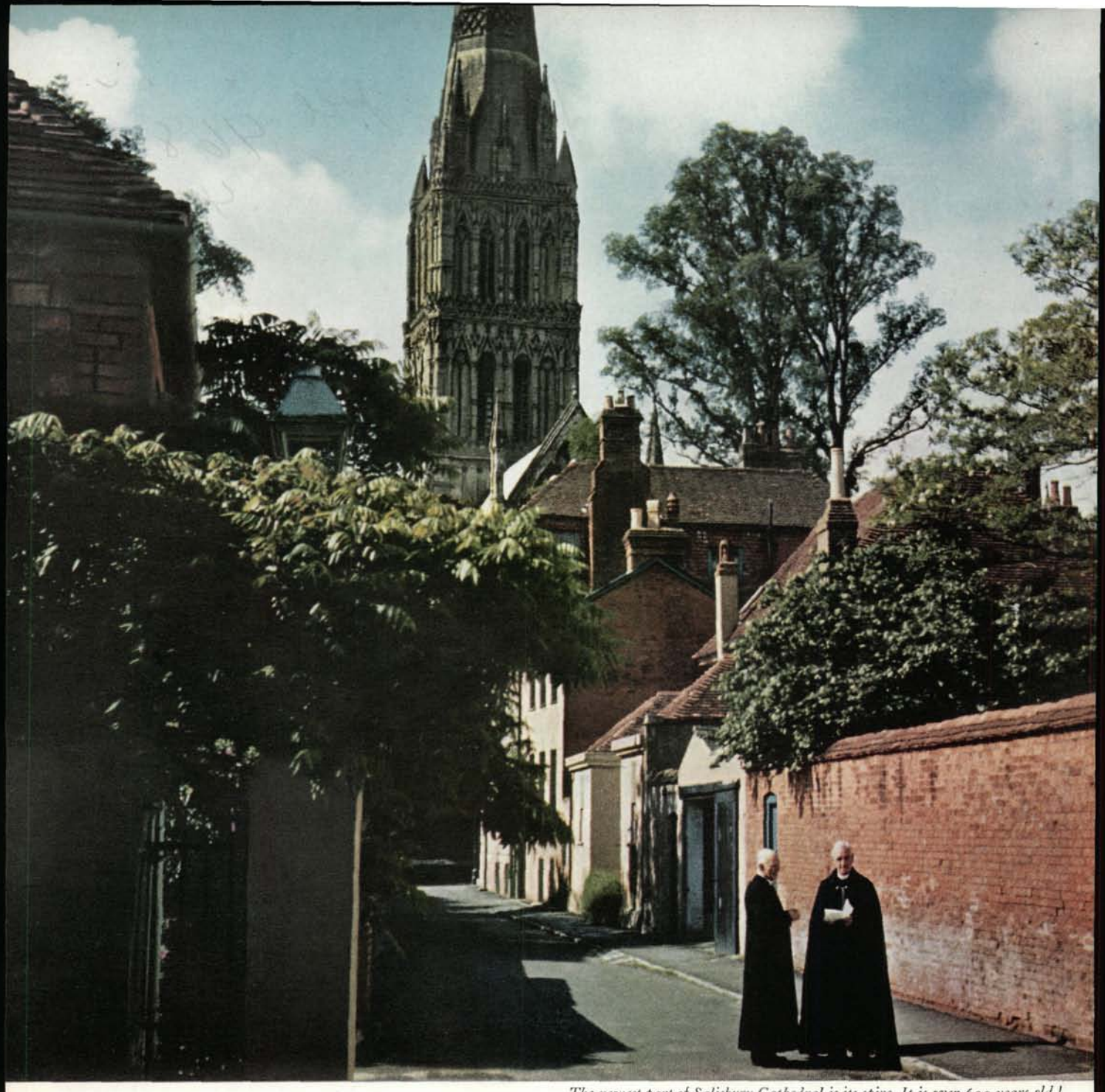

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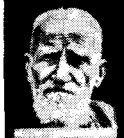

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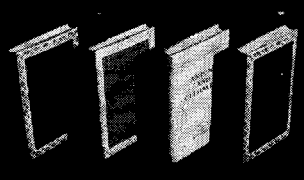

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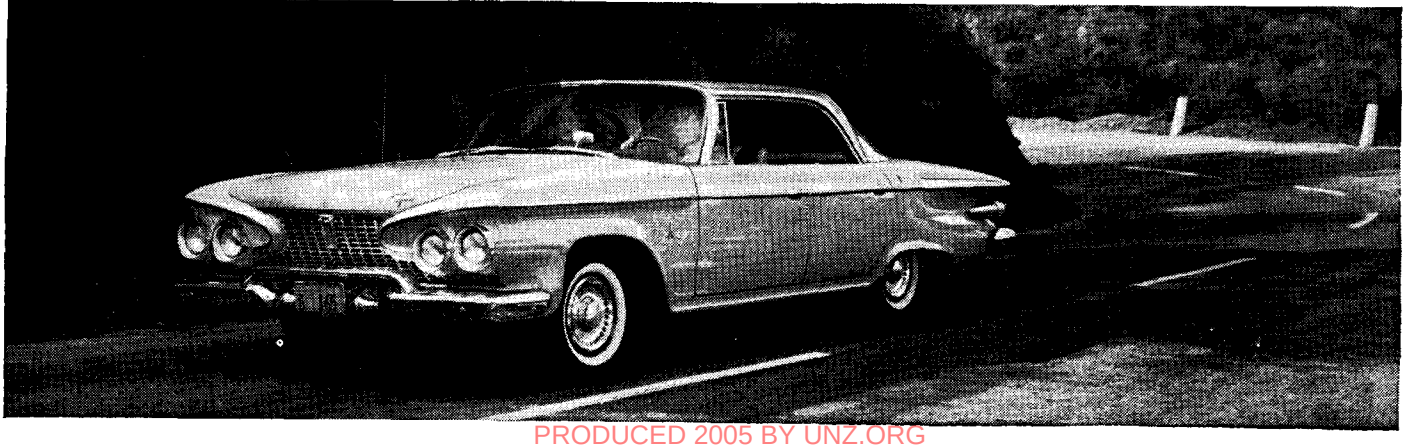

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There's a fair-sized cult these days that worships at the shrine of the "objective" historian. For my money, there's no such animal: one of a historian's jobs is interpretation, and calling an interpreter objective often means only that you agree with his translation. Some of the best historians of our time have had axes to grind—to cite but one example, the late Fletcher Pratt, who never pretended to be above opinions. Mr. Pratt's work is sound and witty and will, I hope, be read forever.

Another historian in the same tradition is Leon Wolff, who has just written "Little Brown Brother," a new work on America's inglorious adventure in the Philippines at the turn of the century. Our behavior in those islands rivaled the worst examples of the Spanish, our predecessors there, and that's saying a good deal. Our soldiers slaughtered and looted in a way that would make a Visigoth blush, and our government conducted its affairs in an equally stupid and brutal manner.

So why would anyone want to read "Little Brown Brother?" I have several reasons, though they may apply to me alone. For one, the book is a significant and readable analysis of an important period in our history. For another, Mr. Wolff shows conclusively how the best intentions, coupled with condescension and ignorance, form a very weak base for a foreign policy. Though this country has come a long way, the lesson is still apt. Finally, "Little Brown Brother" merits reading as the dramatic story of a betrayed people's bravery — even though we were the villains.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

A good introduction to Fletcher Pratt's writing is available in his book, "The Battles That Changed History" (Dolphin Books, 95¢). It and "Little Brown Brother," by Leon Wolff ($4.95), are published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. Copies may be obtained from your local bookseller, including any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 239 Pierce St., Birmingham, Michigan.

Saturday Review

MARCH 11, 1961

SR/IDEAS

19 Towards a Rule of Law in World Affairs, by William O. Douglas
34 Agenda for Tax Reform, by Gustave Simons
36 Tourists or Termites? An Editorial
43 Spring and the Traveler: Horace Sutton, Barnaby Conrad, Anita Leslie, William Marchant, Les Barry, John Ciardi, Marc Connelly, Neville Braybrooke

SR/COMMUNICATIONS

82 Pulitzer Prize Photography: One for the Money, by Margaret R. Weiss
89 Interpretation of Interpretation, by Lester Markel

SR/BOOKS

22 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks discusses "An Only Child," by Frank O'Connor
23 India and the United States, edited by Selig S. Harrison; India and the West, by Barbara Ward
26 I Walked with Heroes, by General Carlos P. Rómulo
27 The Infernal World of Branwell Brontë, by Daphne du Maurier
28 Foreign Fiction: The Acrophile, by Yoram Kaniuk; The Other End of the Bridge, by Una Troy; The Goddam White Man, by David Lytton; The Man-Eater of Malgudi, by R. K. Narayan; Fête, by Roger Vailland
31 The Greatest Problem and Other Essays, by F. L. Lucas
32 A Passport Secretly Green, by Noel Perrin
33 New French Writing, edited by Georges Borchardt

SR/DEPARTMENTS

10 Trade Winds
16 Phoenix Nest
17 Chess Corner
25 Literary I.Q.
31 Literary Crypt
37 Letters to the Editor
38 Broadway Postscript
39 *SR* Goes to the Movies
91 Music to My Ears
92 Mid-Month Recordings
102 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1407

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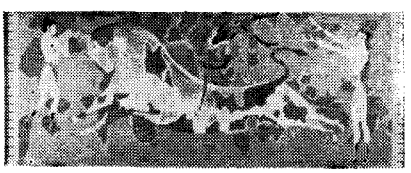

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S-136. BUST OF A BOY.

The essence and appeal of childhood's charm and innocence are captured in this head by Desiderio da Settignano. Walnut wood base. White marble finish. 12" high; 10" wide. *No C.O.D. orders.*

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4558. THE HOMOSEXUAL IN AMERICA: A Subjective Approach. By Donald Webster Cory. Intro. by Albert Ellis. Second Revised Edition with a new evaluation by the author. A frank, honest, keenly analytical account of homosexuality as seen, felt, experienced and told by a homosexual.
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P-801. KLEE: *FISCHBILD.* The delightful fish are done in tones of pink and gray; the watery backgrond fades from a rich ultramarine blue to textured tones of soft sea-green. Silk screen. 23" high x 35" wide. *Special* **2.98**

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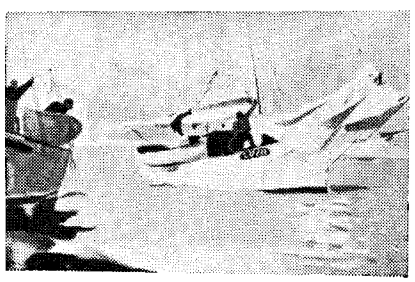

P-724. WINSLOW HOMER: FISHING BOATS, KEY WEST.

A watercolor from the collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, showing a small boat, it sails furled, anchored in calm water alongside a boat in deep shadow. The white of the boat contrasts sharply with the shadows, the leaden sky and even the high-key blue of the water. Silk screen reproduction, made from 14 hand-blocked screens to assure verisimilitude of color, line and texture. 14" high x 21¾" wide.

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INSIDE NATIONWIDE

"FOXHOLE": Wyatt Claiborne Jones, of New York City, writes, "I would like to show 'The Fur Lined Foxhole' to an adult education class I teach. Is it possible?"

It's not only possible but simple, convenient, and free, and we've arranged to send Mr. Jones a print.

You, too, can show our thought-provoking new movie to your club, class, or clique. It's about people, not foxes, and features cartoons by Robert Osborn and narration by James Daly. To book it, write Dept. SR, Nationwide Insurance, 246 N. High St., Columbus 16, Ohio.

FACTS: Mrs. W. J. Groff, of Salem, Ohio, would like to know more about our Advisory Committee of Policyholders program. "I saw it mentioned in the paper but no facts were given," she writes.

Facts: We started ACP ten years ago because we believe people should have some say in the operation of businesses they own. Two of our companies are mutuals (see below), and a mutual is owned by its policyholders. Through ACP we invite policyholders to attend meetings, take part in discussions, and submit recommendations.

There are district and regional meetings, and an annual conference in Columbus. This year's conference is next week (March 16-18) and 80 policyholders are expected.

Many ACP recommendations are adopted each year, but probably the best thing about the program is that it gets people interested in exercising their right to speak up. As one of the 17,000 ACP members last year put it, "I found out you *want* my opinion. That never happened before. I have a better idea now of what 'democracy' means."

AND A FOOTNOTE: Several persons have told us they think these ads are "readable" or "a welcome departure" or (shudder) "cute," but the highest praise of all comes from Mrs. Letha L. Patterson, of St. Paul. "I like," she writes, "the way you spit on the stove."

Nationwide/Mutual Insurance Co., Life Insurance Co., Mutual Fire Insurance Co. Home Office; Columbus, O.

NATIONWIDE

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TRADE Winds

GENEROSITY seems to be the pattern of the day. Doubleday, in a surge of apparent magnanimity, is giving a rival publisher a free ride with the title of Leon Wolff's new book about the United States purchase of the Philippine Islands. The title: "Little Brown Brother."

We've discovered, too, speaking of titles, that Doubleday has a book that

promises to give the definitive answer to all our problems. It's Joan Ranson Shortney's "How to Live on Nothing."

World Publishing is a little more conservative. It will soon offer Sylvia Porter's book on popular economics with the title: "How to Get More for Your Money." And just to prove the publishers mean what they say, World announces that the price will be scaled down from $4.50 to $3.95.

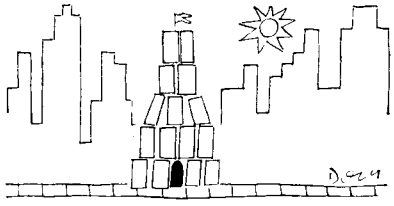
WE'VE BEEN somewhat confused ever since receiving a communication from World informing us that the publication date of Miss Porter's book will be "moved forward" from April 24 to May 15. Fearlessly, we would like to challenge this statement. Is this publication date moved *forward*—or *backward*? Does this phrase indicate an *earlier* date—or a *later* one? If a publication date is "moved forward" in the time-space continuum, can it be moved backward simultaneously? April 24 is obviously in front of May 15. May 15 is obviously in back of April 24. How, therefore, can the World people then claim that they have moved the date forward?

Any mathematical, semantic, or metaphysical solution to this problem will be welcomed.

WE HAVEN'T finished with confusion yet, by a long shot. You might have noticed that on various occasions we have used the phrase "World Publishing *is* . . .," or Doubleday *seems* . . .," referring to these firms in the corporate singular. But in the same context, we use "the publishers mean what *they* say . . .," thus using the conventional plural phrase. There is a reason for this planned confusion. If you use the phrase "The publisher means what *he* says . . ." you create an inaccurate recollection of the old one-man publisher, which in these days of stock mergers and massive output simply will not hold water.

In a further burst of fearlessness, we throw down the gauntlet to those who argue for consistency on this score. The corporate image must remain at once both singular and plural—interchangeably.

IN THE GRAND TRADITION of mellower years, publishers are still often referred to as publishing "houses," creating an aura of dignity and reserve. Today, in the Manhattan phone book, this affectation is running wild. You can find such listings as the House of Cards, House of Charm, House of Dinettes, House of Hoops, House of Perfection, House of Stouts, House of Vitamins, and, believe it or not, the House of Usher, which specializes in horoscopes. Also among the listings: the House of Detention.



OTTO EISENSCHIML, deploring the deluge of Civil War books, has come up with a solution in the *Quarterly of the State University of Iowa.* He suggests that publishers be required, as in the Pure Food and Drug Act, to label each Civil War book with an analysis of its ingredients. He claims a prospective buyer might be a little discouraged by a book that carried a government seal indicating:

New material ..... none
New viewpoints ..... none
New interpretations ..... none
Author biased in favor of .....
In print before 100%

MATHEMATICS HAS ALWAYS been to us an area reserved for those who have a special kind of magic. If anyone had ever told us we could learn, for instance, to determine the square of any number ending in 5, without the use of a pencil, we would have made for the nearest exit.

However, after a visit to the Grolier Society's burnished gold skyscraper in

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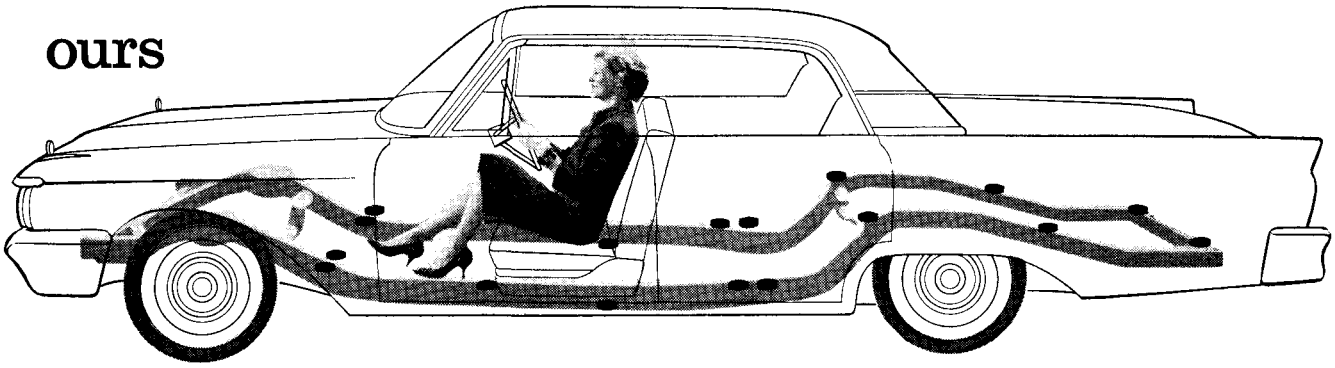
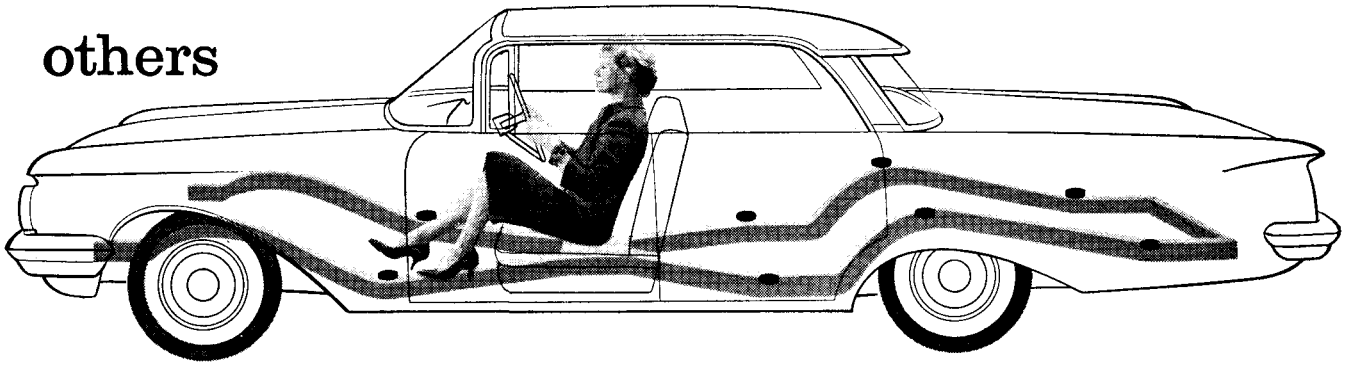
Which ride is quieter?

ours



others



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Ford Motor Company builds better bodies

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* * *

Another reason for the unusually quiet ride in our cars: the passenger area is sealed off completely from the moving parts of the engine, drive shaft, transmission, differential, and other parts of the power train. Rubber and other equally effective insulating materials are used to lock out noise and vibration.

* * *

Also adding to the silence of the ride in our cars is extra sound insulation. In the Ford Family of Fine Cars there is up to 57% more area covered with sound absorption material.

* * *

Millions of car frames are shaped like an "X." Weak in the middle, they can be twisted out of shape. Guard-rail frames in our cars curve out. They are strong in the middle. This is true of Ford and Mercury. Guard rails also protect passengers in the unitized bodies of Falcon, Thunderbird, Comet and Lincoln Continental.

Doors in the Ford Family of Fine Cars are stronger. They are braced with steel ribs. This means they are more rigid and therefore close tighter and quieter. They are less subject to distortion, reducing the likelihood of developing squeaks and rattles.

* * *

These are five of the many reasons we think you will find (upon comparing our cars with other cars) that Ford Motor Company builds better bodies.

Ford
MOTOR COMPANY

American Road, Dearborn, Michigan

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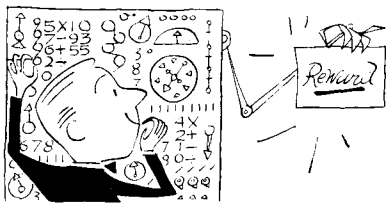
New York, we've found that we have to eat our own numbers. Seated at the desk of Jack Vaughan, a lean, angular man who heads up the Teaching Materials offshoot of the "Book of Knowledge" publishers, we began a short course in mathematics designed to demonstrate their new Min-Max machine, which reportedly is doing wonders pumping knowledge into formerly recalcitrant heads. The machine is a simple device—no bigger than a breadbox—and the student views a simple statement and a question pertaining to a subject, one frame at a time. He marks his answer in a square, then pushes the sheet up, where his answer is immediately confirmed before he goes on to his next question.



The first statement we encountered read: "To square a number, multiply it by itself. Example: To square 3, multiply 3 times 3. The answer is 9. Also, to square 6, multiply 6 times 6. The answer is ....."

It took less than five minutes for us to calculate the answer, which is something of a record. After we pushed the paper up and found, in a special little window, that our answer was right on the button, we went on with renewed vigor. Question after question fell before our enthusiasm, each answer confirmed by the comforting little window. By the time we reached the twenty-fifth question, we found that we were figuring out the square of 75, without even the use of an abacus or beads. (The answer is 5,625, unless the test is off.)

Mr. Vaughan didn't seem the least bit surprised that we had mastered this. "The whole system of the Min-Max machine," he said, "is based on motivation and reward. The machine furnishes the motivation; the correct answer, immediately confirmed, furnishes the reward. But most important is that the subject matter is practically atomized, so that only a fragment of knowledge is absorbed at any one time. We work out these courses—right now they include Spelling, Algebra, Russian, Fundamentals of Music, and others—with an educational expert, who in turn works with a psychologist to arrange the fragmentized pieces of information in the proper sequence. The process is designed to *induce* the right answer, and intentional repetition is part of the method."

Comments from schools, colleges,

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Berlitz spells out foreign words the way they would look in English.
Say—*Bun nwee...*
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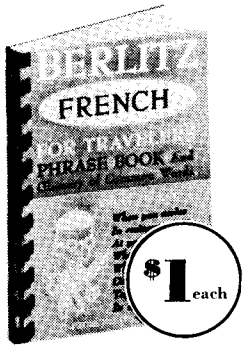

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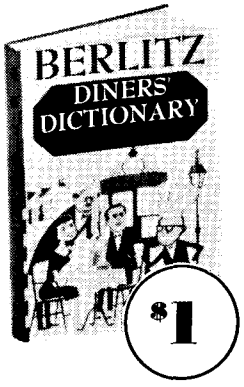

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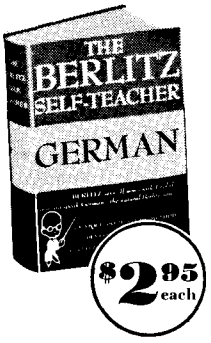

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Don't Miss

Saturday Review's March 18th issue

Two Big Features:

Annual Roundup of Reference Books

Monthly Education Supplement

and even prisons have been enthusiastic. But one student felt somewhat ambivalent about the process: "It makes me think," he said.

JOHN O'HARA, fresh from his recent triumph with "Sermons and Soda Water," has just received the gold medal of honorary citizenship from the City of Philadelphia. But less than a hundred miles upstate, the town of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, O'Hara's home town, remains unimpressed. It has never quite recovered from what it considers to be an indictment of the town by O'Hara in his famous "Appointment in Samarra." Yet the odds are that Gibbsville will remain long after Pottsville has been forgotten.

WE'VE LEARNED FROM Hal Kanter, who is now working in Hollywood on a new Bob Hope picture, that a friend of his returned from England determined to bring back a light-bodied Scotch of *only seventy-six proof, compared to the* eighty-six-proof Scotch usually sold here. He made a long series of negotiations with friends in England to ship some over, but Customs put a stop to that. He persuaded some friends to bring him a bottle or two of the milder Scotch, but that produced only a fitful supply. He finally wrote to the distiller to see if he could become a distributor, but that failed. Finally, a letter from the distiller solved the problem.

"We understand your predicament," said the letter, "and are sorry we cannot cooperate more fully. However, there is one way you can secure the *desired seventy-six-proof product. Pur*chase a bottle of the eighty-six-proof Scotch in your local store, take it home, open it, pour it into a tumbler . . . and add water."

TO BRING YOU an up-to-date report on the East Orange, N. J., library ruckus, we talked to librarian Harold Roth some two weeks after he found it necessary to call on the courts to take thirty-nine readers to task for not returning overdue books. Six of these were jailed in a single sweep, if you recall.

"I've been called everything from a Nazi to a Communist," Mr. Roth told us. "But what the papers failed to get across was that these overdue booklovers ignored a full series of warnings from the library, including a final registered letter, before I signed complaints against them. After that, they completely ignored an official court notice—and from then on in, it was out of my hands. You've got to remember that libraries and schools simply

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cannot function with the loss of materials as great as it is today.

"I've received letters from nearly every state in the Union, and some from abroad, and they stand 4 to 1 in favor of our action. On the bright side, our circulation is now up 15 per cent," Mr. Roth continued, "and our reserves are filled up better than they ever have been—and people are now able to get the books they need and want."

Among the letters, an anonymous

limerick summarized the situation like this:

There was a young man from Yale
Who loved a good story or tale
He borrowed a book;
The date, he mistook;
He now does his reading in jail.

And one newspaper commented: "East Orange might be all right to live in, but it's no place for a slow reader."

ATHLETIC AUTHORS are not uncommon, and several have come to our attention recently. Jack Kerouac went to Columbia on a football scholarship; John Hersey was a varsity end at Yale; Bill Roos, of the mystery writing team Kelly-Roos, was captain of his college basketball team; Al Morgan is a wicked table tennis player, as is Hollis Alpert; Romain Gary is reported to run the 220 low hurdles every morning before breakfast; Mickey Spillane was a star swimmer. There are many other lithe and limber authors, but Harper's has two whose intense interest and hobby is touch football. Their names: John F. and Robert Kennedy.

—John G. Fuller.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1406)

J(ohn) M(ason) Brown:
Through These Men
(Suggested by Mrs. John C. Potter)

The more I observed Washington, the more frequently I visited it, and the more people I interviewed there, the more I understood just* how prophetic L'Enfant was when he laid it out as a city that goes around in circles.

———

*Inserted to get the J.

In Stockholm, as in other world capitals, the dry delight of Hine Cognac has made it the choice in finest homes and dining places. Hine, preferred since 1763, because it is the *dry* Cognac.

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THE PHOENIX NEST

What's Up, Doc?

Edited by Martin Levin

HOUSING SHORTAGE

Curiosity arousers,
Bearded men in skimpy trousers,
Students of the *Village Voice*,
Really aren't beat by choice.

They are not, as you suspect,
Dungareed and hairy-necked
To outdo, with such display,
Castro and/or Hemingway.

No, they flirt with such disgrace
In the hope that it will chase
Barbershops and laundromats
Out of needed basement flats.

Why be sweeter than a rose
When they can't exist like those
Of MacDougal Alley who
Have a stable built for two?

Razor, washcloth and a comb
Never made a dive a home.

—William W. Pratt.

• • •

THE DOCTOR

A SAD man. He learned a lot of Latin but he has no way of knowing the difference between Niofat and Nostropoc. Relistab, Roscabam, Martycin, Bathyscaph. Strepdescow, Volvostyn, Milburg. Rataplan, Ratamacue, Vahvahvoom. Team!

He can diagnose the ailment but he can't diagnose the medicine.

Poor man. How can he find time to keep up with the field? (*Hey, doc, I got a pain right here.*) What are the journals saying? What are the shiniest of the wonders? (*Well, I just get the spots.*) (*Oh, yeah, my ear bothers me a lot.*)

Tired man. He no longer takes night calls. Days he sees a disease by appointment. He needn't know too much anyway anymore. He sends you to his list. X-rays, 235 Park. (What do *you* think, Irv?) EKG, 84 E. 65th. (Well, Harold?) Barium series, E. 73rd. (Nu, Roger?) "Oh, no! He just happens to have his *office* at Memorial."

"To tell you the truth, Arnold, I'd like to get away myself somewhere. I ran a couple of tests and I'm okay, really I am . . . maybe the serology . . . maybe you ought to see *me* . . . a quick one-two, you know?"

His car has MD on the license and other cars are careful of him and he knows it. Why are doctors lousy drivers?

Well, listen. Pretty soon it'll all be socialized anyway and then God knows what you'll get. You have to take care of yourself or nobody will. There's a lot of good common stocks and some of that stuff you bought when you were a kid. Who knows?

Sure, lots of people die from retirement.

Maybe he won't have to retire, really. Go back to teaching. Neoplotzin. Rheomykvah. Novabalone. Prosciutto. Butoeasol. Valadyctry. Benjamine. Mezzosprano. Prynzapvlsin.

You'll be all right, doc. Take two acetylsalicylic acid tablets. Ufilbetta.

—Henry Morgan.

• • •

MODERN MUNCHAUSENS

In galleries they can descry
What dots in Pollock signify;
And tell the world why Henry
Moores
Are always full of apertures.

—Henrietta Fort Holland.

• • •

WHAT ROLLS-ROYCE HATH WROUGHT

ONE of my friends has just bought a Bentley. This in itself is not noteworthy for a man of his wealth; but whereas my friend was formerly a happy extrovert, a shocking personality transformation has taken place since that purchase. Once boisterous, stentorian, dictatorial, brusque, bumptious, garrulous, even coarse on occasion, he is now retiring, self-effacing, reclusive, reticent, soft-spoken, polite, deferential, yes, even shy. His wife is mystified; his business associates are perplexed; his children are solicitous; his locker-room companions dismayed; his psychoanalyst deeply chagrined. I must say I find him dull and trying myself; all his hearty, flamboyant charm has vanished. He knows he has changed; he is concerned and self-conscious, but he is powerless. He has become a helpless victim of our mass communication system—a sacrifice to the Molochs of Madison Avenue. And all because of the Bentley. Had he bought a Rolls-Royce this never would have happened, I'm sure.

Eager to demonstrate "discretion and taste," anxious to become part of "a living tradition," and yet cognizant of his psychoanalyst's strictures about vulgarity and conspicuous consumption, he became a willing prey to the velvet trap of the Bentley blandishments. For the Bentley is for the man "who feels diffident about driving a Rolls-Royce," and my friend wanted very much to be diffident.

It is in that very diffidence, that demarcation between self-assurance and unobtrusiveness, that my friend's deterioration began. The difference between the elegant grille of the Rolls-Royce and the modest radiator of the Bentley has been his undoing. He found himself instantly on the defensive. He had to defend himself against the jibes of his friends who owned Rolls-Royces. He became a frightened man, desperate. He lost confidence in himself.

In fact, there are ominous signs of his toppling from his tycoon-perch as his once masterful business deportment gives way to a humble, unassuming approach. I am worried about him; a nervous breakdown is in the offing. He cannot rid himself of this succubus of diffidence by buying a Rolls-Royce, for there would be the path of the coward, an admission of colossal error, a capitulation, an even worse fate. He has changed analysts, but it is too late. No, my friend is doomed. He has sold his soul to the devil for $300, the "diffident" difference in price between the Rolls and the Bentley.

This is a crisis, perhaps even a growing national calamity. For my friend is not alone; other millionaires seeking similar beatitude are buying Bentleys. This can infect our entire nation. From their quiet haven in Crewe, the followers of Sir Henry Royce and Charles Rolls are changing the soul of America, and all for a paltry $300. I appeal to you, gentlemen, on behalf of my friend and of auto owners yet unborn, to stop undermining our sense of superiority, perhaps even our National Purpose. Or is the whole thing a subtle, diabolic plot stemming from 10 Downing Street to destroy American morale from the top? I wonder. And I worry.

—William Fadiman.

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Chess Corner No. 47

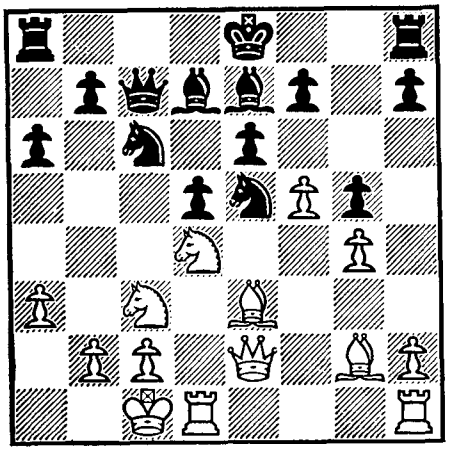
THE odds-on favorite Soviet Union captured the world team championship at Leipzig, East Germany, recently by a point score of 34-10, outdistancing its nearest rival, the United States, whose point tally was 29-15. Of the forty participating nations, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Bulgaria finished third to sixth, respectively. Significant is the overwhelming proportion of Communist countries among the leaders, no doubt explained by the favored status granted to chess masters in these lands. The Russian team, consisting of the present world champion and two former world champions, not to mention the Estonian grand master, Paul Keres, is a formidable force. Currently, chess is subsidized to a great extent in the Soviet Union, and its outstanding players are nearly all professionals. Of the six American team members, five are engaged in occupations other than chess.

The quality of play in these competitions was of the highest order. A bold opening innovation in the following game sets Black an enigmatic problem which he fails to solve correctly. Then Keres sacrifices a piece and exploits the tottering position of the enemy King.

SICILIAN DEFENSE

	Keres USSR White			Bilek Hungary Black
1	P-K4	P-QB4	8 P-KN4!	P-Q4
2	N-KB3	P-Q3	9 P-K5	KN-Q2
3	P-Q4	PxP	10 P-QR3	P-KN4!?
4	NxP	N-KB3	11 P-B5	NxP
5	QN-B3	P-K3	12 Q-K2	QN-B3
6	B-K3	P-QR3	13 O-O-O	B-K2
7	P-B4	Q-B2	14 B-N2	B-Q2

Black is now ready to castle along into safety. White acts.



15	BxQP	PxB	20 NxPch	K-B2
16	NxP	Q-Q3	21 Q-K6ch	K-B1
17	NxN	BxN	22 KR-K1	R-Q1
18	B-B5!	QxB	23 RxRch	BxR
19	QxN	P-B3	24 N-Q7ch	Resigns

For after 24 . . . BxN 25 QxB, B-K2 26 P-B6 there is no defense.

—AL HOROWITZ.

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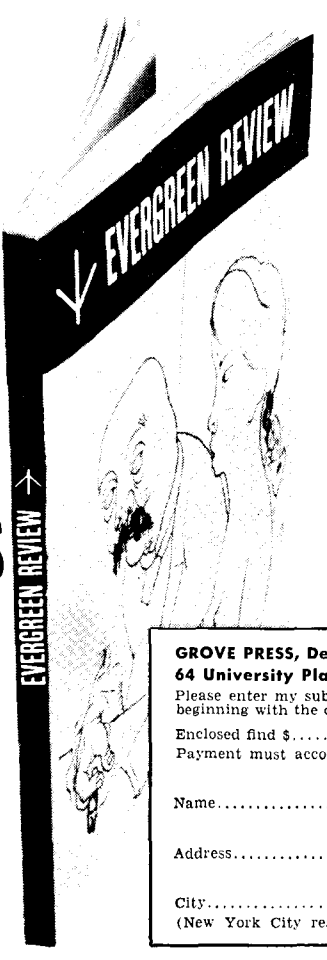

• Have you heard about Beckett, Ionesco, Robbe-Grillet, but never read their work? Have you meant to read Kerouac, Miller, Burroughs, but didn't know where to find them?

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WHO is at work on a satellite system for global telephone and TV transmission?

WHO provides the communications channels for America's missile defenses?

WHO is girdling the globe with communications for America's first man into space?

WHO tapped the sun for electric power by inventing the Solar Battery?

WHO used the moon for two-way conversations across the country?

who?

WHO guided Tiros and Echo into accurate orbit?

WHO made your pocket radio possible by inventing the Transistor?

WHO maintains the world's largest, finest industrial research facilities?

WHO supplies the most and the best telephone service in the world?

WHO has the UNIVERSAL communications organization?

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Saturday Review
MARCH 11, 1961

TOWARDS A RULE OF LAW IN WORLD AFFAIRS

By WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS, *Associate Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court. This article, an abridgement of a study just released by the Fund for the Republic's Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, is published here in view of the current efforts at the United Nations to deal with the crises in Laos and the Congo.*

TENNYSON wrote of the time when "the battle-flags were furl'd in the Parliament of man, the Federation of the World." There have been several times since those lines were penned when some had the notion that we were on the edge of having a full-fledged world parliament. The illusion always was dispelled, and cynics rested more secure than ever in the smugness of their brand of nationalism. Yet the world has made greater progress than we are prone to think in developing a world system of law.

We have had in this country among legal circles a narrow, limited view of law. Thomas Hobbes in 1651 published his "Leviathan," in which he took what became a rather classic but restricted idea of law—that a "sovereign" is the source of all law. This meant, in Hobbes's view, that "equity, justice," and other "qualities that dispose men to peace and obedience" are "not properly laws." John Austin gave the Hobbes philosophy great impetus. Several generations of lawyers have been influenced by Austin and his book, "Province of Jurisprudence Determined," first published in 1832, where law in the strict sense was defined as the body of rules enforced by a sovereign state. World law, in that view, requires a full-fledged superstate in which all nations are merged – a supranational organization that has political and military control over all of its units. Under this view world government would require perhaps a more centralized organization than that proposed by Grenville Clark and Louis B. Sohn in their important recent book, "World Peace Through World Law." Yet, as Roscoe Pound observed in a chapter in Northrop's "Ideological Differences and World Order," "all states need not be merged in a great world state, in which their personality is lost, in order that their conduct may be inquired into and ordered by authority of a world legal order." Moreover, the true gauge of law is not command but conduct. Those who move to the measured beat of custom, mores, or community or world mandates are obeying law in a real and vivid sense of the term. Law is a force that shapes and molds the affairs of men. The fact that there may be no court to enforce a rule of conduct does not prove that no international law exists.

No institution springs full-blown from the pens of draftsmen. Every institution is the expression of need and of experience; it may evolve slowly; its periods of growth may be separated by decades. The cohesive force may be linguistic, economic, religious, military. Reason alone may also be the instrument. For the latter we need not look far. The United Nations is today the expression of world opinion that the cult or regime of force must be replaced by a measure of world law. The United Nations has a far greater prestige and stature, I think, than it could have been expected to acquire in such a short period since its formation.

ONE force that is at work today bringing the peoples of the world together is the great emergence of new nations. Fifteen new African nations plus Cyprus were recently admitted to the United Nations. Centuries of colonialism have ended; nations or races long subjugated

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by outside regimes are gaining their independence. They are weak, inexperienced, fragile. They came into their inheritances at a time when world forces are aligned into powerful blocs that might make these new countries pawns in the old game of power politics. Many at least remember the old African proverb, "When the bull elephant fights, the grass is trampled down." Moreover, none wants to become either a puppet of an imperialistic regime or a Communist satellite. Neither alternative is attractive to those young nations. If independence is to be kept, as well as achieved, they must have a sanctuary where they can feel secure. The United Nations satisfies the craving for security.

ONE handicap of the United Nations today is that it excludes groups that should be included. With the admission of Nigeria the number of members has reached ninety-nine. Red China is still excluded. Yet Red China, in which nearly a fourth of the people of the world live, is apparently more than a transitory government. She is established more firmly than a mere *de facto* regime. We can assume she will have her own atomic warheads before long. Meanwhile she is an obstreperous, aggressive nation. Her tactics against India have added up to calculated aggression. While she was talking peace and friendship, she actually was annexing Indian territory in northern Ladakh. Her tactics against Tibet have exceeded in ruthlessness and cruelty the actions of Russia in Hungary. Tibet—never rightfully a province of China in spite of several centuries of Chinese propaganda—has been cruelly incorporated into it. The Buddhist church has been all but exterminated. The priests have been executed or put into labor battalions. A fierce regimentation has been imposed on the people. A proud and independent nation of 2,000,000 Tibetans has been transformed into a servile province by the invasion of 6,000,000 Chinese.

These Tibetan and Indian ventures on the part of Red China make her an outlaw in any accurate use of the word. Being an outlaw may seem in logic to be a reason for barring her from the United Nations. But in reality how can an outlaw be kept outside the United Nations and yet disciplined by it? There is today no tribunal to which Red China can be made to account. There is no assembly or council before which she can be summoned.

Traditionally, "recognition" of a government did not necessarily imply approval of its regime. President Grant said in 1875 concerning the recognition of Cuba that in such a case "other nations simply deal with an actually existing condition of things, and recognize as one of the powers of the earth that body politic which, possessing the necessary elements, has, in fact, become a new power. In a word, the creation of a new state is a fact." That reflected the traditional view. The historic tests have been (1) whether a government exists independent of another state, and (2) whether it has internal stability and is a functioning government. By Jefferson's standards a government was to be recognized if it represented "the will of the nation, substantially declared."

But conditions change, and the concept of "recognition" has been used to serve other ends; it has at times "become a political weapon used to force a new government to make concessions to the demands of the recognizing state." So far as precedents go, one can find what he is looking for.

Nevertheless, cold practicalities make admission of Red China necessary, accompanied, of course, by a settlement of the many tangled but pressing problems between this country and Red China. What about the Americans held as prisoners by Peiping? What about the Korean and Vietnam situations, and Formosa? Today these problems fester and worsen. It is time that we undertook political settlements of them. The peace of the world may soon turn on them. In any event, a United Nations that is such in fact must be able to bring its influence to bear on all world problems that affect the peace or that impair the integrity of nations. Today we can say no more than that the United Nations is a form emerging from the mists. What shape it will have in the bright hours of man's maturity we do not yet know. It is, however, real, vivid, and effective in providing some instruments of international law.

The United Nations has weathered stormy seas. On June 27, 1950, when the Security Council at the initiative of President Truman resolved to furnish such assistance "to the Republic of Korea as may be necessary to repel the armed attack" by North Korea and "to restore international peace and security in the area," world opinion stood behind it. The Communist bloc was of course opposed. But the forty-odd nations approved. India's views represented perhaps the common denominator of thinking in all capitals, for she stated that she was "opposed to any attempt to settle international disputes by resort to aggression."

This indeed was a new principle of international law which had been forged by experience. It is embodied in the Charter of the United Nations: "to take effective collective measures for the prevention and removal of threats to the peace, and for the suppression of acts of aggression or other breaches of the peace." The United Nations action in Korea was the first time the outlawry of aggression was implemented by direct, military action by the community of nations. Aggressive war had become too dangerous to the world community to be allowed; so it was denounced, and joint action was taken to bring forceful sanctions against it. This was noble, principled, responsible action that gave power and force to a newly forged tenet of international law.

The aftermath confused the simple, clear-cut issue before the Security Council. The Soviets soon denounced the United Nations police action in Korea as "war"—a "war" that the United States inspired and conducted under the cloak of the United Nations. Eisenhower, in his campaign speech of September 4, 1952, gave ammunition to the Soviets. He too called the police action in Korea a "war." The expediency of American politics caused the vital distinction between United Nations "police action" and "war" to become blurred and confused. We stepped backward, retreating temporarily from the principal decision that "aggressive war" called for world action against the aggressor.

Since those days we have regained some of the lost ground. On November 2, 1956, the General Assembly voted 64 to 5 for a cease-fire on the actions undertaken against Egypt. Later that month it created an international command force of the United Nations to supervise the cessation of hostilities; and in a matter of a few days hostilities ceased.

WHEN the Republic of the Congo asked for help from the United Nations to maintain its government from the machinations of a foreign power, and when, in response, the Security Council on July 13, 1960, resolved to extend that aid, the principle of the independence of nations was strengthened. Protection of a nation against aggression from without was extended to protection against any form of intervention by a foreign power. The action of the United Nations in the Congo, plus the defeat of Soviet efforts to sabotage it and capitalize on the disorder and chaos, have brought United Nations prestige to a new high. There is warrant for the view that its growing achievements presage a new period of growth for effective international law. And this will remain so, whatever happens in the Congo. The United Nations has played an essential role there. What is at stake now is the effect of a long stay of outside forces in a nation that cannot find its leaders, the purity of motives of all participants, and the con-

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tinued faith of the majority of the nations in the United Nations personnel. But the principle that the United Nations stands ready to protect a people in their right to run their own affairs and that the troops sent there are engaged in "police action" in the cause of peace rather than in "war" has promise of becoming a sturdy one in international law.

An even broader advance in international law is needed. It was broached by President Eisenhower in his address to the United Nations Assembly on September 22, 1960. Referring to the African situation in particular, he emphasized five points:

> Noninterference in the African countries' internal affairs . . . Help in assuring their security without wasteful and dangerous competition in armaments . . . Emergency aid in Congo . . . International assistance in shaping long-term African development programs . . . United Nations aid for education.

As the world is evolving, there are few, if any, nations that can go it alone. None is an isolated, insulated unit. Sovereignty may in theory be entirely in local hands, yet the very need for raw materials or food or loans or technicians from abroad creates a dependence on other nations. There are not many examples of self-sufficiency, as our own economy illustrates.

The dependency of nations on each other is developing international collectivism in myriad forms. This is a healthy growth of collectivism of which the free world is a part. It is, indeed, one of the aims of the United Nations as expressed in Article I, "to achieve international cooperation in solving international problems of an economic, social, cultural, or humanitarian character." The development of supranational institutions of an administrative character will in time result in the emergence of patterns or codes of procedure.

The recent achievement of the International Bank of Reconstruction and Development, headed by Eugene Black, in settling the Indus River dispute between Pakistan and India is international law in operation. The process was not adjudication or legislation, the procedures we normally identify with "law." This was mediation and conciliation at a high level, procedures that have been constituent parts of our own domestic legal system for years.

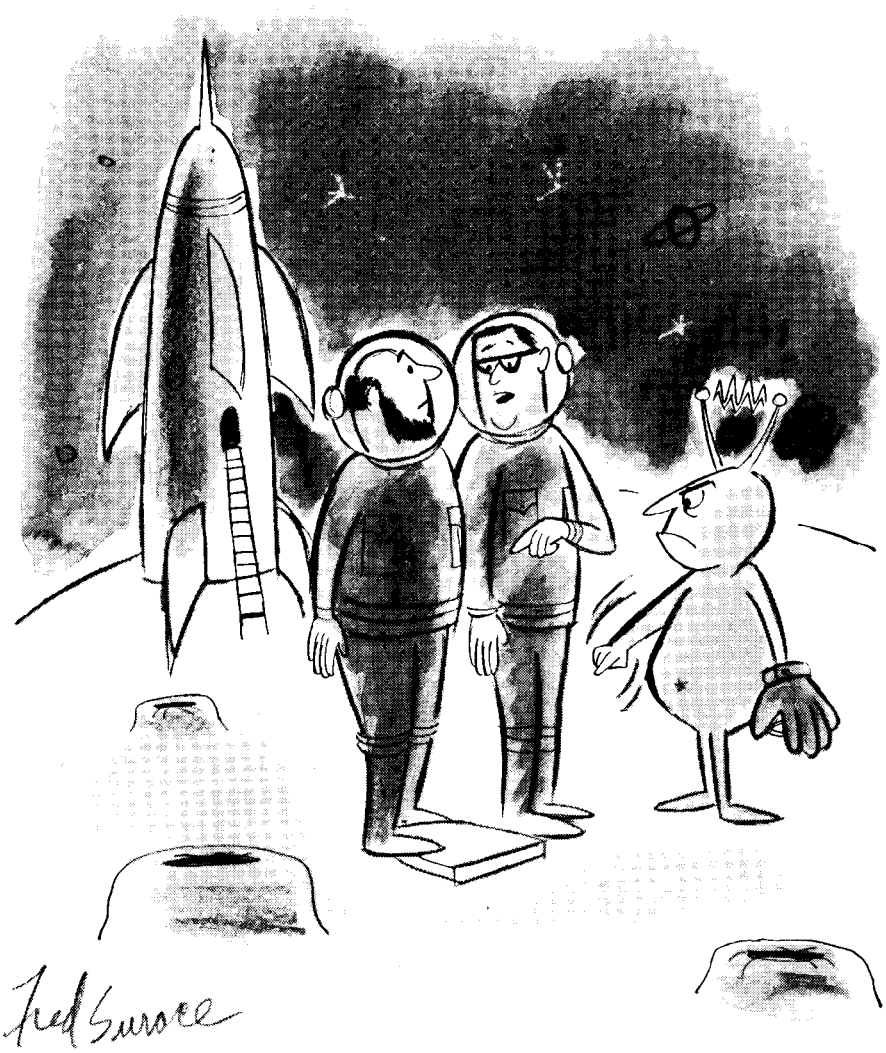
Whenever nations work together through a common agency, they submit to a regime of international law. The European countries and the South American countries that have established common markets work conspicuously in the role of supranational groups. When the Inner Six and Outer Seven conduct business, a rule of law that is international in character moves into operation.

Not all agencies applying or enforcing international law are international agencies. It was accurately stated by Mr. Justice Gray, speaking for the United States Supreme Court in 1900, that "International law is part of our law and must be ascertained and administered by the courts of justice of appropriate jurisdiction." Our courts, like courts of other nations, have long construed, applied, and even formulated international law in a myriad of situations. The construction of treaties and the construction of property settlements or assignments incident to recognition of one nation by another have been grist in the mill.

THERE are of course many tribunals of an international character which apply a rule of law in a supranational manner. The Court of Justice of the European Coal and Steel Community is one of these. This court was set up "to ensure the rule of law" in interpreting and applying the treaty. It has been an extremely active court. It has even considered a complaint of Luxembourgian producers charging that a local monopoly set up by their own government was illegal under the treaty.

Conflicts between one nation and foreign investors are recurring ones. The fact that courts of one nation do not sit in judgment on the validity of the acts of another nation done within its own territory is not the end but only the beginning of the problem. Arbitration clauses in investment agreements have been urged. The United Nations and its various agencies, including an International Law Commission, have a variety of projects under way in an effort to put this controversial subject under a rule of law. We now have special procedures prescribed for the settlement of controversies between states in this hemisphere. Sending the Marines to the Caribbean or Central America was once the solution. Today we are closer to a rule of law in the

(*Continued on page* 40)



"He wants you to get off third base."

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Revolutions and Leprechauns

By Granville Hicks

IN 1933 James T. Farrell told me about a remarkable collection of short stories, "The Saint and Mary Kate," by a new Irish writer named Frank O'Connor. Since then I have read dozens of O'Connor's stories, almost all of them with the highest satisfaction. In his seemingly casual way he can catch a character at the moment in which he completely reveals himself. Like his master, Turgenev, he has an air of perfect lucidity, so that one has to read twice to realize how deeply he is probing. A less mannered writer never lived, and there have not been many who were more artful.

In **"An Only Child"** (Knopf, $4.50) he brings his great gifts to the writing of autobiography, and the result is a beautiful book. O'Connor writes first about his father and mother, then about some of their neighbors, and then about his struggles for an education. Finally he describes his experiences in the rebellion against the Irish Free State. The book covers his first twenty years.

It is all wonderfully good, and the first part is superb. O'Connor did not have an easy boyhood. There was not much money at any time, and his father periodically had drinking spells that lasted until everything in the home of the least value had been pawned. O'Connor describes his father with his usual precision:

> Father was a really fine-looking man. He was a six-footer and built to match, and years of work as a navvy had not affected the soldierly erectness he had picked up as a young man in the Army. He had a long Scandinavian head, but because of the slightly Mongolian cast of feature he had inherited from Grandmother, the lines of his face were horizontal instead of vertical. At the same time the bulge of the brows and the height of the cheekbones, instead of making his eyes seem weak, made them look as though they were twinkling. He was extraordinarily like certain photographs of the young Maxim Gorky.

O'Connor writes appreciatively about his father's appearance, but it is clear that he had no great love for the man when he was sober and feared and detested him when he was drunk. For his mother, on the other hand, he had a strong love. There is a picture of her in the book, taken with the author when he was an infant in her arms, and it shows a charming and sensitive young woman. She had been brought up in an orphanage, and suffered much, but her great quality, according to O'Connor, was gaiety. "She was small and dainty, with long dark hair that she was very proud of. She had only two faults that I ever knew of—she was vain and she was obstinate—and the fact that these qualities were masked by humility and gentleness prevented me from recognizing them until I was a grown man."

O'Connor tells the story of her early years tenderly but without sentimentality and sometimes with humor. She lived to be eighty-five, and, as a picture made just before her death shows, she was even more beautiful as an old woman than as a young one. When he speaks of her death, O'Connor for once permits his emotion to be felt in a passage that brings tears to the eyes.

After portraying his mother and father, O'Connor sketches three women who were neighbors when he was a child. He is a master of this kind of writing, shrewd and sympathetic at the same time. He continues in a more conventionally autobiographical vein with some account of his schooling, which was brief and unprofitable, and of the various jobs that he held precariously in his middle teens. Through all this he was educating himself by way of the most recklessly promiscuous reading. He had a passion for languages and plunged into them without the least understanding of grammar. In his first public appearance he read a paper in Irish on Goethe. ("I didn't know much about Irish, and I knew practically nothing about Goethe, and that little was wrong.") This concern with language was an important part of his literary apprenticeship.

It was by way of his literary interests that O'Connor drifted into the nationalist movement. Daniel Corkery had been a teacher of his, and through him he met Sean O'Faolain and others, and soon he was himself involved. He speaks of the nationalist movement as an improvisation, and it seems in his account of it to have been slightly mad. Then came the treaty with England, and the movement was split. "When, after election results had shown that a majority of the people wanted the compromise—and when would *they* not have accepted a compromise?—our side continued to maintain that the only real government was the imaginary one, or the few shadowy figures that remained of it, we were acting on the unimpeachable logic of the imagination, that only what exists in the mind is real." On his own decision he comments: "To say that I took the wrong side would promote me to a degree of intelligence I had not reached. I took the Republican side because it was Corkery's."

O'Connor's description of his part in the civil war has a dreamlike quality, and at one point he says, "It was all as if I had read about it in 'War and Peace.'" He was associated for a time with the eccentric Erskine Childers, and his adventures verged on the fantastic. Yet real blood was being shed, and there was savagery on both sides. "It was clear to me that we were all going mad, and yet I could see no way out." Finally he was captured, and after an unpleasant interval he was set to teaching Irish in a prison camp. He was happy at this, and discovered grammar, of which he came to think well. His life wasn't bad, but the war more and more seemed to him insane.

AT last, after more than a year, he was released, and there is a characteristic passage in his account of his trip home: "The small local train from Drogheda came in, and, seeing a young woman with a baby in one carriage, I climbed in beside them, and all the way to Dublin I scarcely took my eyes from the baby. Even the lovely open sea in evening light did not distract me. I am bad with men, indifferent with women, but I can no more pass a baby than a bookstore. All that year I had been missing what Pearse was to remember on the eve of his execution, 'things bright and green, things young and happy.'" When he reached home, his mother burst into tears and said, "It made a man of you."

More than almost any other author I can think of, O'Connor succeeds in keeping himself out of his stories; he really achieves a kind of transparency, so that one seems to be looking directly at the people he writes about. It is not surprising, therefore, that his autobiography has an air of impersonality. And yet of course it tells us a great deal about O'Connor. There he is, right in the heart of that lovely lucidity, and we can begin to understand how he became the sort of writer he is. "An Only Child" is not only a joy to read; it is a deeply revealing book.

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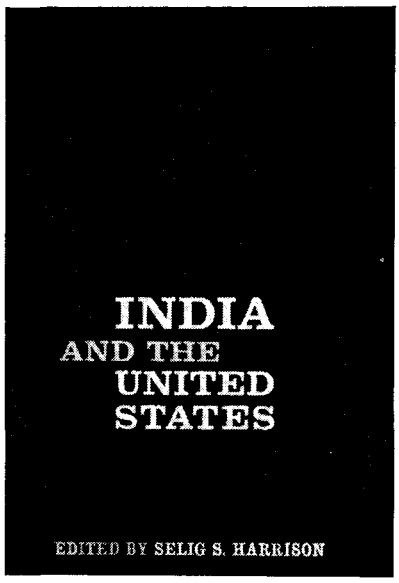
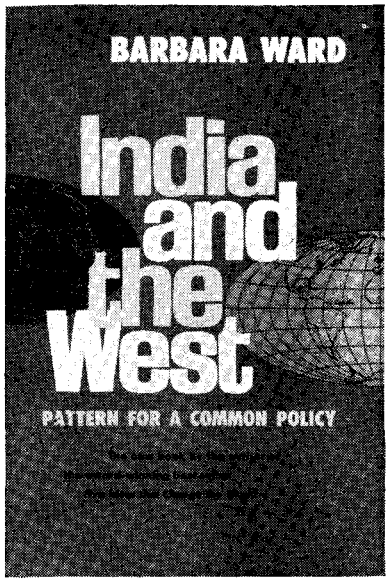
Books in the News





Upheaval in Asia

By LOUIS FISCHER, *whose latest book is "America, Russia, and the World."*

SOMETIMES a book is lucky. "**India and the United States**" (Macmillan, $5.95) is lucky; its editor, Selig S. Harrison, and its publishers are to be congratulated—on bringing it out late. The volume gives the quintessence of a conference that took place in Washington, D. C., on May 4 and 5, 1959. If it had appeared in, say, October or November, 1959, or January, 1960, it would have been important and interesting, but not as important and interesting as it is more than a year later. For one of the conferees was Senator John F. Kennedy, and he made several remarkable statements of greater significance today than in May, 1959. Another conference participant was Chester Bowles, the new Under Secretary of State, a third Averell Harriman, then a private citizen, at present President Kennedy's roving Ambassador.

Kennedy said, "No struggle in the world today deserves more of our thought and attention than the struggle between India and China for the leadership of the East, for the respect of all Asia, for the opportunity to demonstrate whose way of life is the better. . . . It should be obvious that this competition will vitally affect the security and standing of this nation." Since January 20, 1961, the man who uttered those sage words has been in charge of the security and standing of this nation, and the struggle has waxed since he spoke.

Later in the conference Kennedy offered a proposal. In phrases that one can well imagine in a future Presidential message to Congress, Kennedy declared, "The United States answer to the challenge in Asia today lies in part in strong Congressional support of an adequate Development Loan Fund with long-term financing. But the job should not and cannot be done by the United States alone. We need—as we needed ten years ago—another historic effort in international collaboration among the capital exporting nations of the world, and India herself, comparable to the experience of the Marshall Plan."

A Marshall Plan for Asia would stand high on the agenda of an Administration pledged to man new frontiers against new dangers. China is not only democratic India's totalitarian competitor for the mind of Asia, she has forcefully occupied, and still holds, 51,000 square miles of Indian territory, and Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru recently branded her an aggressor for it. Red Chinese Premier Chou En-lai responded by charging that India "is using the Sino-Indian boundary question as a card against progressive forces at home [read: the Indian Communist Party] and as capital for obtaining 'foreign aid.' The Indian government doesn't want a settlement." India is obtaining foreign aid from the West, but from the Soviet Union too. Chou En-lai, therefore, was criticizing Moscow for helping India while China quarreled with her. The quarrel is serious. On January 28, 1961, Nehru told a press conference in New Delhi that a meeting with Chou En-lai "seems unlikely in the foreseeable future." Nehru is a man of peace, a conciliator, a believer in coexistence. He is discovering that it takes two to make coexistence.

China's conquest of Indian soil adds a black military overtone to India's economic travail. In 1959 Kennedy could say, "The moment is ripe for giving new meaning to the Atlantic Community and relating its peaceful enterprise to the aspirations of the uncommitted world," and he called on the nations of the European Common Market, of the Commonwealth, together with Japan, to join in "a common enterprise" for India's salvation. In 1961 this venture in internationalism is more urgent than before. But it may not be enough. The situation demands of the Kennedy Administration a thorough reassessment of America's policies in the Orient. For a number of years the United States has been arming Pakistan. Indians regard this as anti-Indian. At the same time America has given India hundreds of millions of dollars in food, loans, and equipment. With some of the money thereby saved from her budget India purchases armaments abroad. In effect, therefore, the United States has been arming Pakistan against India and India against Pakistan to the economic detriment of both.

THE Chinese seizure of Indian territory, the inundation of once-autonomous Tibet with so many million Chinese that it will soon cease to be Tibetan, and China's machinations in Nepal, Sikkim, and Bhutan, three tiny semidependencies of India, have opened many dreamy eyes in New Delhi to the ominous content of Peking's policy. In a speech delivered in Moscow on October 20, 1960, Chairman Khrushchev, clearly referring to China, said, "To approve, as a natural law, wars between Socialist countries and capitalist countries for the solution of internal political and social problems, would only help the enemies of Socialism." And Edvard Kardelj, number two leader in Yugoslavia, has written a book published in English in Belgrade under the title "Socialism and War," which bluntly accuses the Mao Tse-tung regime of

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planning to do what Khrushchev could only hint at.

The menace to India calls for an act combining wisdom and courage. It calls for joint defense by India and Pakistan against whatever further inroads China might think she can safely attempt to make into Asia's great triangular subcontinent. Any additional Red aggression against India would threaten Pakistan and vice versa. The two should therefore pool their armed strength. This has been proposed publicly by Vinoba Bhave, whose voice, next to Nehru's, is the most influential in his country. But Bhave, Gandhi's spiritual heir, also pointed out that joint defense remains impossible so long as India is nonaligned while Pakistan is America's ally.

Here is a historic opportunity for creative thinking in Washington. An Indo-Pakistan military merger would mean more for the stability of Southern and Southeastern Asia and for resistance to Chinese infiltration than the U. S. alliance with Pakistan or U. S. bases in Pakistan. It may be more blessed to give up the bird in the hand. The release of Pakistan from her alliance with America, thus permitting a joint Indo-Pakistan foreign policy and military policy, would change and brighten the face of Asia. To move in this direction takes imagination, but judging by what Kennedy says in "India and the United States" and elsewhere, the President has it, and so, one suspects, have Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara. Pumping aid into India will not get her far so long as she and Pakistan glower at one another in armed rivalry instead of confronting the common threat with a common purpose.

THE partition of British India into Pakistan and the present Republic of India has disappointed hopes on both sides and proved a disaster. In 1960, after ten years of tortured discussions, a giant step was taken to undo some of the harm of the 1947 vivisection: the World Bank has succeeded in suturing together some of the arteries severed by partition; a billion-dollar system of canals, reservoirs, and dams, financed by the United States, the United Kingdom, West Germany, India, and Pakistan, will once more allow the Indus River and its five great tributaries to water both India and Pakistan. This suggests how interdependent the two countries are and how unnatural is their division (which the British government did not want). Thirteen years after partition, however, there is still no through Indo-Pakistan rail traffic. Pakistan has a strange configuration: it looks like two huge flapping ears on the elephant head that is India. The ears or lobes or wings are a thousand miles apart, and goods cannot be shipped by rail from one part to the other.

The economic loss from partition is a big and continuing drain on the economies of the two lands. It, and the friction over Kashmir, probably cancel out a considerable percentage of the aid given the two brother countries by the West. Voices are therefore being raised in India for a limited confederation of India and Pakistan to deal with communications, joint defense, and joint foreign policies. Nehru himself has spoken of confederation as the ultimate solution.

Once political roadblocks to economic progress are removed, a Marshall Plan for Indo-Pakistan, and perhaps for neighboring lands too, can be initiated hopefully. It would be a major investment in world peace, more profitable far than shots into space. Ambassador B. K. Nehru, Indian Commissioner General for Economic Affairs, said at the 1959 Washington conference, "India is equal in population to the whole of Latin America and the whole of the continent of Africa put together." The average income of an Indian is about $50 a year; of a U. S. citizen about $2,700. This social imbalance has a high-megaton explosive potential. As Kennedy told the same meeting, "Unless India is able to demonstrate an ability at least equal to that of China to make a transition from economic stagnation to growth . . . [she] will be gripped by frustration and political instability. . . ." This would be China's opportunity.

Conscious of India's myriad problems, the conference in Washington concentrated on expert analysis and concrete solutions. Westerners of the intellectual caliber of Max F. Millikan, director of the Center for International Studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Quincy Wright; Phillips Talbot; Norman Palmer of the University of Pennsylvania; Wilfred Malenbaum; Hans J. Morgenthau; Gardiner C. Means; the eminent scholar W. Norman Brown; Michael Breecher, who is Nehru's biographer, and many more unfortunately too numerous to mention pooled opinions and occasionally crossed swords with Indian Editor Frank Moraes, H. R. V. Iengar, governor of the Reserve Bank of India, Asoka Mehta, astute member of India's Parliament, P. S. N. Prasad, a high Indian official of the World Bank, and Messrs. Adakar and I. G. Patel, Indians associated with the International Monetary Fund, to make the conference, in the words of Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, "a significant one . . . in the history of our country." Editor Selig Harrison has skilfully picked the meat out of everybody's remarks and served it up, with his own explanatory sauce, as a rich mental menu. The book therefore excels in appetizing variety, taste, and pace. All Washington, all universities, all banks and businesses, in fact all politically-conscious Americans and non-Americans will find food in it.

LET none suppose that everybody dwelt on economics and foreign affairs. Some speakers played the popular indoor Indian game called "After Nehru, What?" At perhaps the most revealing session, Mr. Iengar stepped out of his role as Bank governor and delved into the psychology that underlies too many Indian difficulties. He said, "We have been taught over centuries, by religion, by mythology, to believe in the doctrine of destiny . . . people have been led to think that if there is poverty . . . it is foreordained by destiny, and there is nothing that can be done about it, and the results are pretty useless when you try. . . . The great central problem that the Indian planners had to face in the beginning was to take steps to change the whole national psychology. . . . I suppose if I were to put it in reverse, it would be very much as if the Government of the United States took on the job of telling the people of this country that they had better give up automobiles and television sets." That would be quite an undertaking. Nevertheless the Bank governor thought he discerned rapid changes in India away from fatalism and tradition. Professor B. B. Misra, an Indian sociologist, rejected Iengar's optimistic assessment; he insisted that the caste system "obstructs social mobility" and "hinders economic development." Several challenged him. Richard Gregg, a devoted American Gandhian, contended that the Mahatma had revived the tradition of manual labor. Others showed how

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craft skills kept alive by caste had hastened industrialization. The session grew quite lively.

One lone woman, Lady Jackson, the British economist better known as Barbara Ward, held her own among the male galaxies. But true to her sex, she had to have the last word and wrote a whole book about the subject called "**India and the West: Pattern for a Common Policy**" (Norton, $4.50).

The problem posed by India resembles that which confronts Asia, Africa, and Latin America: the development of underdeveloped territories so their hundreds of millions of inhabitants can enjoy a life of dignity, health, and happiness in freedom. Miss Ward, therefore, begins with a long, leisurely overture on how one country, Great Britain, rose from backwardness to modernness at the expense of the poor, and makes the shrewd comment that Karl Marx, who observed this chilling spectacle, "unfortunately took it to be permanent." He based his political program on that error. The British underdog could not help himself; he lacked the political power. Indian conditions are different. "India," Miss Ward notes, "is in fact the first society to set itself on the way of growth within the framework of the free vote and adult suffrage." And the right to strike.

Whether India succeeds is, therefore, the acid test of democracy—and not only or even primarily of Indian democracy but of world democracy. Growth in retarded countries depends on the accumulation of capital through saving from consumption. This is how the Communist nations are growing: by compulsory reduction of food, clothing, housing, and other necessities. In India, however, the margin between subsistence and starvation is so paper-thin that consumption cannot be cut, except perhaps for ten million out of 420 million, without endangering health and productivity. We want population control but not that kind. This is why foreign nations interested in India's passing the test of growth in freedom must put their shoulders to the heavy wooden wheel of India's national bullock cart and help push it out of the seventeenth-century mire. That would spell survival for all through unselfish selfishness.

I have two related questions that sometimes expand into doubts about the way development is proceeding in India and elsewhere in the retarded continents. Writing about India, Barbara Ward says, "The fundamental aim is to grow more food." But the Indian five-year plans have neglected agriculture, and again for psychological reasons. Few realize how much Indians suffered spiritually from the humiliation of foreign rule. Hurt breeds the desire to display prowess, to impress the world. To a great extent, the Russians are similarly motivated, as is most of the underdeveloped world. They seek to demonstrate their excellence, if possible superiority, at least equality. Hence conspicuous construction in all newly independent lands. Hence the national airlines and steel mills in every little new state; whether these enterprises are necessary or not, whether they are profitable or not, they have become the badge of sovereignty, balm for pain. In addition, autocrats tend to build themselves pyramids and monuments in the shape of hundred-million-dollar industrial projects while their people's lot is hunger and disease. Red China did this; she advertized "big leaps" and now famine stalks the country. Even in Russia, after forty-three years of Soviet rule, with sputniks and luniks and jets and impressive technological progress, the population's diet is unsatisfactory and no harvest is sure to be adequate. This seems tantamount to building the roof and clock tower to attract admiring attention but ignoring the welfare of the village. The village is 80 per cent of India, the foundation of the economic structure. The planners ask it to pay for the spectacular, the dramatic, the indispensable future. Are they not making a mistake? Millions of unemployed and underemployed peasants will swamp the cities, flood the slums, and create havoc for industry and agriculture. Then Nehru may have to wield a steel whip.

The second question concerns capital. Underdevelopment results from the paucity or misuse of capital. India is capital-poor. She accordingly seeks capital abroad and squeezes it out of her inhabitants. But the most massive reserve of capital is labor. Labor *is* capital. Yet much of this capital is idle; India probably counts a hundred million unemployed. They cannot get jobs in cities or in giant industrial projects; that would require more money than the whole world possesses.

THE FORD Foundation has a farm school near Hyderabad, India, where about 100 teen-age peasant boys spend six months or a year learning to be better farmers. (If they took a four-year course they would want to be government bureaucrats.) India needs a thousand schools like that. The cities, too, require manual training schools, middle-range technicums, technical colleges, and scientific institutes. Capital and labor are wasted when technology lags. The United States should create a vast reservoir of teachers (trade-school, farm-school, and others) for the underdeveloped world. It is more efficient to export teachers than to import students. Washington must cease thinking of foreign aid only in terms of dollars, food, and machinery. Labor skill and management skill are no less vital.

"All this will not be finished in the first hundred days. Nor will it be finished in the first 1,000 days, nor in the life of this Administration, nor even perhaps in our lifetime on this planet," President Kennedy said in his Inaugural. "But let us begin," he continued.

Let America and India begin a closer comradeship for mutual welfare and world peace.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

CHARLES DICKENS, MATCHMAKER

Below, selected by Louise Criblet of Fletcher, North Carolina, are the names of a dozen eventual bridegrooms and a dozen eventual brides all from the novels of Charles Dickens. You are asked to assign the right sweethearts to the right beaux and the right books. Key Columns Two and Three on Column One. Answers on page 75.

1.	Thomas Traddles	( )	Clara Barley	( )	"Pickwick Papers"
2.	Joseph Willet	( )	Ada Claire	( )	"A Tale of Two Cities"
3.	John Harmon	( )	Miss Skiffins	( )	"Barnaby Rudge"
4.	Nathaniel Winkle	( )	Susan Nipper	( )	"Great Expectations"
5.	Herbert Pocket	( )	Dolly Varden	( )	"Nicholas Nickleby"
6.	John Wemmick	( )	Lucy Manette	( )	"Our Mutual Friend"
7.	Dick Swiveller	( )	Miss LaCreevy	( )	"Dombey and Son"
8.	John Westlock	( )	Sophy Crewler	( )	"Great Expectations"
9.	Tim Linkinwater	( )	Bella Wilfer	( )	"Bleak House"
10.	Charles Darnay	( )	The Marchioness	( )	"Martin Chuzzlewit"
11.	Mr. Toots	( )	Arabella Allen	( )	"The Old Curiosity Shop"
12.	Richard Carstone	( )	Ruth Pinch	( )	"David Copperfield"

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The Statesman from Manila

"I Walked with Heroes," by General Carlos P. Rómulo *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 332 pp. $5), chronicles the rise from obscurity of a distinguished Filipino teacher, soldier, journalist, Pulitzer Prize winner, and diplomat. William Lytle Schurz, author of "The Manila Galleon," has long been a student of Philippine history. He is now professor of international relations at the American Institute for Foreign Trade.*

By William Lytle Schurz

TIME was when Americans thought of the Philippines in terms of Admiral Dewey and a Filipino rebel Emilio Aguinaldo. For a long period we scarcely gave any thought at all to the islands. Then they came violently back into our consciousness as the seat of Corregidor and Bataan and Leyte. In our view of Philippine history that was the era of General Douglas MacArthur. A few learned of another Filipino, Manuel Quezon, who became president of the young republic that we freed in 1946. Today the image of the Philippines is in the person of Carlos Peña Rómulo. When he reached the pinnacle of his glory perched atop three Manhattan telephone books, the aerie from which he presided over the General Assembly of the United Nations, President Truman once referred to him as "the president of the world."

This book is the personal chronicle of Carlos Rómulo's rise from the obscurity of a Luzon hill town to the international position and fame he so well deserved. In the interval he has lived "many lifetimes." His story is an immensely moving human document that is remarkable for its candor and for the deep humanity of its sentiments. Among the confused and raucous voices that issue nowadays from the ideological monsoons of the Orient he speaks clearly and honestly, and in words that an American should understand and appreciate. He freely acknowledges the debt of his people to us, but where, in his judgment, we have erred he is critical, though always more in sorrow than in rancor. For example, he does not accept our Far Eastern policies without serious reservations. Of China, he says that "no other country has its potential for danger—or for good."

As a mixture of Malay, Spanish, and Chinese, he was ethnically well qualified to represent the Philippine nation before the world. Born in the year after the Battle of Manila Bay, he grew up a warmhearted and impressionable boy, in an era of radical change that the Americans who took part in it later referred to nostalgically as "the days of the empire." He saw one of the leading citizens of Camiling strung up in the local plaza by American soldiers; yet he found most of those same soldiers to be a kindly, friendly lot. Among their contributions to his international education were a knowledge of baseball, familiarity with the popular tunes of the day, and a vocabulary of stray English words and phrases current among army privates far removed from home, school, and dictionary.

After the soldiers were gone and peace restored in the islands, the strongest external influence on young Rómulo's life was "the wonderful American teachers," who, in his words, "had come to help the Filipinos get started in the ways of democracy." He laments the fact that the work of that devoted body of men and women has "gone unrecorded and for the most part forgotten." Yet the shipload of teachers that crossed from San Francisco to Manila on the *General Thomas* was the most precious cargo that ever left an American port. Those who, like Carlos Rómulo, learned English from them still comprise linguistic elite in the islands.

THROUGHOUT it all, he was nurtured and protected by a remarkable patriarchal family. "Love and formality ruled our home," he says, "and one did no harm to the other." The book is a veritable paean to parents.

No diamond-studded maharajah in St. Moritz or Menton, he is one of the rare Orientals of modern times who became a true cosmopolite in the best sense of the word. "The little guy" that he has always been to taller men has remained unabashed by differences of stature or status. He once disconnected the loud-speaker of the snarling Vishinsky in the U.N., to leave him speechless and impotent in his rage, only to meet him later as one man with another who had common tastes in music.

While a young student in Manila

Carlos P. Romulo—"ethnically qualified to represent the Philippine nation."

Rómulo worked as reporter on an English-language newspaper and later as editor. He was a professor of English in the local university, and has always found the classroom and pressroom equally congenial. He was with MacArthur on Corregidor, where he broadcast daily to his countrymen who were fighting the Japanese. At the time his older sons were with the Filipino guerrillas in the Luzon hills, among which his wife was hiding their younger children from the invaders. When MacArthur left the beleaguered island, he took Rómulo with him, to return later to the landing on Leyte as a brigadier general in the army of the United States.

It was inevitable at this stage of Rómulo's eventful life that he should become a political figure in the new republic. As an intimate and adviser of Osmeña and Quezon, and later of the ill-fated Magsaysay, he was thrust into the unfamiliar world of diplomacy. He was to serve as Resident Commissioner of his government in Washington and permanent delegate to the United Nations, with ambassadorial rank, while remaining always a power in the foreign councils of his country and a moderating influence in the affairs of the Far East.

This autobiography is much more than a recital of the "success story" of a little Filipino. It recounts the trials and triumphs of a wise and kindly man with an unquenchable zest for living and a hatred of all evil and injustice. As a tribute to "the steadfast kindness of America," it merits the attention and gratitude of all Americans

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A Man in a House Full of Women

"The Infernal World of Branwell Brontë," by Daphne du Maurier *(Doubleday. 330 pp. $4.50), provides fresh information about the perplexing brother of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne. Phyllis Bentley wrote about the nineteenth-century family in "The Brontë Sisters." Among her many other books is "Love and Money."*

By Phyllis Bentley

"POOR, brilliant, gay, moody, moping, wildly excitable, miserable Brontë," quotes Miss du Maurier sympathetically from Francis Grundy, Branwell's engineering friend. Though Branwell Brontë's literary and artistic talents were second-rate and his follies not of an endearing kind, he added certain otherwise inaccessible elements to his sisters' experience, which thus became invaluable to English literature. A full biography of him has become increasingly desirable as these elements have increasingly revealed their importance.

While Miss du Maurier does not add anything really new to the elucidation of the Brontës' childhood daydream writings, she gives a very full and clear account of Branwell's Angrian daydream hero, the rebellious Duke of Northangerland. But although she observes shrewdly, "What a relief for Branwell to submerge in the infernal world after striving to please Mr. Wordsworth!," she never comes out plainly with the words *wish fulfillment*, which explain the whole affair. Branwell's unfulfilled wish for Byronic license, Charlotte's unfulfilled wish for sexual romance, found in the Angrian "world below" their consummation. (Charlotte did not identify with the Duke of Zamorna, as Miss du Maurier suggests, but with Zamorna's mistresses.)

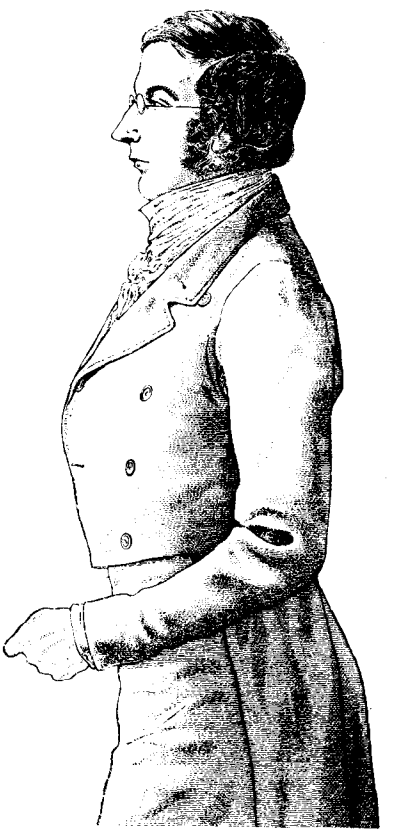
There are some points in Branwell's life on which evidence is most provokingly lacking. The first of these is his apparent failure to gain admission to the Royal Academy School in London. The plan, mentioned by Charlotte as decided, is never heard of again—except perhaps in a daydream account by Branwell of an Angrian young man's visit to the Angrian metropolis. Miss du Maurier quotes this, but misses the most significant passage, where the young man hesitates to enter the mighty building he has come to see "from instinctive fear of ending his pleasure by approaching reality."

The most interesting part of Miss du Maurier's study, and the most controversial, is her handling of the episode of Branwell's alleged love affair with the wife of his employer, Mr. Robinson. As she points out, two distinct versions of this affair were given by Branwell himself, for to his friends he depicted Mrs. Robinson as a martyred angel, and to his family as a wicked seductress. Miss du Maurier suggests that Mr. Robinson's letter of dismissal to his tutor may not have concerned his wife at all, but referred to some leading-astray of his young son Edmund. This is an attractive theory; it fits all round and solves many difficulties; further research may perhaps provide confirmatory evidence.

The chapters on Branwell's sojourn as ticket-collector at two tiny Yorkshire railway stations, on his Freemason initiation, and on his visit to Hartley Coleridge all provide interesting, fresh material.

But there are some exasperatingly perverse details elsewhere. Whatever Miss du Maurier may say to the contrary, Anne Brontë's diary notes show that she did not like the Robinsons; Charlotte went to Miss Wooler's school because her godmother offered to pay for her there; all the evidence is against Branwell's knowledge of his sister's publications; Branwell resembles Lockwood and Hindley Earnshaw, not Heathcliff, in "Wuthering Heights," and probably read the beginning of "And the Weary Are at Rest" at the cross roads inn.

Miss du Maurier both gains and loses as a biographer by her qualities as a novelist. She understands the creative imagination, and well knows how to create a grand stormy atmosphere herself. But she has the modern novelist's conviction that passages of straight narrative are to be deplored, and therefore tries to present everything through her characters' eyes. Yet on some points she shows much insight. Her emphasis on the Irish side of Branwell's nature is illuminating; so too is her suggestion that if like Charlotte he had encountered M. Heger's rational discipline in Brussels, he might have flourished. "The Infernal World of Branwell Brontë" is extremely readable, and gives a brilliant impressionist picture of the psychopathic Branwell. There still remains much detail missing from the portrait.



Branwell Bronte—"wildly excitable."

ROOF OF THE WORLD: The picture of Tibet as Shangri-la, that demi-paradise, that other Eden where one ages but never grows old, is shattered by the autobiography of Thubten Jigme Norbu, the eldest brother of the Dalai Lama. His fascinating book, "**Tibet Is My Country**" (Dutton, $5), tells us the truth about Tibetan life. Myths vanish when we read it, but what emerges is reality so idyllic that the Chinese intrusion seems to us a desecration. If people can be happy in simplicity, why educate them into sorrow and suffering?

Heinrich Harrer is to be congratulated on taking the trouble to represent faithfully the words of Thubten Jigme Norbu in Tibetan, then putting them into smooth German. Adequately translated into English by Edward Fitzgerald, the book communicates to us the feel of Tibet before the tide of Chinese Communism overwhelmed the country, and it tells us what patriots have to endure when faced with plain brutishness. Thubten Jigme Norbu is glad to get away from his enslaved land, but he cannot forget it; it haunts him forevermore. The excellent photographs that decorate the book indicate why.

—RANJEE SHAHANI.

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The World in Words—from India to Erin

In the Fiction from Foreign Lands Other Peoples Are Introduced

ISRAELI ICONOCLAST: The world has a new problem, one often alluded to deviously, seldom confronted or defined. The problem: order cannot be maintained anywhere unless a great many things unworthy of respect continue to be respected, and large numbers of people, young people for the most part, have, unhappily, found this out. Perhaps the secret should have been better kept. In any case, the knowledge that things hitherto taken as serious are really quite nonsensical has spread like a contagion. What is to be done?

The young Israeli novelist Yoram Kaniuk has treated this problem in his first novel, "**The Acrophile**" (Atheneum, $3.50), and made of it a personal fantasy that is touching, diverting, comical, even wise, and, to this reader at least, irresistible.

The hero of "The Acrophile" tells his story in snatches of memory; in monologues that are interrupted by other characters (who often borrow his rhetoric and continue his fantasy); in absurd and sometimes unbelievable encounters with strangers; in dreams, proverbs, meditations, jests. There is a total disregard for normal narrative order in this book and the beginning of the story is much closer to the end than is the middle. Kaniuk has made a game of what is silly in serious novels and thus found a form for his own troubled probing into the larger question: how can what was once the seriousness of life seem to be so silly? And what are you to do when you have found out that it is? How do you get married, go to your mother-in-law's funeral, fight properly with your wife, pursue a scholarly project, rise to a high academic post, or even eat a meal in a Lebanese restaurant? How are any of these far from abnormal activities possible to a person who has not unlearned to recognize nonsense when he comes across it? Kaniuk's hero has not unlearned, and never will unlearn, that nonsense is nonsense no matter how useful it may be not to regard it so. Now I believe there are a great many young people all over the world who are in this very difficulty, and I think that Kaniuk's hero speaks for them.

To have seen through society means to have seen through one's own parents. Kaniuk's hero makes a touching effort to overcome his loss of respect for those who brought him into the world by exalting his grandmother and even mythologizing her, so that he is almost ready to credit her own claim to have lived 260 years. He says he wants his body to be a "tall monument" to her memory.

Brilliant as a whole, the novel is occasionally imperfect. I think, too, that it may owe something to Camus's first novel, "The Stranger"; especially, I was struck by the incident in which the hero of "The Acrophile" kills an Arab boy as a result of wanting to save the boy's life. And when in Kaniuk's book the university dean asks the protagonist to explain why he, now a renowned scholar, has chosen to sell ice-cream cones on the university campus, the violent retort given reminded me of the famous scene in Sartre's novel "Nausea" when the protagonist of that book calls the framed figures in the gallery of portraits "bastards."

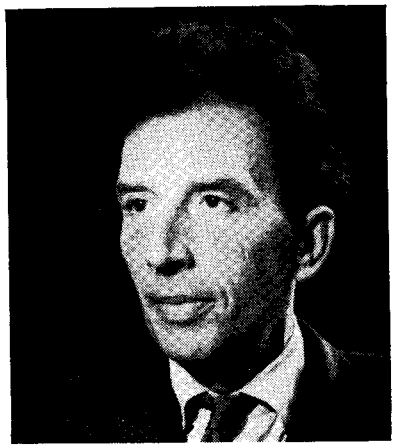
I hope, though, that the references to Sartre and Camus will not give the impression that "The Acrophile" is even slightly pretentious, or the least bit solemn, for it is not. This book, translated by Zeva Shapiro, is light and delightful from beginning to end. There is sadness in it, to be sure, but, as the author remarks, sadness often relieves us from being sad. In a quick, casual, carefree way the novel touches on what is certainly one of the real problems of our time, which the big, thoughtful, ponderous novels now being turned out never seem to get to: what has mattered much to most people now matters to many less than nothing.

—Lionel Abel.

IRISH ANTAGONISTS: Una Troy's whimsical story of two Irish towns, obsessed with the past, of the bridge that stood between them, and of the bitter feud that inflamed them and threatened to engulf the whole countryside, begins as a folk tale that might have been sung to the tune of "Kilkenny Cats";

From South Africa, France, Ireland, India and from Israel come the novelists who bring an international flavor to fiction

From South Africa: David Lytton.



From France: Roger Vailland.

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but the author, following the cumulative pattern of "The House That Jack Built," weaves into **"The Other End of the Bridge"** (Dutton, $3.50) a series of complications in a swelling crescendo.

The feud, which forms the dreamplay of the rival communities, is kept in constant tension by a number of eccentric individuals, with the towns' respective mayors in the van. It reaches its apex when the brand-new Mercedes-Benz belonging to the son of the mayor of Corkbeg and the dilapidated Jaguar driven by the son of the mayor of Waterville crash in the center of the bridge, followed by a glorious free-for-all between the partisans of both sides. And by next evening the Corkbeg mayor's thirteen-year-old daughter, an Irish Juliet, has fallen in love with the driver of the battered Jaguar. As in the development of a fugue, Miss Troy builds up her climax, showing how the feud invaded every family and affected young and old alike.

Underlying the action, she has set in counterpoint the deeper theme of genuine rebellion against a partitioned Ireland, an attitude personified in the character of the postal clerk, Dennis, a Nationalist revolutionary. The voice for the author's philosophy is Mr. Blaney, a madman known as the "Apostle," who, like a *genius loci*, haunts the bridge of discord, dressed in black, bowler-hatted, and waving a red umbrella. In the end Mr. Blaney becomes, if not the *deus ex machina*, the expiatory victim; the moral of the tale is summed up in his words: "The dream is vanished forever, Dennis. Those who dreamt it died for it, and those that were left to win had no dream to help them. Is it not strange that so few realize that dreams are essential for realities?"

This artfully constructed fantasy, with its rich overtones of pathos and humor, evokes out of the Ireland of today an Ireland that has all but vanished. —WALTER STARKIE.

SOUTH AFRICAN GANGSTER: A Cape Colored man who was fathered by a white Boer predikant (priest) of the Dutch Reformed Church is the protagonist of David Lytton's **"The Goddam White Man"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50). The Boer preacher sowed his seed and went his way, leaving the black woman and her bastard child, Johannes, on that arid stretch of semi-desert coastal land known as the Cape Flats. These people (mainly of mixed bloods) live in animal conditions that stunt everything. There Johannes's mother dies of snakebite, and he drifts like a little stray dog from one stunted family to another until he ends up in Cape Town's slum area with a slightly better-off Colored family, who give him a chance at a smattering of schooling.

His schooling is just enough to make him decide that the scheme of things in South Africa is all wrong and that the only way a Colored man can get ahead there is by going in for crime. At the story's end he has apparently proved his point that the whites are so stupid that all any smart Colored man has to do is organize a successful criminal gang in order to escape the economic and social consequences of the South African racial horror.

As someone who grew up in the kind of setting Mr. Lytton writes about, I frankly found nothing to admire in his novel. As a piece of social reporting it is superficial in the extreme. The ugliness is a surface ugliness that neither shocks nor horrifies in the way good social reportage does. Instead, one is left with a feeling of depression that so much time and energy have been devoted to an almost pointless depiction of ugliness for its own sake.

And as a piece of creative fiction the book is even more unsatisfactory. Johannes is flat and unreal, compelling no sense of involvement. It is possible that an Alan Paton or a Laurens van der Post or even one of the younger South African Negro novelists like Ezekiel Mphahlele could have developed the story so as to shed a meaningful light on the human tragedy inherent in the South African situation; in the hands of Mr. Lytton the story itself is the tragedy. A pointless compendium of hate, violence, sordid sex, it is utterly lacking in that tender and creative compassion which has been the hallmark of the best writing out of South Africa in recent years. —PETER ABRAHAM.

INDIAN HOST: Once I met a Hindi writer, who was struggling to translate a story by William Faulkner. "His people," he sadly complained, "vital in English, are wooden in Hindi." By this simple sentence he had penetrated the problem of all writers who have to translate the feelings of one culture with words of another.

R. K. Narayan has no equal among the Indian novelists writing in English. While his sense of this language is not particularly refined, he nevertheless manages by a miracle of perception and choice of detail to convey the Indian without a single false feeling or gesture. It is true Rudyard Kipling in "Kim" and in his scores of stories, and E. M. Forster in two of his books, have managed to catch the essence of India, but then they were both Englishmen whose major focus was Anglo-India, a twilight zone that enclosed both the natives and the masters. The India Mr. Narayan deals with is of ages and sages. It breaks the bounds of a cultural experience—the contact with the British. It overflows until all her people, in whatever occupation, are engulfed in the novelist's ink.

"The Man-Eater of Malgudi" (Viking,

From Ireland: Una Troy.

From India: R. K. Narayan.

From Israel: Yoram Kaniuk.

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$3.95) is a tale about a printer, Nataraj, whose goodness is a legend. It brings to his door an ungainly taxidermist who ends up filling the printer's house, and his legend, with his hyenas and pythons and his crass animal morality. Nataraj's goodness is used, abused, trespassed upon, and finally almost destroyed by the mysterious death of the jungle man, which implicates the printer in a direct way. But the novel never departs from the whimsical, playful tone. The voice of the narrator, Nataraj, is always delicately keyed to the right pitch. His humor is sometimes heavy-footed, but this never intrudes upon our affection for him. Even when he's being preyed upon most, he's never spineless, and his troubles at every turn are those of a good and pure man who is more puzzled by evil than invaded by it.

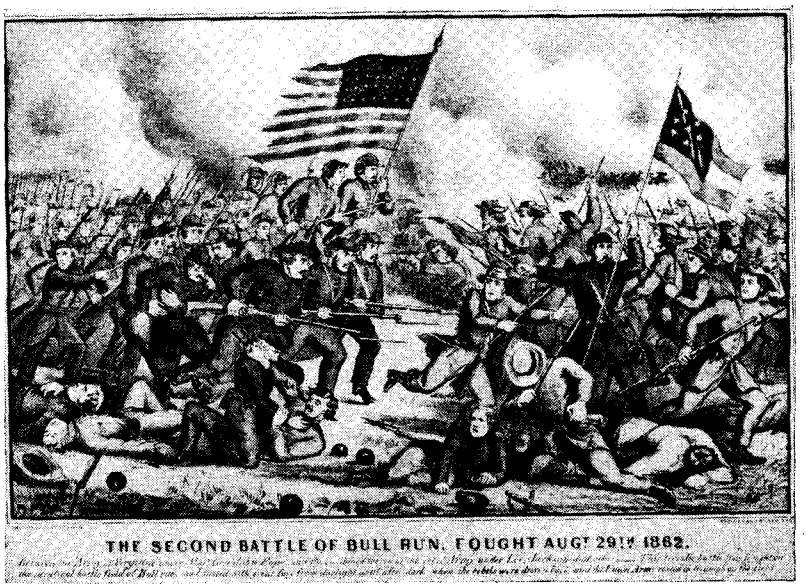
For those who have not read the author's truly excellent novel "The Financial Expert," this slight book, despite its sugariness, can serve as an introduction to the imaginary town of Malgudi, celebrated in a half dozen of Narayan's titles. If the novel is vital at all, it lives in such places, whether in India, Africa, or the West Indies.

—Ved Mehta.

IN THE DAYS when news photographers (to say nothing of television cameramen) were unknown, lithographic portrayals of current happenings found an avid public. **"Currier & Ives American Battle Scenes"** (Century House, $12.50) is a collection of more than fifty prints by the famous pair, who are better known for their cheerful pictures of the U.S. at peace. These prints provide a dramatic record of this country's armed conflicts from 1775 through the Civil War.

"Surrender of Cornwallis."

General Andrew Jackson.



"Second Battle of Bull Run."

FRENCH PHILANDERER: First introduced to English readers three years ago through his prize-winning "The Law," Roger Vailland comes back to us with **"Fete"** (Knopf, $3.95), an unsavory trifle about a novelist living in the country who openly pursues the seduction of a young poet's wife while the two are his house guests and subsequently sets off for a week-end with her—both his own wife and Lucie's husband being too urbane to interfere.

"If you decide to stay on another few days, phone me," the writer's good wife says affably as she hands him the suitcase she has packed, and Duc drives off to his rendezvous in the Citroën DS he habitually races around the countryside, as much a menace on the road as he is in the boudoir. As soon as Lucie's train arrives they proceed to the hotel, which was once a private chateau, and march briskly up the great stone stairs into the suite reserved for them. Then with adorable directness Lucie inquires, "Am I to undress? That's what I came for." Conversation and situation throughout this novel are never less preposterous nor less distasteful than here at its climax.

We should like to think the whole novel a parody—a burlesque on eighteenth-century erotic literature with Duc aping the "grand seigneur" who cultivates his ego exquisitely and ever seeks for new shivers—or at least an ironic depiction of emancipated moderns who prefer whisky to native French drinks and refer to American jazz singers by their first names. But we gather that the author fervently admires the great libertines of Sade and Choderlos de Laclos and has no use for lovers who behave like bourgeois. It would seem, therefore, that he approves of Duc in spite of the caricature he has made of him—a man of middle years with short limbs and the face of a bird of prey, a petulant husband, a lover who is never much good the first night, an "*amateur de sensations fortes*" who races cars like a high school boy and seduces tiresome young women.

This writer, who achieved notoriety for preaching Marxism and the rehabilitation of the senses in almost the same breath, seemed once on the point of creating the great Marxist novel. He failed to do so, however, and has recently abandoned his political theme. It is unlikely that he will be any more successful in creating an exemplum of love for our times, for however urgent is the need to redefine love today it cannot be met by such an inane resuscitation as "Fête" tries to accomplish.

—Laurent LeSage.

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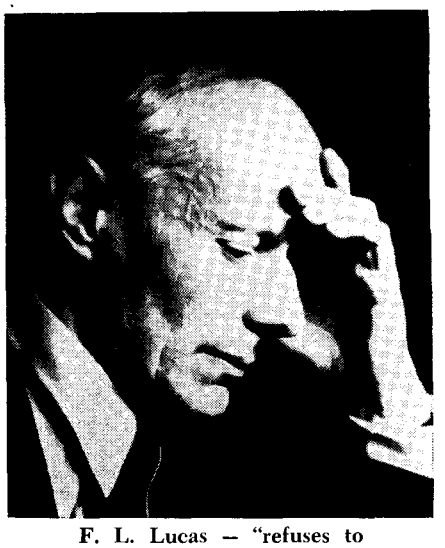
Artist and Citizen

"The Greatest Problem and Other Essays," by F. L. Lucas *(Macmillan. 335 pp. $5), sets forth the British writer's thoughts on the population problem, A. E. Housman, travel books, happiness, and a variety of other matters. Howard Mumford Jones, the distinguished American essayist, is professor of English at Harvard University.*

By Howard Mumford Jones

THE RELATION of the American writer to English literature has passed through a series of changes. In the beginning the American struggled for a footing on the lowest slopes of British Parnassus, happy for any kind word. After the Revolution the young republic doggedly determined to produce a brand-new literature; the result was the futile controversy over the Americanism of American books as polite letters. After the Civil War the two literatures affably interchanged compliments on the James Russell Lowell level and hilariously misvalued each other on another plane. Thus the British took Joaquin Miller seriously as the Americans could not. If the problem has not been solved, it has apparently disappeared; at any rate the London *Times Literary Supplement* prints its huge discussion of the American imagination, and British-born bards get posts in American colleges as they never could have done a hundred years ago.

Nevertheless there are differences still. I think there is an ampler leisure, a more measured pace in British prose. It seems to me less frenetic, perhaps because a significant portion of the British public retains reading as a part of general culture and does not read for efficiency, self-improvement, "communication," or the sentimental debauchery taught as "appreciation" in many American schools. The British support the man of letters as we, with notable exceptions (Mr. Edmund Wilson comes to mind), will not. An American publishing contract is a fearsome thing, God wot, what with TV rights, movie rights, book-club rights, soft-cover rights, discount rights, and other qualifications to illumine the truth that American publishing, once a



F. L. Lucas — "refuses to be hemmed in by expertise."

profession, is now the "book industry." The British publisher feels an honorable obligation to letters in more instances than do American publishing houses, and I think the present volume, despite its New York date-line, illustrates this truth.

Mr. F. L. Lucas has written many books—literary history, criticism, biography, fiction, poetry, translation, and much else; and as the contents of this, his latest, show, he refuses to be hemmed in by expertise. "The Greatest Problem of To-day" is the population problem. Mr. Lucas, a mere university reader in English, speaks his mind on this topic as if he were a specialist in demography. He also speaks his mind on silliness and tragedy in Tolstoy, on the Berlin airlift, on happiness, on travel books about Greece, and on A. E. Housman, not to speak of other topics. If he wants to quote Greek or French or German, he quotes without apology, sometimes translating (again without apology) and sometimes not. It seems to him natural to refer casually to William Dunbar of Scotland or to note that the Sunday issues of one American newspaper yearly consume a forest the size of Staffordshire, "so swiftly can our civilization transform beauty to waste paper." His long essay on translation adds little to either theory or practice, but it is wonderfully exhilarating to read, moving as it does among the English Bible, Ezra Pound, Samuel Butler, Robert Browning, Fitzgerald, and Chapman, whose "Homer" is, he says, "often abject gibberish." Only Mr. Lucas would conclude a cogent analysis of Tolstoy by praising "Candide" as a wiser guide. He does not have a professional mind; he has what is better, a civilized one.

I think the essay on Housman the best thing in the book:

> What does need explaining is the paradox that this ultra-romantic and antirational view of poetry should have been adopted by a person like Housman, whose scholarship was conducted by an intellect as keen and cold as the blade of a guillotine, and whose own poetry remained almost always passionately and unambiguously clear.

I do not like "unambiguously clear," since if a statement is clear it is commonly not ambiguous, but the cadence of the sentence (the nub of his essay) illustrates the ampler leisure of British critical prose. I do not find this *ordonnance* in the prose of the Modern Language Association of America.

Mr. Lucas has one besetting fault—a kind of academic garrulity. He cannot always let well enough alone. He wants to make the point that modern authors sometimes fall into tragic decay as the Greeks and the Elizabethans did not, and he must back up his point by referring to Swift and five other writers, not to speak of a footnote on Sophocles. The essay on happiness goes on and on. The one called "Of Books" alternates between charming autobiography and a Catalogue of Improving Volumes delivered by a don. I think Mr. Lucas too quickly dismisses "the menace of science to the humanities" as a mere

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 920

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 920 will be found in the next issue.

FOXY CAT GORYS AB GOX
DAYERGRAY AB GOX FALKE
GAEHC CAT NAZXGRZXN
FRNO GOHG YAHO OHE
ZRNNXE GOX PAHG.
PRNOAQ BTKGAY NOXXY

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 919

To be witty is not enough. One must possess sufficient wit to avoid having too much of it.

—ANDRE MAUROIS.

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problem of numbers. He ought to see in it, as C. P. Snow sees, a problem of philosophies that continually diverge.

But if these be faults, how much remains! The immense wealth of information, the gigantic vigor, the mental excitement, the Johnsonian sturdiness, the Johnsonian refusal to be taken in by cant—these remain. He remarks of the translators of the King James Bible that they "were not out to flatter the common man." Mr. Lucas refuses to flatter the common man, the common reader. If you want to read him, you will have to reach up, not wait for him to come down. His concern is with life and learning; he refuses to teach babes in grace their grammar. The range of his mind, like the richness of his information, is noble, and life for him, if not sacred, is certainly sacrosanct. That is why he can move from a discussion of the Berlin airlift to the personality of Tolstoy's wife with no sense of difference, and why for him happiness and the problem of population are as much a matter of concern as the paradox of Housman. He concludes his essay on population with a poem by William Morris, a reference to Cato the Elder, and the flat statement that "the human race is terribly tough." Why lug in sociological jargon? Morris, Cato, and Mr. Lucas have got the essential elements of the problem. Mr. Lucas restores the weakening concept of the man of letters who is at once an artist and a citizen. He is not a specialist, he merely has sentiment, sense and wisdom, humor and cultivation. What else is knowledge for?

Exercise in Miscellany

"A Passport Secretly Green," by Noel Perrin *(St. Martin's Press. 181 pp. $3.50), ranges in its twenty-one essays from the English nightingale's song to nuclear annihilation. Robert Halsband, whose own green passport has been stamped many times by English immigration authorities, frequently comments on belles-lettres.*

By Robert Halsband

TODAY the personal essay seems a gently old-fashioned form, almost as outmoded as the bustle or white vest-piping. It's a brave writer, backed of course by a tolerant publisher, who dares to put out as miscellaneous (and uneven) a collection as this new book of essays entitled, somewhat archly, "A Passport Secretly Green."

The title comes from its opening piece, in which Noel Perrin, an American who studied at the University of Cambridge, assumed the snobbery of other green passport holders and pretended to be British, avoiding other Americans—much like a tourist who is terrified of being recognized by a fellow traveler, and so tries to take on the protective coloration of his exotic if temporary habitat.

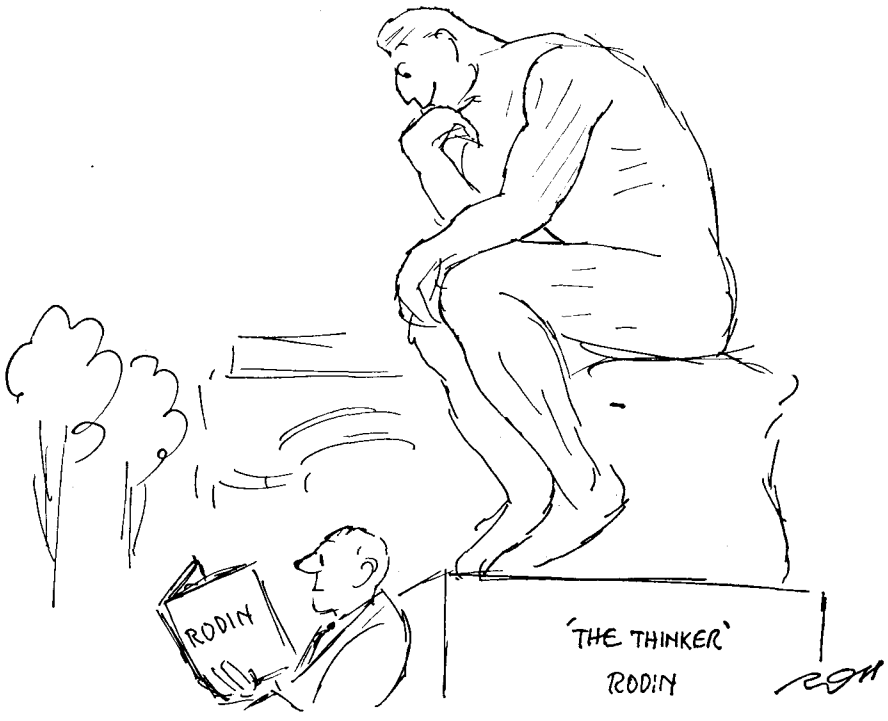
About a third of Mr. Perrin's essays deal, lightly of course, with the interaction of Americans and Britons. None of these problems, we can be sure, will be brought up in the House of Commons or discussed on the "Third Programme." One summer he attended the Edinburgh Festival, thanks to the special grants and privileges his green passport earned for him; and so he generalizes that foreign students live off the fat of England. And when he tells how his English cousins assumed that all Americans are wizards on skis, he again inflates a personal experience into a generalization. But the personal essayist can take such liberties.

Since he studied literature at Cambridge it is not surprising that several of his essays deal with literary topics. In one he tells of his excitement in being loaned a packet of unpublished Henry James letters, and his disappointment in seeing them given to a famous James scholar for publication. In less personal essays he shows how "Monk" Lewis revised his scandalous Gothic novel to conform to propriety, and how Noah Webster tried to bowdlerize the Old Testament.

Mr. Perrin's essays on popular linguistic usage and prejudice are illuminating. He amusingly describes the new rhetoric of inarticulateness in the movies and in public life. (This is comparable to the anti-novel, the anti-play, and the anti-painting so stylish today.) Other topics range from the English nightingale's song (*jug-jug*, according to some poets) to nuclear annihilation —an essay which, he remarks, is "a little bit embarrassing in its present company, like a Jehovah's Witness who has strayed into an Episcopalian picnic." (His proposal, echoing Thoreau's civil disobedience, is to refuse to pay taxes that support the production of the bomb.) The twenty-one selections, all of them lightweight except the nuclear one, run a gamut in style and subject matter from the cozy sophistication of *The New Yorker* (where, in fact, a few of them first appeared) to pieces suitable for an undergraduate magazine. "Ah, New Hampshire," one of the best, tells how the landscape of that New England state is being transformed:

> Most of the remaining clapboard houses will be gone, since what the termites miss fire will get. But chromium is incorruptible. Scattered over our valleys winking in the sunlight, will be ten thousand thousand bright-hued, hideous lumps, each an immortal trailer, each looking as aboriginal and as immovable as the dolmens at Stonehenge. Ah, progress! Ah, New Hampshire!

If more of the essays were of this caliber Mr. Perrin's marksmanship would be far better. Maybe he ought to take that passport secretly green and bury it in a trunk very deep.



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Literary Fashions from Paris

"New French Writing," edited by Georges Borchardt *(Criterion. 256 pp. $4.50), snips swatches from the literary output of ten present-day writers in France. The most recent translation by Justin O'Brien, chairman of Columbia University's Department of French, is Albert Camus's posthumously published "Resistance, Rebellion, and Death."*

By Justin O'Brien

TWO CAUTIONARY footnotes in "New French Writing" identify Georges Borchardt as a literary agent with an address in Manhattan. Like the traditional salesman in other trades, he has assembled a sample-case with which to present his "1961 line." It is an exciting, colorful display, for (although he must deal also in more traditional items) he has eliminated from it the "classic numbers" and concentrated on the novelties or "high-style" items. As the preliminary note tells us, the collection "is designed to give its readers an idea of the 'situation' of French literature today, and a foretaste of things to come."

This Mr. Borchardt's anthology does up to a point, for it is in the nature of a sample-case to be made up, not of usable, wearable articles, but of broken pairs and swatches. In so far as we can know the new novel through four isolated chapters from four different novelists, the new poetry through four poems by three of the best poets, drama through samplings of one highly popular writer (Félicien Marceau) and one experimental dramatist (Jean Vauthier), we can glimpse the situation from this reader. Aware of the limitations of his display, Mr. Borchardt has got Henri Peyre of Yale University to write a brilliant essay on trends in the novel and Germaine Brée of the University of Wisconsin to do likewise with poetry. These are by far the best and most helpful contributions to the volume, and of necessity they discuss many novelists and poets not included here. A third essay, if it were included, on trends in the theatre would have made the present choice of dramatists appear even more inadequate.

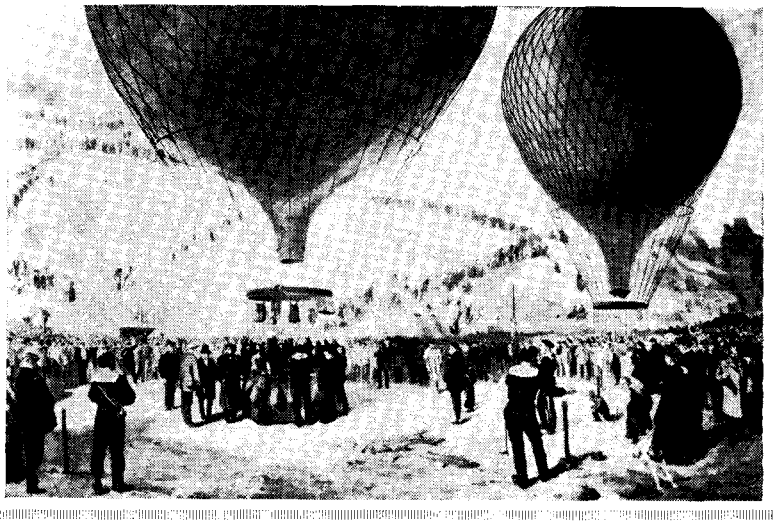
Of the ten somewhat arbitrarily chosen writers presented by "New French Writing" five are already known in America (Jean-Paul Sartre, Pierre Gascar, Michel Butor, Alain Robbe-Grillet, and Félicien Marceau). Of the remaining five, the three poets (Yves Bonnefoy, Philippe Jaccottet, and Marc Alyn, all admirably translated by D'Elbert E. Keenan) deserve to be better known, the dramatist Jean Vauthier will some day be discovered off-Broadway as he has been discovered in the little theatres of Paris, and the novelist Pierre Klossowski is hardly worth fighting about with the censor.

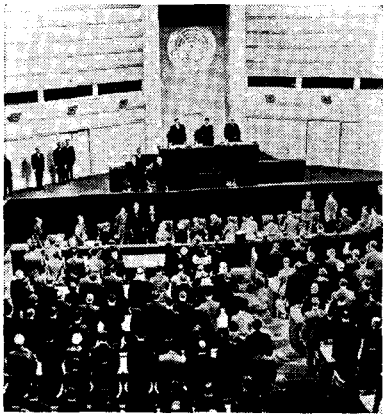
In general, the quality of these selections is very high: we should now know that we want to read more of these writers in English, and, this sampling being addressed more to publishers than to retail customers, we hope Mr. Borchardt writes up a sheaf of orders.

LOUIS XV, "a handsome young man, frail and gloomy, with the pretty face of a girl, unfeeling and cold," was but one of the burdens with which Gaul has contended in the past 2,000 years, pictured and described André Maurois's **"An Illustrated History of France"** (Viking, $20). Forty color plates and more than 120 black and white halftones mark milestones from pre-Roman times to the present.

Charlemagne being crowned (800 A.D.)

Marguerite de Navarre.





U.N. assembled in Paris (1951). (Left) Gambetta leaves Paris by balloon (1870).

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AGENDA FOR TAX REFORM

By GUSTAVE SIMONS, *tax attorney and economist.*

TWO years ago William Saroyan announced that the burden of his income taxes was compelling him to leave America, perhaps forever. In an era when the struggle for men's minds, more than ever before, involves cultural elements, our lawmakers seem to have forgotten that "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Das Kapital," and "Mein Kampf" have served as powerful weapons. At a time when the plight of Boris Pasternak gave us a supreme opportunity in the international contest of literary skills, our Washington leaders lightly cast aside these advantages by subjecting authors to the heaviest tax burden of any segment of our economy. Even the Soviet Union taxes authors only 13 per cent.

The situation of painters, composers, and other creative people is no different from that of authors. Our laws are nondiscriminatory only to the degree that they refer to "works of art" without subclassification. But right here discrimination begins on a grand scale. For the producton and marketing of "works of art" are treated from beginning to end in different terms from the production and marketing of other commodities. This distinction might be entirely understandable if it operated in favor of the creators of such works, but in fact it works in exactly the opposite direction.

If a man owns stock and sells it, he has a capital gain. If he owns a patent and sells it, he has a capital gain. If he owns real estate and sells it, he has a capital gain. But if a man owns *and is the creator of* a work of art and sells it, it is *not* a capital gain. He must pay full tax on the basis of ordinary income.

What kind of nonsense favors the creative mind in invention while penalizing the creative mind in the arts?

This is but one example of the confused state of our Internal Revenue Code, which is being painfully impressed upon millions of Americans as they struggle with the baffling complexities of their income tax returns. The national rite of decrying the enigmas of income tax will soon reach its annual crescendo—and then, just as surely, will be forgotten for another year. I am convinced, however, that something more than idle, sporadic complaints is needed. Because income taxes become a more impenetrable jungle each year, reform of the Internal Revenue Code must be given top priority.

The Internal Revenue Code, a tangle of rulings and amendments amassed over nearly fifty years, contains thousands of separate sections and is subject to tens of thousands of regulations and rulings. As an attorney who wrestles every day with this monster, I think there are four broad areas of tax reform that rate top priority.

First, a new kind of Tax Policy Committee needs to be established by the President to implement the necessary reforms.

Second, the Code needs to be modified to give greater encouragement to creativity and productivity. Unproductive "bad loopholes" might be plugged more tightly, while "good loopholes" that would encourage the country's material and cultural progress might be stretched a bit more widely.

Third, the laws need to be amended to allow individuals and corporations to know in advance where they stand. Under our present system, a taxpayer may be penalized in future years under *ex post facto* legislation covering present transactions. And his fate in a court case may depend as much upon the arbitrary opinion of one judge as upon precedent or rulings in similar tax cases.

Fourth, imaginative techniques should be adopted to promote a greater spirit of cooperation among the taxpaying public.

Our Judeo-Christian heritage has long since established the proposition that a moral and dynamic community involves the interplay of a sound system of law and moral principles, combined with an affirmative and creative attitude arising out of spontaneous group action.

But our tax legislators and administrators have for the most part confined themselves to the law alone and have almost wholly disregarded attitudes. What is necessary is a completely fresh approach to the mind of the average taxpayer.

The proposed Tax Policy Committee might be created under the jurisdiction of the Department of Commerce. No one questions the good faith of the policy formulators in the Treasury Department, or the tax committees of Congress, but they have been too long involved with the pressures of revenue-raising and the immediate, short-term demands of budget balancing. Accordingly, the Tax Policy Committee should report to the Secretary of Commerce so that it can occupy itself with the long-range economic and psychological effects of our tax legislation, free of the pressures of immediate revenue requirements and a complex history of piecemeal tax legislation. Existing governmental tax agencies need not be scrapped, but should be exposed to a fresh perspectve.

The Tax Policy Committee's twofold job would be, first, the improvement of the tax law, and, second, the development of affirmative public attitudes toward that law.

The conflicting list of loopholes has become so tedious as to render the term little more than an epithet. I suppose it means giving one taxpayer mathematically different treatment from another. Any tax law designed for 180,000,000 people has to have enormous variations of treatment for the innumerable varieties of income and types of expenditures. Rather than attempting to plug all loopholes we should emphasize the good loopholes while attempting to limit the uncreative ones.

I am not suggesting that we set up a hierarchy of values by which each individual's productivity can be minutely appraised. I am suggesting that a multitude of individual differences in circumstances should be reflected in the way the tax laws operate. Consider the matter of deductions. Artists, writers, composers, and intellectual free-lancers generally, as everybody knows, are not

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allowed any *effective* deduction even for the actual out-of-pocket costs of creating their works. This applies to author's research as well as to artist's materials. There is, to be sure, a token deduction in that if one spends, say, $1,600 in gathering material for a book, it will be allowed *over the life of the copyright*—which is 28 years! A "good loophole" should be provided for authors, giving them capital gain treatment on their royalties on a basis comparable to that given inventors.

Another "good loophole" that justifies study is the tax-exempt nonprofit foundation. Consider the question of double tax benefits now allowed to educational foundations and the advantages that accrue from them. A deduction for charitable contributions frequently works out so that the high-bracket taxpayer can save more in taxes than the amount of his gift. And in addition, the institution receiving the gifts is tax-exempt. But this is not necessarily a bad loophole. At the moment it costs the government a large sum of tax money. But the gift to education will not only improve the general welfare in intangible ways; it will also produce tax collections in future years that will dwarf the immediate loss.

Suppose a college scholarship is financed entirely through tax savings, and that the loss in revenue is $10,000. Extensive studies indicate that the average graduate earns at least $100,000 more during his lifetime than the noncollege man. Assume that a 30 per cent average tax is paid on these additional earnings. The government will eventually collect $20,000 more in taxes than the $10,000 that it lost when the scholarship was set up. Not a bad bargain.

Tax planning should be done not in terms of monolithic equality and not in terms of what will immediately provide the greatest revenue. Rather, I would ask the Tax Policy Committee to test every tax provision by the following questions:

1. Will this tax incentive increase productivity?

2. Will this tax incentive provide a more educated and productive citizenry?

3. Will this incentive add to the national security?

4. Will this incentive in the long run provide more tax revenue than is being sacrificed?

Because nothing upsets the public attitude toward taxation more than sudden changes in the ground rules, an important step in the work of our Tax Policy Committee would be to recommend stability in tax legislation. Congress could announce as a policy its intention not to impose tax liability on completed transactions. It is better to lose some tax revenue than to create a sense of injustice by *ex post facto* legislation. Furthermore, such legislation should be effective only from the date of its enactment. Progressively, Congress has put the effective date of tax legislation back to the introduction of a proposed provision into Congress. Many months may elapse between such introduction and final enactment, and the law may take a dozen different forms with last-minute changes between Senate and House. During these months business activity in the area affected by the proposed legislation grinds to a standstill. Stability and a sense of fair play are more important than some lost revenue.

A final change that seems to me to be required is in the "marketing" of taxation. A man buying a new Cadillac may shop around a bit, but generally would never think of conniving in order to save a few dollars on the purchase price. When the same individual comes to file his tax return, however, more often than not ordinary moral standards disappear and the only ethical mandate is "What can I get away with?" If General Motors spent as little time and money in advertising its product and creating a favorable public image as does the U. S. Government in publicizing its services, the picture would be equally bleak for its products. It is here that the major breakthrough in tax planning must come. Tax planners must realize that adequate tax legislation and administration are as much a matter of merchandising as selling automobiles and that the government has the facilities to do a good job if it will only employ them creatively.

The government has used advertising and publicity to sell its bonds; why not use the same devices for the more difficult job of collecting taxes?

As part of this program, each year before income tax returns are due the President might make a nationwide radio and television broadcast, outlining the national budget and explaining how tax monies are to be used during the coming year. The moral force of the President's message could not help but have a significant influence on the payment of taxes.

The Treasury has made some progress in simplifying the tax return, but much more can still be accomplished. More important than this, however, is the job of merely making the tax return less frightening. No tax return should be distributed without an accompanying explanatory manual. Manuals exist but how many people receive them and read them? And when they are read, they are found to be full of exasperating and terrifying checklists. Instead, they should make effective use of cartoon techniques. For example, under the heading "Deductions," a picture of a fallen tree would be more effective than the words "Storm Losses." Fur-

(*Continued on page* 78)

"So I couldn't be elected dog catcher!"

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Tourists or Termites?

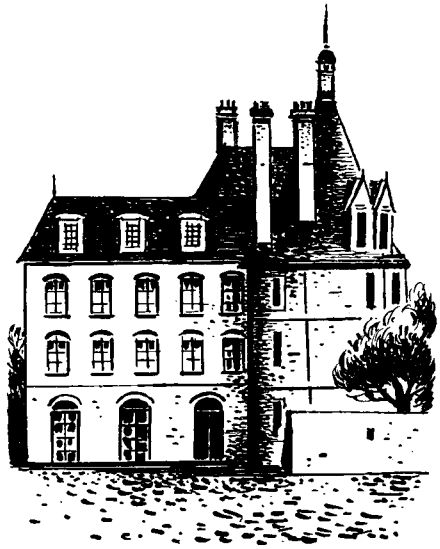
IN PUERTO RICO a high official, studying the impact of the travel boom on that island's rapidly evolving economy and culture, said recently: "We have not struggled all these years just to build a society of guides, waiters, and drink-mixers for rich tourists."

An Italian writer quotes a resident of Capri on the current status of that enchanted hideaway: "It all has now become blatantly commercialized. We advertise. We organize prepaid (or post-paid) tours from anywhere. We have become a branch office of the air and shipping lines. We want our tourists and we are getting them. . . . We are betraying the gods of the place for the hope of gross wealth."

One angry German critic commented: "In reality, travel narrows the mind of the tourist, robs him of his imagination, and confirms disastrously his sense of superiority. In addition to that, it poisons the soul of the natives, spoils their natural temperament, and destroys morale and morality through mad pursuit of profit."

In Hawaii, Britain, and India a common lament has been voiced that the modern development of these countries has been distorted, and therefore hampered, by the sustained efforts of their respective tourist industries to promote a world-wide image of musical Polynesians, turbaned maharajahs, and tranquil rustics.

An English author complains from a Spanish island in the Mediterranean: "Travel is little more than a roundabout way of collecting postcards and stamps; for the rest one seeks continual reassurances — one's native language, home cooking and drink (beer in Jerez, gin-and-lime in Gerona, ham-and-eggs in Assisi, Coca-Cola in the Loire), familiar plumbing, airmailed newspapers and Thomas Cook's guaranteed return. Tourism in fact is fast creating a third world, one that is neither home nor abroad, a never-land of posturing fishermen, of scrubbed peasants from a Museum of Folklore, of pre-fabbed hand-crafts, and papier-maché charm, of dirt and poverty bleached off the streets, of booming Shakespeare in indifferent Stratfords, of holy shrines with the cocktail annex, and bullfights run for Anglo-Saxon kicks while the Spaniard surreptitiously plays football. . . . As tourism develops and grows ever more easy it offers this paradox—that we are able to feel at home over wider stretches of earth, while we learn less and less of the world."



In Washington constructive legislation is now pending in Congress to establish a U.S. Travel Service, and the principal support for the measure has arisen not from any passionate conviction about the cultural benefits of tourism, but from the economic argument that such an office will help stem the outflow of gold by luring thousands of visitors from abroad to spend their pounds, pesos, francs, and marks on our shores.

This curious, disturbing debate over the intrinsic merits of tourism is taking place with some intensity these days in various quarters of the globe. It is curious because it is really irrelevant. It is disturbing because intelligent and influential persons are engaged in it.

Perhaps this debate is inevitable, for it comes at a moment when foreign travel has become a multibillion-dollar enterprise among nations; when the international welcome mat echoes each year to the tread of millions of visitors. The discussion pivots around two major premises: (1) the seductive power of the enormous economic value of tourism for a host country, and (2) the theory that the tourist carries with him, like some jet-propelled Typhoid Mary, a cultural pestilence that infects the land he visits. Critics diagnose this plague as the counterfeit quaintness many countries feel they must stimulate in order to attract visitors, and the steady debasement of native taste by the atrocious "folk art," shabby entertainment, and hot-dog diet demanded by the tourist.

It is timely to take a critical look at this criticism, which now includes domestic voices crying "See America First," for another year of travel is getting under way with its springlike, innocent promise of fresh vistas for thousands of visitors (see page 43 of this issue of *SR*).

Informed, articulate concern about the nature of modern tourism is essential to the long-term health of the travel industry, but *SR* believes the tourist should not be regarded either as a pawn in foreign trade or as some sort of deadly cultural termite.

While it is true that there are tourists with too much money and too little taste, and that some profit-hungary entrepreneurs or shortsighted officials may cheapen their native culture to pander to such visitors, that is no reason for turning against tourism, any more than the existence of dishonest politicians should turn us against government.

It is true that one man's museum may be another man's bistro, or that many folk festivals are selfconscious

(*Continued on page* 98)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ITALY VISITED

MANY THANKS for the special section on Italy [*SR*, Feb. 11]. It is without doubt one of the finest things I have ever read. Of particular interest was the article "The Genius of Italy," by Giorgio de Santillana, which synthesized a series of disjointed impressions I had on the Italian character. Congratulations on an excellent piece of work.

DOROTHY GLASS,
Vassar College.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

JOHN CIARDI'S "The Sense of Rapture," in your section on Italy, is a prose symphony of great beauty. It gives us stay-at-homes a wonderful trip via the printed page.

MYRA COOLEY.
Pinedale, Wyo.

I HAVE GONE through the Italian issue of *SR* with the deepest interest. I am sure that Italy could not have found a more complete and vivid appraisal of its history as a united country than emerges from your publication.

EGIDIO ORTONA,
Italian Representative
to the United Nations.
New York, N. Y.

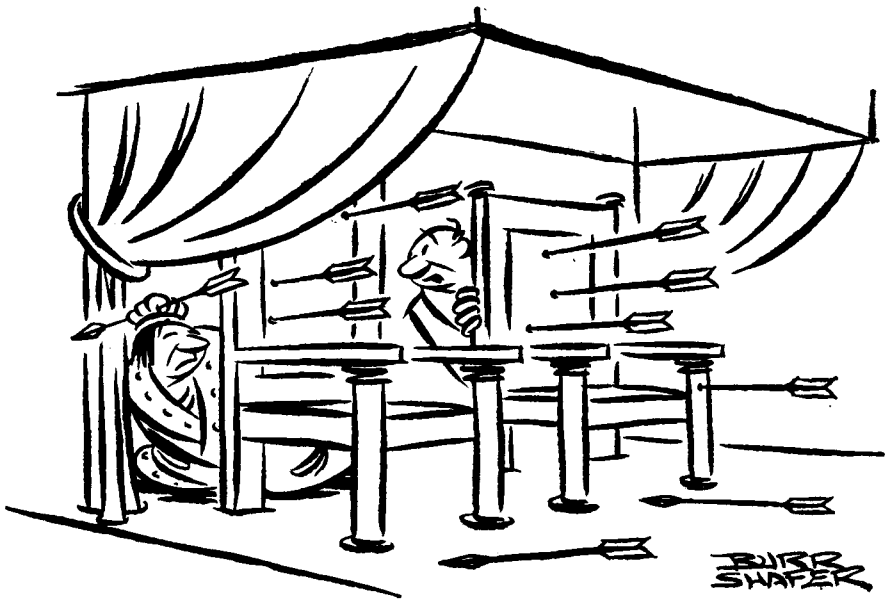
IDEA GIRL

I KNOW THAT the writer must keep his peace, and if possible smile, while critic A condemns him for the thing critic B praises him for, while critic C tells him he has *not* succeeded in the very thing which is, so critic D tells him, the only thing he *has* succeeded in. But when it's under the flag of fact rather than taste that a critic gives a book of mine a mild shove, I still feel, undignified or feeble though it may be, that I am entitled to talk back.

Reviewing the novel "A Walk With Love and Death" [*SR*, Feb. 25], which is set in the fourteenth century, Stanley Loomis writes in *SR:* "Attitudes, phrases . . ., not merely of this century, but of this decade . . ., intrude. . . . Claudia is somewhere referred to as the narrator's 'idea girl,' a description of her that suggests employment in copywriting or public relations."

Now the one such reference, possibly creating this atrocious connotation, is not in the novel but in the jacket copy. I realize that critics at times read this more earnestly than the book itself but it is written by the advertising department of the publishing house, not by the author. In the book there is one sentence which reads: "My letter was to an idea girl and an ideal girl." Mr. Loomis, doubtlessly well versed in Dr. John Duns Scotus's nominalism, should have known that such an idea girl is not a girl who provides ideas but a person who herself constitutes an idea. Perhaps in Latin he would have recognized the expression more easily as a medieval phrase; but in spite of the success of "Winnie Ille Pu" I still don't quite dare write my novels in Latin.

HANS KONINGSBERGER.
New York, N. Y.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Why don't we form a democracy? Then we'd only have to satisfy 51 per cent of the people."

PROBLEMS AND PROSPECTS

CONGRATULATIONS to *SR* and to Robert and Leona Train Rienow for the perceptive article "The Desperate World of the Senior Citizen" [*SR*, Jan. 28].

During the past year there has been no shortage of material written about the problems facing the senior members of our society. But, all too often, authors focus their attention on isolated segments of the over-all picture.

Health care for the aged is the issue before everyone's eyes at the moment. But, as your article points out, "more money, more benefits, more handouts are not the chief desiderata of the aged." For this reason and others, the AMA is opposed to blanket, health care benefits for every person over sixty-five financed by Social Security. But we are strongly in favor of real social security for the aged—a security that can only come from his being accepted as a full, equal, productive member of his local community.

E. VINCENT ASKEY, M.D.
President,
American Medical Association.
Los Angeles, Calif.

THE ARTICLE "The Desperate World of the Senior Citizen," by Robert and Leona Train Rienow, emphasizes two facts of retirement usually overlooked by writers and researchers: 1) The shock and disappointment that so often follow withdrawal from active life; 2) isolation of elderly citizens from the rest of the population.

There is no immediate solution for those already caught in the retirement trap. Higher old age payments and better medical care, sponsored and paid for by Social Security, are needed. But neither of these reforms will relieve elderly folk from the emptiness of their lives or from their segregation.

But something may be done for the millions facing retirement in the future. It is simply that they can prepare for their retirement in advance.

Preparation for retirement might include an annuity for life, bought during prosperous years, in addition to the Social Security pension. Yet that is not nearly as important as preparation in a temperamental or spiritual way for entering upon a new and strange cycle of living. Too many of us older ones looked forward to retirement as though it were to be the dawn of an idyllic age of rest and leisure. Reality quickly destroyed the dream.

A leisure of contentment is not something bestowed. It is something to be won.

"Preparation for Retirement" should be a part of every adult education course, available to everyone who has the wit to grasp it. A serious effort should be made to set up such courses in every community and to attract elderly folk to attend them so they may not walk blindfolded into a half-world of unhappy senior citizenship.

If that could happen there wouldn't be so much segregation of the elders in Golden Age Clubs, where the chief aims of life seem to be thumb-twiddling and gin rummy. Happiness for old folks can't be legislated. It can be learned.

HARRY T. SAYLOR.
Merion Station, Pa.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

France's Bad Boy

WHATEVER else this New York theatre season is not—and it certainly is not a great many things it should be—one cannot accuse it of being provincial. Not only have we had a visit from Gustav Gruendgens's famous Hamburg Theatre Company in a German-language "Faust," but the off-Broadway playhouses are featuring, in addition to the usual plays in translation, two evenings which, though in English, attempt with some success to capture the essence of a foreign style of theatre. These are "Three Japanese Plays" at the Players' Theatre, and Rabindranth Tagore's "King of the Dark Chamber" at the Jan Hus. Now impresario Sol Hurok is putting the whipped cream on top of it all by bringing the Comédie Française to City Center in a four-play program beginning with Molière's "**Les Fourberies de Scapin.**"

For those of us who anticipated an impeccable but tediously traditional performance of Molière, this production comes as a pleasant surprise. The title role is played by Robert Hirsch, a volatile young actor who got himself in hot water a couple of years ago when he took an unauthorized blast at the French Government edict that handed one of the Comédie Française's two Paris theatres to the distinguished Madeleine Renaud-Jean-Louis Barrault company, and suggested that the Comédie Française do fewer modern plays and bedroom farces. Looking not one bit chastened, M. Hirsch has channeled his rebellion into the part of the audacious valet who gulls the decrepit and conservative old men who are blighting the plans of the younger generation. With cap perched saucily forward, this Italian dead-end kid takes a lazy, scornful look at the world's pallid population and goes to work—not ordinary distasteful work, but the only task he can undertake with any relish, which is to use his resourcefulness and bravado to con his masters.

Under the direction of Jacques Charon, another Comédie Française "bad boy," M. Hirsch, who trained as both a dancer and an actor, throws all his athletic skills into his performance, with wild slapstick, including a mirthful heels-together bounce down some steps, and a flying broad-jump into a rowboat. The whole business matches a Bugs Bunny cartoon in its speed, its outrageous exaggeration, and its impudence. And Scapin's triumphant moments are no less vigorous than are his moments of defeat and abject cowardice. His final plea for mercy to his masters is done in Punch-and-Judy style, with M. Hirsch using the upper half of his body draped over a balcony railing like a limp puppet. While this Scapin lacks the subtlety Jean-Louis Barrault brought to it, it is vigorous, colorful, and an excellent demonstration of how an immensely talented and versatile performer can use his imagination and training to a degree seldom achieved in our theatre.

The Comédie Française repertoire for this visit also includes Molière's satirical "**Tartuffe,**" Racine's austere "**Brittanicus,**" and Feydeau's popular farce, "**Le Dindon.**" Mr. Hurok contends that it is not necessary to understand French to enjoy these plays, but there are transistor sets that will whisper a translation into one ear.

Strictly New York in style is Neil Simon's "**Come Blow Your Horn.**" This new comedy follows one sound rule: When the doorbell rings it must always be the person the characters least want or expect at that particular moment. Beyond that it has, during a substantial portion of the evening, some very funny behavior by three good characters. One is a twenty-one-year-old overprotected son facing his first seduction with amusing trepidation. Another is his plump but harried and dyspeptic mother who takes all the brunt of strained father-and-son relations. And best of all is his father, a stubborn Jewish patriarch with an unbeatable technique for turning all his son's reasonable arguments into disgraceful, impious assaults on his just position and his paternal generosity.

Unfortunately, the rest of the play is routine romance, with the further disadvantage of a hero who not only seduces women in wholesale volume, but even procures them for his customers in order to make sales. It is difficult to get an audience to consider such an operator as a romantic hero, and his reform into marriage with a comparatively nice girl is, in the hands of TV master of ceremonies Hal March, unconvincing.

But as directed by Stanley Prager, the performances of Warren Berlinger, Pert Kelton, and Lou Jacobi as the other three members of an entertaining family are guaranteed to keep you laughing for at least half the evening —which is more than can be said of any other comedy this season.

—HENRY HEWES.

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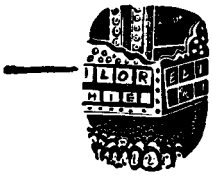

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Conscienceless Hero

I AM at the disadvantage of having read several reviews of **"Breathless,"** a French film made by one more in the burgeoning group of New Wave directors, Jean-Luc Godard, and I am close to being brainwashed by certain of our reviewers who have variously called the piece a "masterwork," "an awesome undertaking," and a "cubistic thriller . . . that subtly distorts, rearranges, and relativizes time, much as Picasso manipulated space in 'Les Demoiselles d'Avignon.'" (As though every film did not, to a degree, distort, rearrange, and relativize time!) I suspect that some of those so warmly encouraged to see "Breathless" may have difficulty, however, in recognizing a cubistic thriller when they see one and may also wonder if their limited eyes, ears, and understanding are insufficient to appreciate its masterful qualities fully.

If there are any such, I offer my own membership among them. The only film masterworks I have seen in the last several months have been "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," "Wild Strawberries," and "La Dolce Vita," and I find myself unwilling to place "Breathless" on the same plane. I'll shamelessly admit, too, that I found the picture somewhat distasteful, as well as lacking in the meanings that the French critics (even more than their American brothers) attributed to this largely improvised study of a footloose French thug and one of those pathetic American girls who hawk the Paris edition of the *Herald Tribune* on the Champs-Elysées. (JFK should do something about *that*.)

This is not to deny that the movie is an occasionally interesting experiment in improvisation, that it has original touches, among them a sometimes amusing and sometimes unsettling cutting technique that jumps one sequence into the next, with a resulting jazzy pace that suggests the jerky thought sequences of a young criminal concerned with evading his police pursuers and sleeping with the newsgirl. All this is to the good. Godard obviously has ideas about cinematic movement. And he presumably espouses a modish French neo-nihilism. In a nihilistic world (if you wish to posit it as such) why not a conscienceless criminal as hero?

Godard thus whimsically dedicates his movie to Monogram Pictures, a touch that young French intellectuals found delicious. The young French movie enthusiast tends to see something we don't in certain of our lesser pictures. You may remember that an ordinary Rita Hayworth vehicle of the Forties, "Gilda," was taken up in France and more or less enshrined. The French have their own ideas about what truly represents the American mystique. Horace McCoy, a neglected novelist here, had a cult formed around him there. There also existed a Humphrey Bogart cult, more than hinted at in "Breathless." Jean-Paul Belmondo —who plays the thug with a misplaced humor that belies the character's essential psychopathology—is seen fingering his upper lips in Bogart style, and at one point stares fascinatedly at a poster of Bogart, hoping to find a resemblance between himself and the late star. Even more symbolically, a French critic tells us, when the girl joins the criminal in his flight, they escape for a time by entering a movie house!

The way to find meanings in the film, then, is to take it at more than face value, as more than an aimless chronicle of a petty car thief who kills a pursuing policeman in cold blood, filches money from a former girlfriend, mugs a stranger in a washroom, beats up a car dealer, and then, in bed with the American girl, has some long and, I'm afraid, idiotic conversations. Jean Seberg, as the girl, has a vague, cluttered-up mind; she wants to live in France, to be a reporter, to write a novel, to rid herself of Midwestern scruples about making love, to read Dylan Thomas, to know all about abstract art. The difficulty in all this is to find Godard's intent. Is he parodying these young types? Does he see them as funny, sad, or monstrous? Or is he perhaps merely parodying other movies, with their emphasis on violence and sex?

The "idea" for the story was provided by Francois Truffaut (of "The 400 Blows") and then elaborated in day-to-day improvisation by Godard. Finally the girl (pregnant by now) gets

as tired of the moony psychopath as I did and (with relief on my part) telephones the police and tells them how to catch her boyfriend. As he expires in conventional Monogram Pictures style from police bullets in his back he affectionately calls the girl the French equivalent of a bitch. "What did he mean?" she asks bewilderedly. End of cubistic thriller. No old-fashioned moral attitudes or platitudes. All is a washed-up Humphrey Bogart world, a world, of course, that never existed in the first place.

For the knowledgeable, there is also an interview at Orly with an author called Parvulesco, who answers empty questions with empty paradoxes. Hardly hilarious, though. Acting? Pretty much thrown out the window. Miss Seberg is carefully kept a nonactress by her director, who sees to it that both her face and voice remain expressionless. Belmondo, clearly a striking new personality, has an uncommon face and what might be called a "cute" manner. The trouble is, he's all too sympathetic; and he should have been playing someone else.

But Godard, it would seem, has found critical safety in mixing up the real and the unreal, and by eliminating meaning. He has set a clever trap: if nothing is said, what is there to attack? So he has made an intriguing film, but let's face it, not really a good one.

TO return to Belmondo, he can be seen again (and all too briefly) in **"Love and the Frenchwoman,"** an omnibus of seven stories filmed by seven directors, and purportedly illustrating the findings of the French Institute of Public Opinion about French female love life. This being a French movie, statistics are naturally subordinated to a portrayal of conventional French attitudes toward, in order: childhood, adolescence, virginity, marriage, adultery, divorce, and the lonely female.

The seven vignettes are not equally interesting, but tend to grow less so the more serious they get, and more so when the French tongue is in the French cheek. As might be expected, the subject of adultery affords the most opportunity for amusement. Jean-Paul Belmondo is a delight as a young seducer who knows exactly how to land his fish—in this case Dany Robin, a pretty, idle wife, temporarily neglected by her husband. Belmondo, with his mushy, impudent face, manages to achieve his objective on schedule, and is funny doing so; almost equally as funny is Paul Meurisse as the tolerant, betrayed husband, who has his own flings to carry on. In another mood is Louise de Vilmorin's pleasant vignette, "Adolescence," in which an adolescent girl makes her first gingerly explorations of

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love, while her perplexed parents worry needlessly about her proper growth into maturity.

Rene Clair's segment, "Marriage," comes off most stylishly, so far as direction is concerned, although his account of the first married day of a young couple has its familiar side. The other directors probe their subjects with flashes of humor and perception, but the treatment in most cases is kept superficial, and one is bound to wonder why seven directors were needed, when the styles of most of them are so similar. Competent work by the Academy, and nothing here that will shatter our illusions about the *amours* of the Frenchwoman.

One of the last roles of a great actor, Gerard Philippe, is to be found in **"Modigliani of Montparnasse,"** a movie that shows the final years of the Italian painter in all their dreariness. The film is not a particularly enlightening view of the artist, but it does show Modigliani drifting between alcohol and women, while a truly stupifying neglect of his genius drives him to deeper and deeper despair. At the end, the painter having died an alcoholic death, an unscrupulous art dealer greedily gathers up his paintings before their value becomes known. An American millionaire collector is pillorized harshly, and it is truly pathetic to watch Gerard as the painter hawking his sketches at a few francs each in the Montparnasse cafes. Excellent portraits of the women in his life are drawn by Lili Palmer and Anouk Aimee, but the script—author unspecified—is pedestrian, and so is Jacques Becker's direction.

For lively entertainment, and nothing but that, I can recommend **"European Nights,"** an Italian-French coproduction with the happy notion of gathering together the best of the European cafe acts and turning them into a feature-length nightclub show of dazzling variety. Alessandro Blasetti has photographed the acts—ranging from the wonderful Rastelli clowns of Milan to the striptease at the Crazy Horse Saloon in Paris—with liveliness and a knowing eye for color. To avoid the use of either subtitles or dubbing, an American version has been prepared, with Henry Morgan delivering a witty commentary—and a re-editing for what might be termed family consumption has been done with deftness and taste by Valentine Sherry. It would require a lengthy and busy Cook's tour, as well as a considerable budget, to see all the acts that Blasetti has captured on film. Those who like nightclub variety, but object to cigarette haze, crowded tables, and cover charges, will find "European Nights" one of the best and least expensive shows in town.

—Hollis Alpert.

Rule of Law

Continued from page 21

management of troublesome problems in this area. The Charter of the Organization of American States, which became effective in 1951, provides that all international disputes between the American states shall be submitted to certain "peaceful procedures" before being referred to the Security Council of the United Nations. The procedures designated are "direct negotiations, good offices, mediation, investigation and conciliation, judicial settlement, arbitration, and those which the parties to the dispute may especially agree upon at any time." We promise in that Charter not to go it alone in several respects. Article 16 provides: "No state may use or encourage the use of coercive measures of an economic or political character in order to force the sovereign will of another state and obtain from it advantages of any kind." The Charter provides a broad framework for cooperative action among the American states. Article 4 not only proclaims the prevention of disputes among the American states, their peaceful settlement, and common action against "aggression"; it goes further and announces that cooperative action is desired in solving "political, juridical, and economic problems" arising among the American states and in promoting, "by cooperative action, their economic, social, and cultural development."

THE European Convention for the Protection of Human Rights and Fundamental Freedoms creates a more selective administrative and juridical system. It came into force in 1953; fourteen out of fifteen countries that are members of the Council of Europe have ratified it. The Convention includes a bill of rights for nationals of the member nations, under which a wide range of human rights is protected.

This organization's Commission of Human Rights may receive complaints from individuals or groups or from member nations. It deals with complaints only "after all domestic remedies have been exhausted." It makes an investigation and seeks to secure "a friendly settlement" on the basis of the rights defined in the Convention. If it is unable to effect a settlement, it reports the matter to the Committee of Ministers.

In that event the matter can be submitted to the European Court of Human Rights created by the Convention. The Commission can submit it, or the member state whose national is alleged to be the victim, or the member state that referred the case to the Commission, or the member state against which the complaint is lodged. The court is empowered to decide its jurisdiction should that be challenged. Its judgments are final.

The European Court of Human Rights has had few cases to date. The Commission, however, has been extremely busy. Some complaints are from individuals who protest an action that their own government has taken against them; others are by aliens against another government. The most publicized have been those by the German Communist Party and by German Communists detained by West Germany or convicted by its courts. And perhaps the most common ground for rejection of the complaints is a failure to exhaust "domestic remedies" that were available.

The International Court of Justice, created by the United Nations, also has a permanent status; but it has a different kind of jurisdiction from that of the European Court of Human Rights. It decides actual controversies; and, unlike the United States Supreme Court, it has the authority to render advisory opinions. Yet only states (not individuals) may be parties before the International Court of Justice. This includes the United Nations itself, which was permitted to bring an action before the court in 1949. The disputes with which the court deals concern the interpretation of treaties, any question of international law, and the breach of an international obligation, together with the nature and extent of the reparation to be made for such a breach. The aim is to have such a court "that in the body as a whole the representation of the main forms of civilization and of the principal legal systems of the world should be assured." Enforcement of the decrees of the court is entrusted to the Security Council.

THE tools with which we can evolve a "rule of law" into a more mature system are at hand. Why do nations hold back? Why are we not willing to take the lead in inaugurating a truly golden age for international law? We could, I think, do it, if we asserted the moral leadership of which we so often boast. We need more commitment and less lip service. World opinion is ready to be marshaled. Small nations quiver on the sidelines as they watch giant rivals spar, threaten, and shake their nuclear fists. The world is filled with such a sense of insecurity that for the first time in history solid foundations for a "rule of law" can be laid.

Khrushchev employs the classical techniques which Communists have been taught to use when participating in parliamentary proceedings. On August 2, 1920, the Second Comintern Congress sent instructions to Commu-

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nist Party members on how to destroy parliamentarianism by using as an "auxiliary center" of the "mass struggle" the "rostrum of the bourgeois parliament." This directive of August 2, 1920, also stated: "Demonstrative legislative proposals should be regularly submitted on the instructions of the party and its central committee, not with the idea that they will be accepted by the bourgeois majority, but for purposes of propaganda, agitation, and organization." The activity recommended was "chiefly in revolutionary agitation from the parliamentary tribune, in exposing enemies, in the ideological mobilization of the masses." Pounding a lectern with one's shoe at the United Nations is in the same category as maintaining a chant in the manner of Communists in the French Assembly.

WHETHER Khrushchev was doing more than making a play to the Communist galleries in the world, we do not know. Some think he wants to destroy the United Nations. Yet a nuclear holocaust would be destructive of all peoples, Communists included. Even for Communists the cult of force is fast becoming obsolete, Khrushchev knows it, as evident from his Bucharest speech in June, 1960, in which he concluded that war with non-Communist nations was not "inevitable." Moreover, world opinion on the side of a "rule of law" is powerful. Those who were forced to vote against it would lose in prestige and influence. This force of world opinion must be mobilized.

There are of course great gulfs between the law, customs, and mores which we of the West accept as normal and which other parts of the world practise.

One of our major errors, as we emerged from a century and a half of isolationism, was to think of the world as if it were made in our image; at times we even thought that the nonconformists should be remade in our image. The advanced form of democracy which we enjoy, which Europe for the most part represents, which flourishes in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and which is taking sturdy hold in India and Israel, is largely unknown in the world. Many societies developed along family lines, not community lines. Familial, not democratic, regimes have shaped the affairs of many Asian countries for centuries It is a familial, not a democratic, type of regime that governs Formosa today. Pakistan is making modest advances toward a democratic society. Turkey has great promise. Indonesia is holding most political experiments in abeyance. Tribal government controls the lives of men and women in some African nations. In at least one African nation which is a member of the United Nations, trial by fire—which India practised long centuries ago and which was practised in England until 1262 A.D.—is still practised among the tribes.

African tribes hold much of the land in trust for people. Yet tribal life is breaking up; about 40,000,000 have left their tribes and sought new lives in villages and cities. These transitions promise turmoil and unrest. Chaos may indeed mount in the Congo.

The vast gulfs that exist between various world cultures mean that the common ground for world law will be narrow and selective. It starts, of course, with the rule against aggressive war; and it proceeds from there to all the stuff which treaties, contracts, commercial engagements, investments, travel, communication, and the like shape up into controversies. There are only limited areas where today we can rightfully say common ground can be found. Yet they are important, indeed critical, ones; and they will expand as the

peoples of the world work with their newly emerging institutions of law and gain confidence in them.

Some have the lingering notion that wars without nuclear weapons can be fought—if only nuclear weapons are abolished. That is dangerous thinking. Now that the art of making them is known, they could be quickly manufactured even though all were destroyed. They are so strategically important that they would tempt any participant. Once war broke out, a frantic race would be on to manufacture again the outlawed nuclear weapons. The side that won that race would have the opponent at its mercy. We know now that nuclear war risks all life on each continent that is involved, and perhaps all other life as well. That means that the central problem of this day is the *prevention* of war.

The Charter of the United Nations contains a resolve on the part of the people "to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war, which twice in our lifetime has brought untold sorrow to mankind." Effective prevention of war means disarmament. Partial disarmament is a sham except insofar as it leads to the establishment of procedures which can be extended to full disarmament. The danger of partial disarmament is that each side aims to keep the weapon—or weapons—that best suits its strategic position. Russia, for example, would gladly trade atomic bombs for tanks, since with tanks she could still dominate the land mass of which she is the center. Pursuit of peace at this stage means making the search for foolproof disarmament the first item on the international agenda. Walter Millis in his challenging work, "A World Without Wars," shows that a viable world could easily exist if war were actually abolished and never again became an instrument of national power.

We need to return to the philosophy of our Declaration of Independence, which was summed up by Carl Becker as follows: "At its best it preached toleration in place of persecution, goodwill in place of hate, peace in place of war. It taught that beneath all local and temporary diversity, beneath the superficial traits and talents that distinguish men and nations, all men are equal in the possession of a common humanity; and to the end that concord might prevail on the earth instead of strife, it invited men to promote in themselves the humanity which bound them to their fellows, and to shape their conduct and their institutions in harmony with it."

If we ourselves and other members of the democratic world community once more embrace that view of world affairs, we will be on a high road to a rule of law in international matters. Those Communist groups that want "coexistence" may in time fall into line. There does not, indeed, seem anywhere else to go—whoever the people are and whatever the political creed they adhere to.

THERE is no reason for us to get tangled up in legalisms that march inexorably to the conclusion that total and complete sovereignty must be retained. For we now know that when that claim is pressed by all nations, everyone faces extinction in a nuclear holocaust. We believe as a people that we have an "unalienable" right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"; and it is increasingly apparent that our governing agencies must have sufficient freedom in policy-making and in action to assure us that right.

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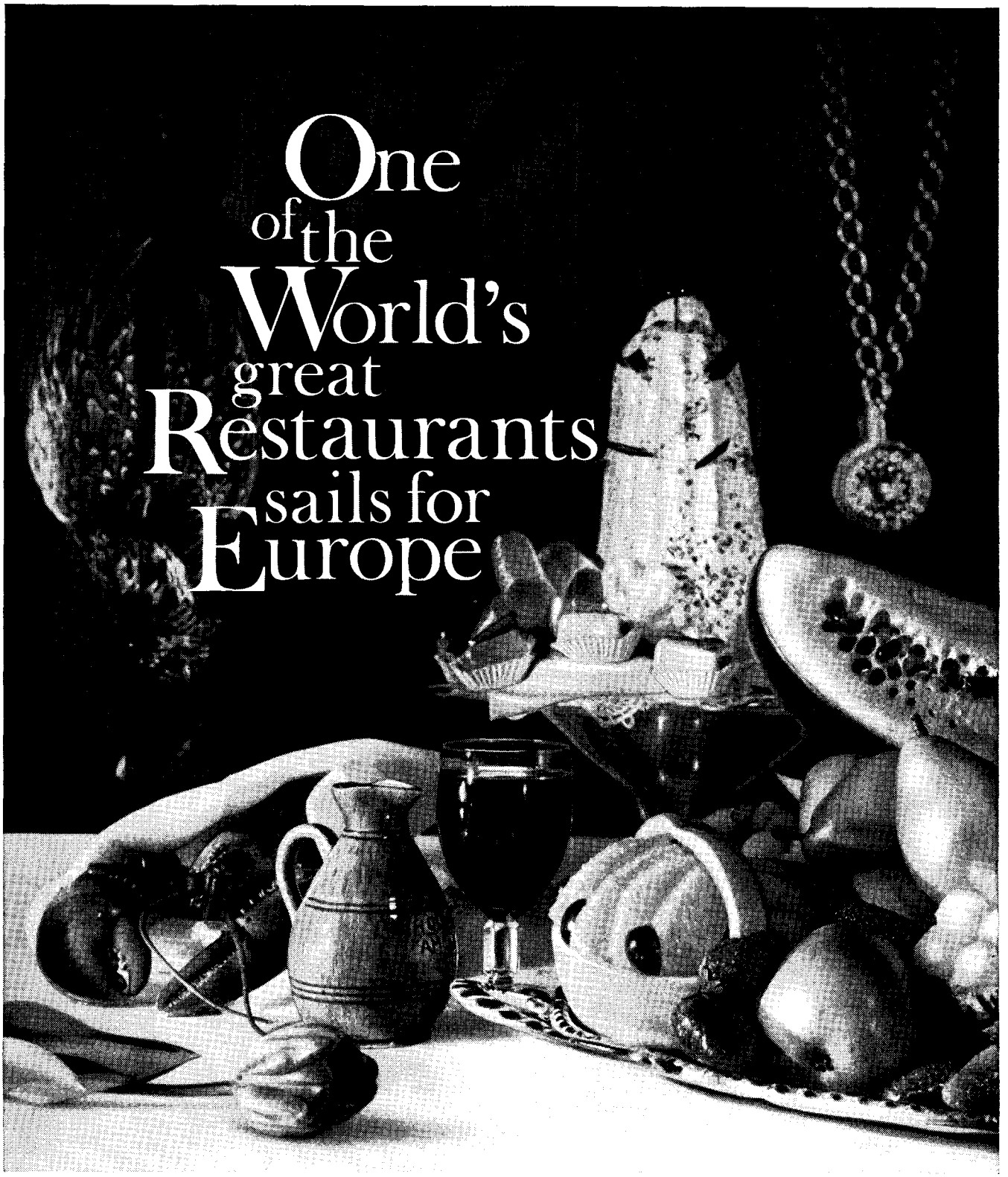

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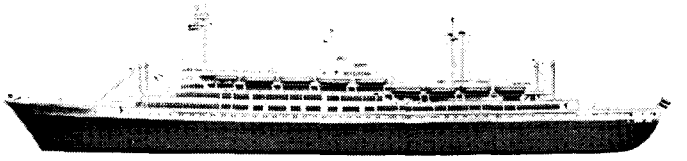

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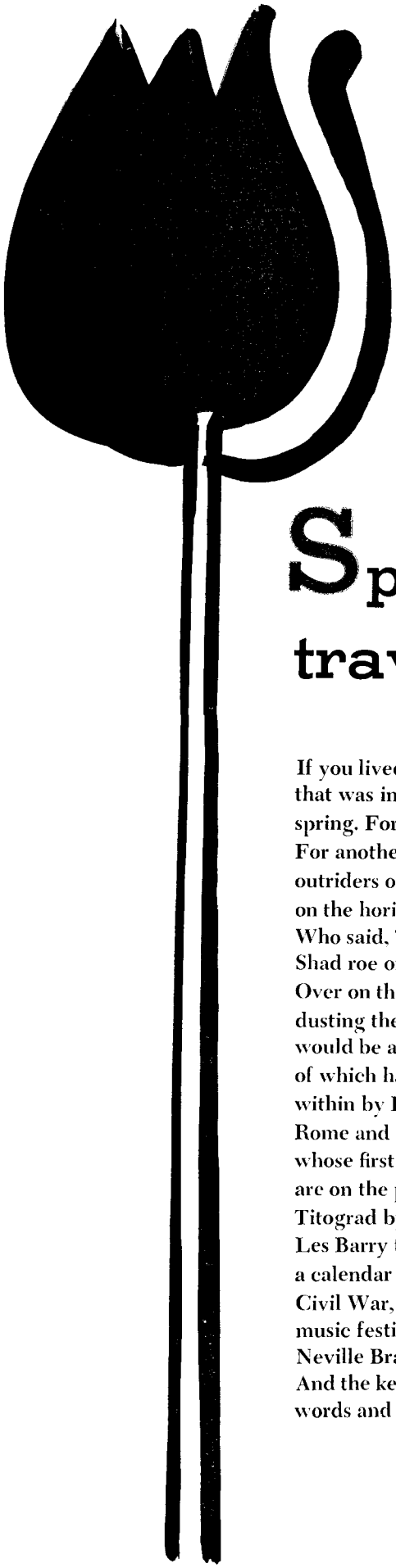

Spring and the traveler

If you lived in Manhattan and you had a periscope and a psyche
that was intrinsically hopeful, you could see the signs of
spring. For one thing there were days when it didn't snow.
For another there were events almost in sight, like the
outriders of a familiar column, still tiny silhouettes
on the horizon, but approaching with each warming day.
Who said, "Flower Show"? Rolling eggs on the White House lawn?
Shad roe on the menus, already?
Over on the far side they would be tulip-watching in Holland,
dusting the sidewalk tables in Paris. And Seville
would be a frenzy for its Fair, some attitudes
of which have been painted on our cover and described
within by Barnaby Conrad. Marc Connelly's memories of cats in
Rome and some advice on how to travel heavy by playwright William Marchant,
whose first novel, "Gondolier," is to be published with the spring,
are on the pages that follow. So is the recollection of a breakfast in
Titograd by Anita Leslie, author of "Mrs. Fitzherbert." Editor-photographer
Les Barry tells of art in an abandoned Arab village in Israel, there is
a calendar of events commemorating the centennial of the
Civil War, along with a poem by John Ciardi. (A calendar of European
music festivals appears in the music section on pages 94 and 95.)
Neville Braybrooke writes from London about a memorial to W. H. Hudson.
And the keeper of the local flame, who has been to Brasilia, is back with
words and pictures. Please turn. —H. S.

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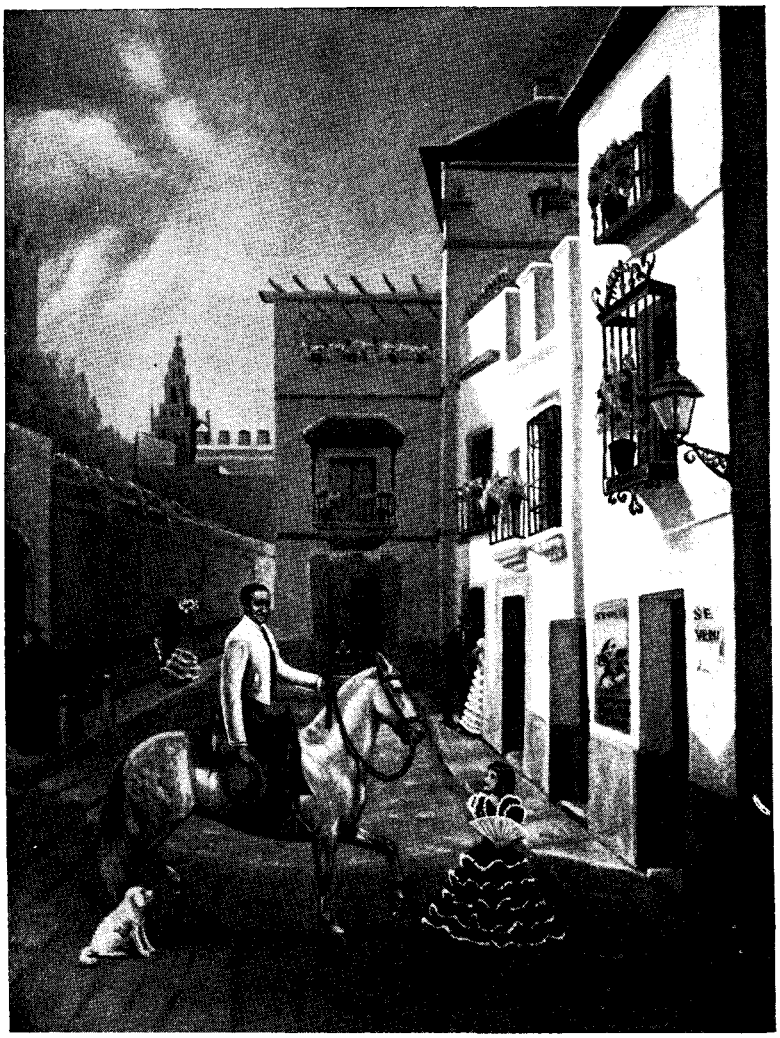

THE FAIR AT SEVILLE

By BARNABY CONRAD

IF MY PAINTING on *SR*'s cover looks vaguely unbelievable and rather like a fugitive set from the Metropolitan Opera version of "Carmen" it is no accident. These are the true environs of Prosper Mérimée's and Bizet's volatile heroine, and the district is one of the most colorful that can be found in the modern world: El Barrio de Santa Cruz in the city the Spanish gypsies call "Servalavari."

The cigarette factory where Carmen is supposed to have worked is just a few hundred yards away, and Sevillanos like to point out an ancient crone as she leaves work and claim that she is the prototype of the story.

Right now the Santa Cruz district is especially gay because it is almost time for La Feria: after the austerity of Holy Week Seville bursts out in the gaiety of the annual fair. Everyone dons the traditional flamenco costume for a week of frivolity, the women in the brightly colored ruffled skirts and the men in the *traje corto* uniform of the Spanish rancher or bullfighter.

The horseman in the cover painting is both a cattleman and *torero*—the famous Juan Belmonte. The posters on the stucco walls proclaim the names of the new young matadors—Paco Camino and Diego Puerta and Antonio Ordóñez —but their performances are constantly measured against Belmonte's hundreds of triumphal afternoons; nearly every maneuver they make in the ring can be traced back to this little man who revolutionized the look of *"la fiesta brava"* back around 1915. His new style, that of taking the animal in "terrains" heretofore considered impossibly dangerous and of working closer to the horns than anyone had ever dared, created a pattern for all bullfighters then and now. A frail man always, it is difficult when you meet him to believe that this is the celebrated "Earthquake from Triana" who dominated the bullfight scene for so long. Difficult, that is, until you see the look of eagles in his deep-set eyes and the determined barracuda-like jaw. Leslie Charteris wrote, back in 1936, when Belmonte was still active: "If, without having heard of Belmonte, you were told that a man who was practically a cripple, who was certainly a physical wreck, could become the greatest bullfighter in the world, would you not say that if he did it he would be performing a miracle? But this is only what Juan Belmonte has done."

After approximately 1,650 dangerous

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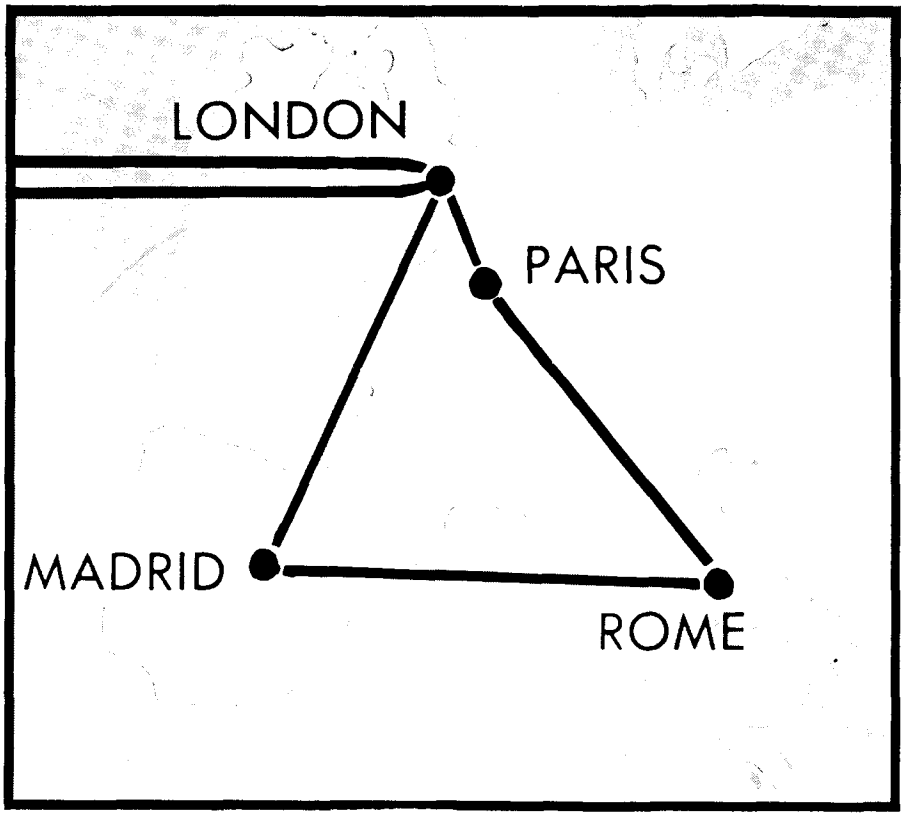
encounters and fifty almost fatal gorings Belmonte is now reasonably content to raise bulls for young *toreros* on his big ranch outside Seville. I say reasonably, because even at the age of sixty-nine he capes the young animals in the private arena adjacent to his house.

Like all Spaniards, he is very sociable, and he enjoys the Feria immensely. In the painting he is showing off one of his highly trained horses to a little girl dressed in fair costume, (modeled by my daughter, Cayetana, who was named for Seville's Duchess of Alba).

Actually, socializing is the main attraction of the Feria, since it is not really a fair in our sense of the word. The fairgrounds are a few blocks from the scene in the painting and they consist simply of dozens of *casetas*—tent-like booths—owned by groups of people, clubs, or businesses. Inside there are no cultural exhibits, unless you call incessant dancing and *manzanilla* drinking cultural. For a week the town seems to avoid going to bed, except for a brief nap before the afternoon bullfight, and the bursts of castanets sound like a continual St. Valentine's Day massacre. Men ride around the town constantly with a beautiful girl behind the saddle *a la grupa*, saying hello to friends, reaching down for a glass of *amontillado*, and occasionally dismounting for a quick *Sevillanas* dance. Cervantes said the Spanish woman was born to dance, and one sees even little *flamencas* of three years executing the varied steps expertly. The girls are staggeringly beautiful and many seem to emerge only at Fair time.

IN THE painting of this street, one much photographed by the thousands of tourists who pour into Seville every spring, you can see the Giralda tower in the background. It is the symbol of the city built by the Moors, which incidentally served as a model for San Francisco's Ferry building (as well as for just about every university campanile tower in America).

In the Barrio de Santa Cruz the predominant smells are aromatic tobacco, pungent frying olive oil, and always the sweet scent of Spain's favorite flower, the carnation. On every balcony flowers grow and the streets are frequently so narrow that, as a popular folk song tells us, "from your balcony to mine, the carnations reach over to intertwine and kiss all day." It is a pleasantly noisy part of town, the predominant sounds being the clop of hooves, the rattle of wagons and carriages over cobblestones, the musical cries of vendors, the great bells of the nearby cathedral, the rhythm of the barrel organs, and—especially in Fair time—the laughter and singing of happy people.



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Paris next. Ah, Queen among cities! Place Vendôme, the Rue de la Paix, Place de l'opéra, the Eiffel Tower...you'll see them all by motor coach. And the Folies Bergère, too. Then a day at Fontainebleau and Barbizon. What glories of the past!

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—*Photos by Waagenaar from PIX.*

Natives from the Albanian border regions in national dress are regular visitors of Titograd's market, which has preserved its old Montenegran character.

BREAKFAST IN TITOGRAD

By ANITA LESLIE

MY DESTINATION was vaguely Greece. Looking down the flowering, hilly coast south of Dubrovnik I thought it would be fun to drift over the mountains of Montenegro to Macedonia by what my civilized Yugoslav friends called "native bus." "We too would like to see the monasteries of Pec and Skopje but *not* by native bus," they said disapprovingly. Vain remonstrance. There were no trains this way—and the native bus seemed to be going where I wished.

The great Gate of Dubrovnik was the starting point and 5 A.M. the time. All Balkan buses leave at 5 A.M.; it's the only hour they know about. At least they boast on timetables they leave at 5 A.M. In fact, they hop explosively into action when the driver has sufficiently admired the rising sun. In the sweet-smelling dark I carried my two small cases to the Great Gate where the Adriatic shore road widens into a square. Two buses stood there trying to decide which would go north and which south. A crowd of cheerful peasants carried their bundles from one vehicle to the other and back again while the drivers argued.

"Kotor—Cetinje?" I asked.

"A *foreigner* for Cetinje?" That settled it. A bubble of Italian-German burst forth and a driver motioned me to hoist my bags aboard *his* bus. (In the Balkans it never occurs to the politest male to help a woman carry luggage—women are the carrying animal).

With a hurrahing sound the engine

Titograd's new post office. A sculpture is being installed on the facade.

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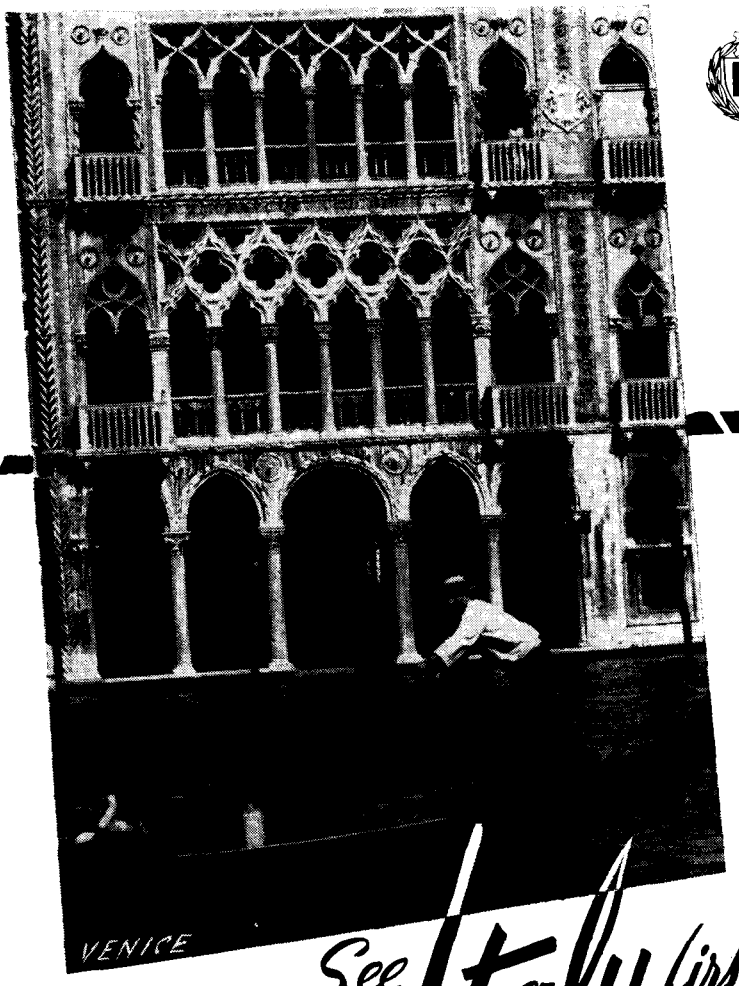
started and as the risen sun pinked the old city walls we moved southward past enchanting villages and large confiscated villas. Gratefully I crunched at the breakfast out of a paper bag which my kind hostess had thrust at me with many warnings. (East of Trieste *never* travel without food in a paper bag.)

By noon we were high above the blue Gulf of Kotor creeping along that fantastic hairpin-bend road which the King of Italy built as a wedding present for a daughter who married the Prince of Montenegro. With approval I noted that the bus, so ramshackle in appearance, possessed a mountain-climbing diesel engine.

We stopped so often to pick up and drop off passengers that one did not feel sick—at least I did not feel sick. Old women and children who had scarcely boarded a car in their lives turned pea-green and hollered for yet more frequent halts—sometimes, alas, too late. As we ascended farther into the incredible fastnesses of the "Black Mountain" the passengers changed. By late afternoon they were all local peasants, splendid-looking men wearing traditional clothes, gun, and bandolier. Proudly their heads carried the historic round cap of Montenegro—black to mourn the Battle of Kosovo lost in 1389, with a red band for blood and a gold flash for the sword. The women, in wide skirts with handkerchiefs around their heads, were also handsome but during five centuries of warfare against the Turks they have become mere bearers of children—preferably male children ready to talk, fight, and die and never expected to work. I noted the form. Men carry guns and women carry food—enormous cotton handkerchiefs of food which they hand around generously. They fell on me with avid curiosity and during the long hours of climbs and stops we hardly drew breath.

I only knew fifty words of Serbo-Croat but these were the important words—hot, cold, the five kinds of food you can buy (yogurt, onions, goat cheese, eggs, and meat) and beyond that a few other words and the price of shoes. Maybe our sagas grew garbled but on the whole life is garbled and a warrior people start with essentials. Every man told me straight off how many members of his family had been killed—brothers, uncles, sons—and by whom. Running their fingers across a throat or using the tense word "shot" or "tortured" they poured out family histories with flashing eyes and gestures clarifying more than any dictionary. After death came life—who had managed to keep alive and who had managed to get born. And me—where were my men and how many

(*Continued on page 72*)



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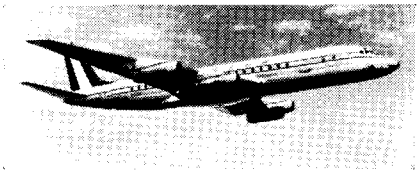

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HOW TO TRAVEL HEAVY

By WILLIAM MARCHANT

A FASHIONABLE lady I know, when asked why she hadn't been abroad since before World War II, had a wistful answer. "I'm spoiled. In my day," she went on, "there was so much dressing-up; twelve days at sea with a different dinner dress every night, ball-gowns for the season in London, and, if one stayed at all in hotels (though generally one didn't) the kind of service one got could be measured by the little badges of affluence one wore; whether, for example, you traveled with your own sheets or not, and if they were silk or not. My husband and I never went abroad with fewer than six wardrobe trunks, numerous cases, hat boxes, shoeboxes, bookbags, and so on."

"What you might call 'traveling heavy,'" I said.

"Yes, who can afford that now? Who can afford the personal maid or manservant to travel with you and watch over all that nonsense? If *I* can't afford it, I don't think anybody else can!"

Not having been alive or, at least, not venturing much farther than a school bus could have borne me in the dear, dead days when the firm of Louis Vuitton was at its peak, supplying its exquisite, instantly identifiable, bespoke luggage to heavy travelers (the firm is still doing a wonderful job), I sighed with a strong sense of *autre temps*. I was, at the time, mapping out a visit to Europe that would keep me there for about eight months, and the exhortations of the Messrs. Fielding, Fodor, *et al.*, to the effect that, when in doubt, leave it home, were disquietingly fresh in my mind. I'd done nothing about getting those plastic bottles ("they weigh so little and won't break") wherein one is urged to carry necessary liquids, but I had at least asked a girl I know for the loan of a little colorless fingernail polish with which to seal the caps of these bottles and prevent leakage. My black serge suit ("perfectly acceptable at any formal occasion in Europe when worn with a soft-collared shirt and an evening tie") was at the ready; it and a sports jacket and some slacks, together with a dark business suit that I would be wearing en route, would constitute my suggested basic wardrobe. I might, to my endless regret, have set out thus equipped or, as I now think of it, empty handed, had it not been for a painful toe that was giving me no peace. A podiatrist frowned at it, asked to see several kinds of shoes I'd been wearing, and prescribed some remedial oxfords, together with the advice that I change my shoes twice daily, employ shoe-trees, and give each pair a rest of at least four days between wearings, this regimen to continue for some months. I weighed twelve pairs of shoes and their trees on my bathrom scale and phoned my travel agent to ask him to get me off that plane and onto a boat instead.

Sixty pounds of shoes would make it unthinkable to fly anywhere; why, then, since weight was the consideration guiding the "leave-it-home" boys, should I limit myself to such Spartan gear? I promptly bought a commodious trunk by M. Vuitton second-hand for less than I would have paid for one of those more splendid all-purpose bags now much in vogue with air travelers. True, it was nearly as tall as I am, but it had a number of elegant features. One that attracted me especially was a hideaway dispatch case that could be removed from the trunk and that I viewed as the perfect thing for spending the night at somebody's house in the country.

The process psychologists call "over-compensation" now operated full-strength; nothing conceivably useful was eliminated. In addition to twenty shirts, a topcoat, an evening coat, a raincoat, five suits, two sport jackets, my dinner clothes (for the London spring), and a lot of lightweight sportswear (for the Italian summer), a miniature pharmacy was installed in the dispatch case; items to be delivered to American friends resident abroad included the original-cast recording of "Gypsy," a magnetic knife-rack, a gallon of Lavoris mouthwash, and a hundred feet of Reynolds Wrap (this last particularly bemusing to the English Customs). There was still the matter of all those shoes; they weren't compact enough for the trunk; they left no room for anything else. I found an inex-

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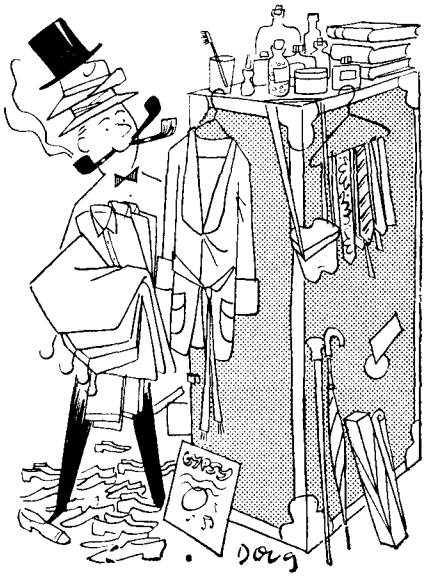

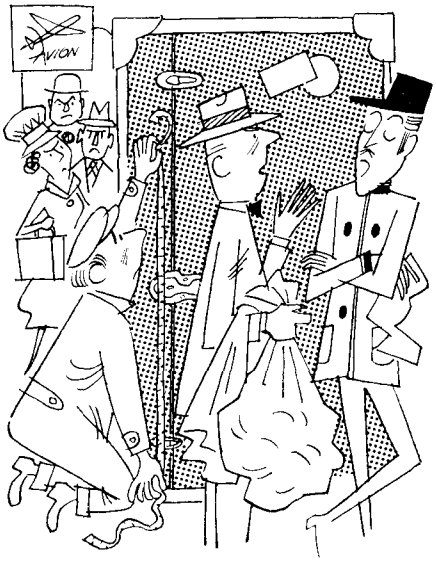

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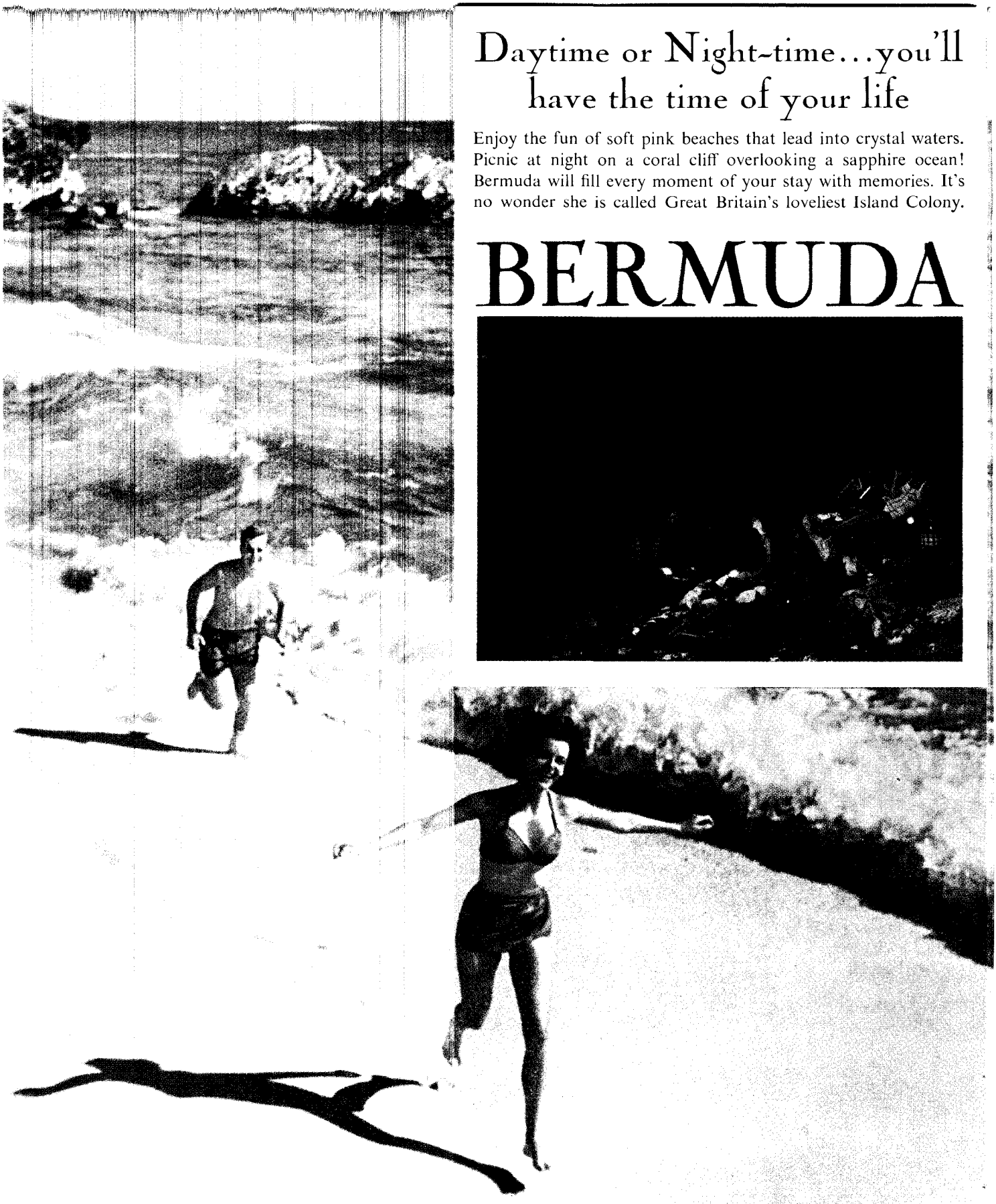

Take it easy or make it busy. 5 famous golf courses. Championship tennis courts. Sun on the softest pink beaches this side of a cloud. Skin-dive into an underwater world that would challenge the imagination of Jules Verne. Sail. Water-ski. Fish. Sightsee. Shop for fabulous buys in British and European merchandise. See your travel agent, or write "BERMUDA", 620 Fifth Avenue, NewYork 20, NewYork.

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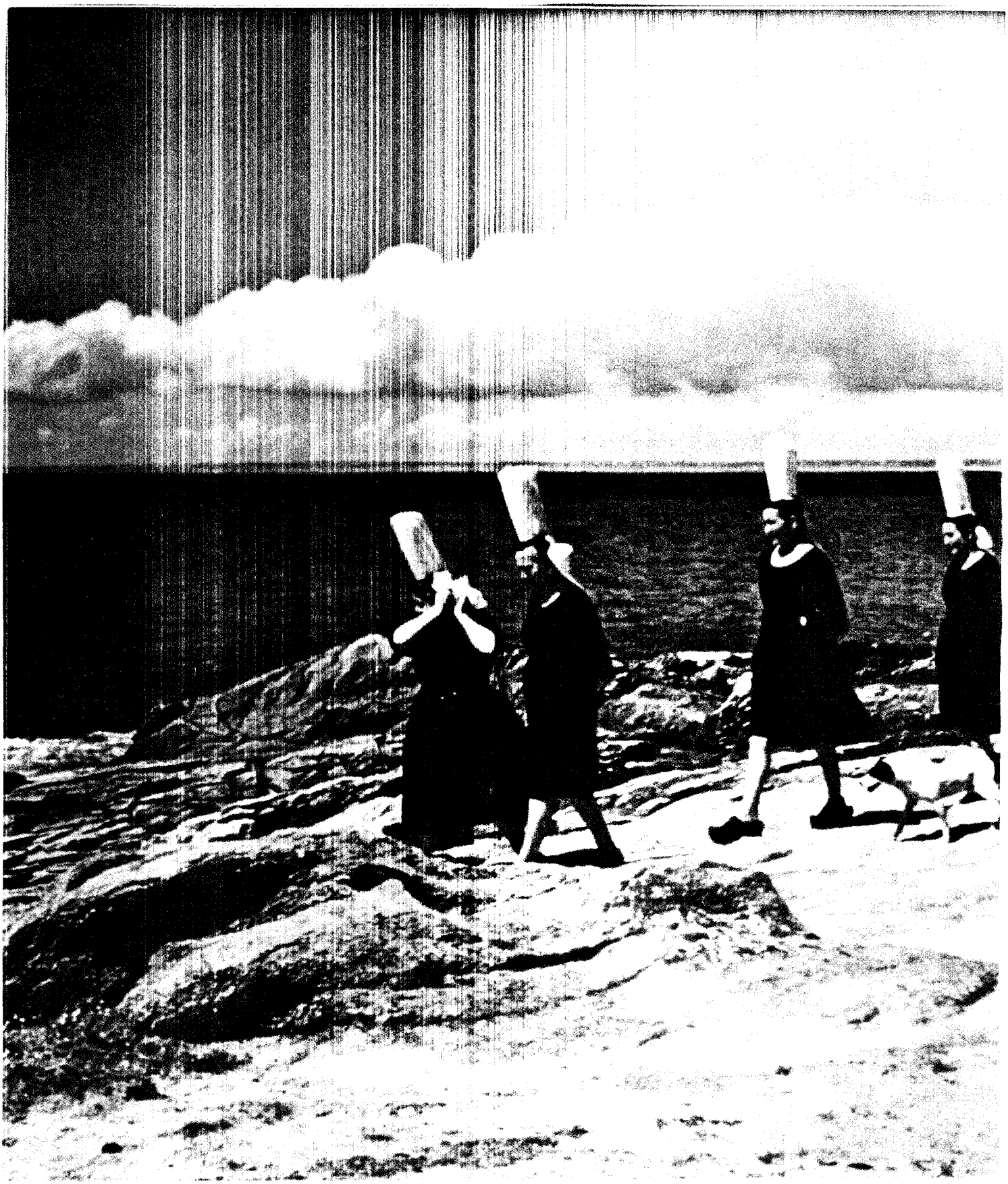

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Here, a fishing village is still a fishing village...not a chic resort. You can meet the fleet at seven and sip Pernod for breakfast with the friendly, muscled fishermen. You can hear them auction off the tuna in Breton, the most amusing language on

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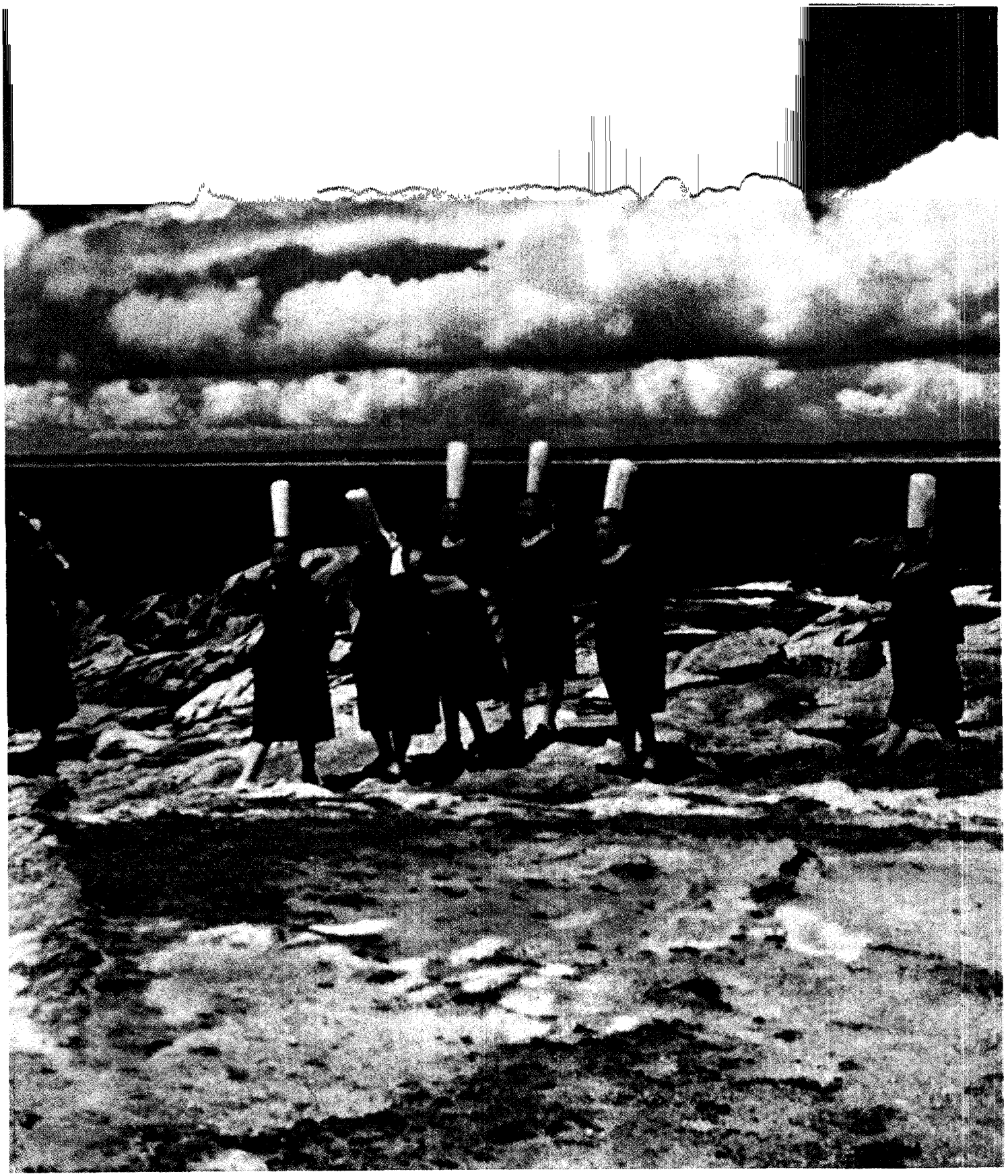

it won't be the same.

earth. You can dine on delicate Belon oysters, idle over a bottle of Muscadet, shop for lace gloves or wooden shoes, and amble through towns dotted with white-washed doll houses. You can swim in a foaming sea, then dry, like a sardine net, on the gigantic rocks. You can get to know the *real* Frenchman and his family. You can have the time of your life...for a sou.

Finistère is just up the coast from some of France's most elegant resort hotels, exciting casinos and bikini beaches. And it's just a short, picturesque drive or train trip northwest from Paris. Finistère is bound to be discovered, bound to change. So if you hunger for originals, for adventure...go now.

For a colorful folder on Brittany see your travel agent or write: **Dept. SR-3, Box #221, N. Y. 10; French Government Tourist Office: New York • Chicago • San Francisco • Los Angeles • Miami • Montreal.**

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(*Continued from page* 50)

pensive canvas shoe bag, stowed them, and set sail.

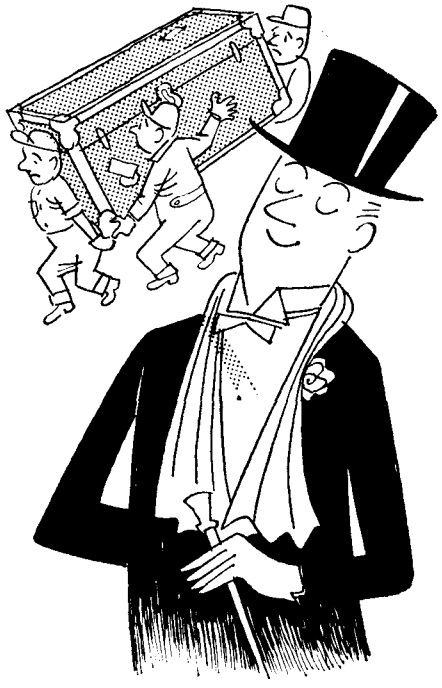
The cabin steward thought the trunk should go below; we were due for some rough weather. Yes, true, it *was* a steamer trunk, but nowadays they always went below. I explained that I would, so to speak, live out of this monument, and didn't see myself making regular trips to the hold whenever I wanted a clean shirt. His hand closed over a suitable offering and the trunk remained in the cabin.

The customs inspector at Southampton asked me politely to unlock it. "You hardly ever see one of these nowadays," he murmured.

It was the kind of remark that brings out the worst in me; I glanced over my shoulder as if looking for my retinue of hand-servants. "Really?" I said. "They're quite common in America."

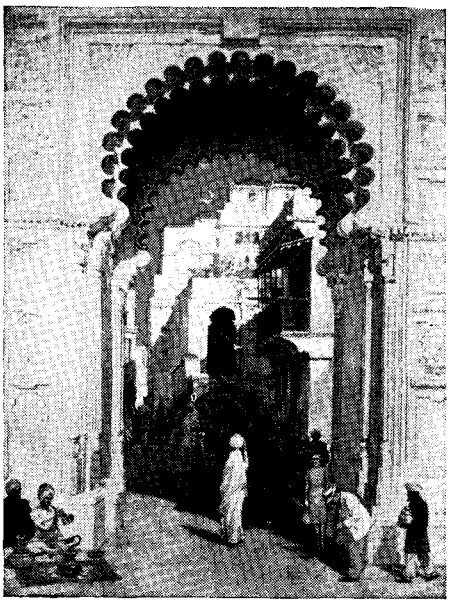
"I said you hardly ever see *one* of them," he replied. "Usually they travel in half-dozens."

The inconveniences of transport that I'd anticipated, the mutterings of taximen insisting that the thing was too large to be got on the roof of the cab, the scowls of concierges and hall-porters, the extravagant extras in tips that would have to be handled all around, never arose. My trunk preceded me from London to Paris by one day, swept past the *douane* unchallenged, was open and waiting for me in my hotel room. Later, lashed to the roof of a Fiat 1600, it sped southward through France, then reposed at Cannes for a time. I had planned to put it and myself on a train for Venice, where I would remain for the summer, but a cable from New York changed my itinerary suddenly, and I would now have to spend four or five weeks at Rome. The trains to Rome, I learned, were solidly booked for days with the exodus of Italian film-makers from the festival at Cannes; a new jet was making its inaugural flight, however, from Nice to Rome and there was a first-class seat on it.



At the Nice airport, the man at the check-in counter shook his head: no, really, it was *imprévu*, one simply did not fly such a *malle;* planes, even jets, didn't have luggage hatches large enough to accommodate a thing of its size. And then, truly, it weighed 130 kilos; no, it was *embarrassant*. I said loftily that it did not embarrass me at all, really, unaware that one of the meanings of *embarrassant* is "cumbersome," or "unwieldy," that, indeed, I was rather proud of it and calmly prepared to pay the overweight charges. He dreaded, he said, to calculate them. While he did, I contemplated certain economies and cursed the trunk and my sick toe that had made it all necessary to begin with. A workman in coveralls took the trunk's measurements, looked dismayed in a way that only the French seem able to manage, and went away. The flight was announced. I stood aside as other passengers were checked in and allowed to board. The workman returned and engaged in a rapid consultation with the man at the desk, carried on in a Provençale argot that sounded like no known spoken language. After a moment, as the final warning to board sounded on the loudspeaker, it was explained the flight was not after all completely sold out, and that the trunk, in effect, could fly. There was the small inconvenience of my shoe bag, which weighed a kilo more than the weight allowance for international flights, and I would need to pay 600 francs overweight on that, please, before I could take my seat on the plane. But what about the trunk? "There will be no charge for that, *monsieur*, this being an inaugural flight. It flies with the compliments of the airline." And so it was throughout the rest of my travels, barring a moment of anxiety here and there.

In future, let others be turned away from nothing more formal than a film premiere because they are unfortunately wearing that "perfectly acceptable black suit"; let others search helplessly through pocket dictionaries for the Italian word that will describe an article prudently left behind but now urgently needed; let *them* shiver in that one all-purpose raincoat, carrying that one all-purpose bag, longing for an umbrella, or finger the welt-covered collars of those shirts that "need no ironing"; not me, no sir! I'm spoiled. Next time, I may even take along my own sheets.



What lies beyond the fretted archway?

Walk through the archway and you may find a bazaar riotous with the colors of many-hued flowers, of golden fruit and gleaming silks. A few steps may bring you close to a sculptured temple, centuries old yet miraculously intact.

Returning in the jasmine-scented dusk you may find that the fairy-tale palace with its soft lights is really your hotel, its interior superbly modern in every detail.

Walk through the archway ...in your imagination today... in reality *tomorrow*. For all the wonders of India lie only 17 hours away by air. As a fascinating preview, ask for profusely illustrated 156-page book on India. Write Dept. SR

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ISRAELI ART IN AN ARAB

EARLY in 1948 the military leaders of the Arab League sent out a warning to the Arab population of the part of Palestine that called itself the State of Israel. Move to neighboring countries, they were told, in order to avoid being caught up in the "momentous massacre" that would follow when the regular Arab armies swarmed into the area. Some 100,000 complied, leaving behind whole villages. The invasion didn't come off.

Five years later, an Israel government commission charged with investigating the abandoned Arab towns and making recommendations as to their disposition came across the village of Ein Hod, perched on a hill overlooking the Mediterranean, five miles south of Haifa. Its seventy-eight stone houses were roofless and in a state of ruin, and the commission's members were almost unanimous in feeling that it should be razed. The one dissenting vote was that of Marcel Yanco, an architect who had, since emigrating from Roumania, also gained considerable renown in Israel as a painter. Yanco felt the village should be given to the artists of Israel. He saw in these rural surroundings a place where they could work "in peace and with inspiration" and possibly develop, for the country, "a genuine folk art."

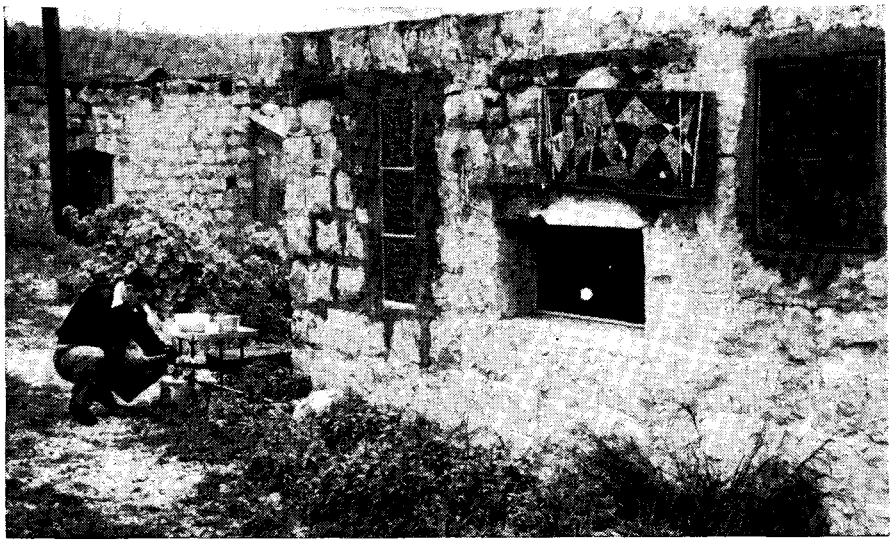
His eloquence and sincerity were effective. The government gave him five months in which to find five artists willing to move into Ein Hod, establish homes and studios, and actually operate it as a municipality devoted to the arts.

That he was successful is attested to by the fact that every one of the original buildings has been restored and is in use, and several new ones have been constructed. Forty families live there all year around. Another forty-five artists, who work or teach in other parts of the country, maintain homes or studios in Ein Hod for summer and weekend use.

The village is administered by a five-member council, elected annually, and a mayor, which the council members choose from within their group.

Although the residents own their homes, on land leased for a token rental from the Jewish National Fund, they

Restoring old houses challenged artists' ingenuity. Chaaltiel Joseph, from Turkey, a ceramicist and stained glass window maker, is shown at work.



Ein Hod's founder, Marcel Yanco, is currently mayor of the growing village.

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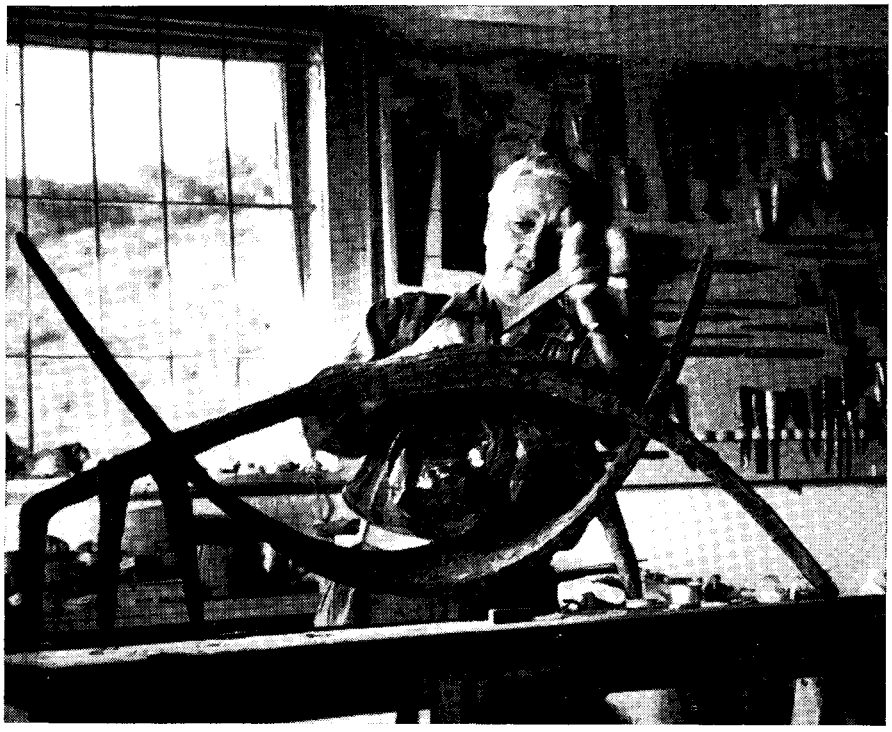
VILLAGE

own, cooperatively, workshops for ceramics, weaving, and lithography, plus a newly-built gallery. The artists exhibit and sell their works all over the world. However, they also stock the gallery, a popular stop for tourists traveling between Haifa and Tel Aviv, and the gallery's commissions on sales go into the general fund, which is used, instead of municipal taxes, for maintenance and operating expenses.

The local cafe, operated privately by non-artists, serves as a general store and is the heart of social activity. Residents meet there for conversation and chess, and on Friday nights there are dances (to phonograph music) that attract visitors from Haifa and other nearby towns.

Besides seeing their village as the focal point of future Israeli art, Ein Hod*niks* plan to have it become a center for education in the arts. Currently they conduct six-week summer courses which can accommodate up to twenty students. Future plans call for the establishment of a national art academy, and, ultimately, a national art museum.

—TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY
LES BARRY.



Sculptor Shmuel Bar Evan invented fast-hardening plastic metal he favors.

Vienna-born silversmith Joachim Peter sells hand-made jewelry internationally.

Only non-Jew, Chanah Schwesig moved to Israel after Nazis killed husband.

Friday night visitors and artists dance in cafe under Purim fresco by Yanco.

Ceramicist Itchak Mambush takes a turn on wheel in community ceramics studio.

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THE WAR REMEMBERED

Events in 1961 Commemorating the Centennial of the Civil War

Mar. 16	Secession Convention	Commemorative ceremony	Mesilla, N. Mex.
Mar. 28	Secession Convention	Commemorative ceremony	Jackson, Miss.
April 11-12	Fourth National Assembly	National Commission Convention	Charleston, S.C.
April 12	Attack on Fort Sumter	Re-enactment	Charleston, S.C.
April 14	Minnesota's Gov. Ramsey Offers Union Troops	Ceremony	Washington, D.C.
April 16	Memorial to Grand Army of the Republic	Dedication	Scotland School Reading, Pa.
April 19	U.S. Naval Academy Parade	Parade commemorating Civil War Centennial	U.S. Naval Academy Annapolis, Md.
April 16-22	Organization of 1st Regiment Infantry Pa. National Guard	Centennial celebration	Philadelphia, Pa.
April 22-23	First Armed Troops Dispatched to Union's Southernmost City—Formation of Ft. Defiance	Commemorative ceremonies	Cairo and Mound City, Ill.
April 23	Gen. Lee Assumes Command of Virginia Armed Forces	Commemorative ceremonies	State Capitol Richmond, Va.
April 29	U.S. Grant Pilgrimage for Boy Scouts	Ceremony	Galena, Ill.
April 30	Boy Scout Pilgrimage to Tomb of Abraham Lincoln	Ceremony	Springfield, Ill.
May 10	Camp Jackson	Commemorative ceremony	St. Louis, Mo.
May 18	Battle of Lexington	Re-enactment	Lexington, Mo.
May 19	7th Tenn. Infantry Departs from Lebanon, Tenn., for training camp and Virginia Theater of Operations	Commemorative ceremony	Lebanon, Tenn.
May 24	Occupation of Alexandria, Va., by Union Forces	Rededication of Confederate Monument	Alexandria, Va.
May 30	Spotsylvania, Virginia	Commemorative exhibit; tour of Civil War homes	Spotsylvania, Va.
June 3	Battle of Philippi	Pageant	Philippi, W. Va.
June 10	Battle of Big Bethel	Commemorative ceremony	Hampton, Va.
June 17	Secession of Tennessee	Commemorative pageant	Nashville, Tenn.
July 5	Battle of Carthage	Dedication	Carthage, Mo.
July 22-23	First Manassas	Re-enactment	Manassas, Va.
July 27	Fall of Ft. Fillmore, New Mexico	Joint services with New Mexico Commission and Arizona Civil War Centennial Comm.	Ft. Fillmore, New Mexico
Aug. 1	Col. John R. Baylor's proclamation establishing Confederate Territory of Arizona	Joint services with New Mexico Comm.	Arizona-Statewide. Observance
Aug. 7	Burning of Hampton, Va.	Commemorative ceremony	Hampton, Va.
Aug. 10	Battle of Wilson's Creek	Dedication of park	Springfield, Mo., site of battle
August (date pending)	Tucson Secession Convention—Declaration of Allegiance to Confederacy	Re-enactment	Old Tucson, Ariz.
October 31	Death of Gen. Baker	Commemorative ceremony	Baker, Ore.

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Memorial Day

By John Ciardi

"WELL," they were saying,
"the war's over."
All the parades
were coming back.
When they stopped,
the uniforms went off
and hung themselves
in closets. "Here's
Johnny again,"
they were saying.
"Hello, Nathaniel.
Heard you was hit at
Shiloh. Welcome back."

Then they began saying,
"Lincoln's been shot."
They kept saying it all
night over the wires
and by the time
it came out the other end
it was already saying
"Lincoln's dead." And
everyman's skull was a sky
and had a buzzard in it
that wheeled and called,
"I eat magnificence."

Now it's all parades
and schoolbooks.
Johnny's fading
out of the family album.
Nathaniel's wound
is gone from Shiloh.
Any one can believe
Lincoln is dead.

You don't even have to
remember Nathaniel in '24
when the G.A.R. was already
riding in touring cars
to keep up with the Spanish
War Vets, who were already
too slow for the Legionaires.
Maybe I was the only one
young enough to see Nathaniel
change to a buzzard in the
back seat and stretch and fly.
I had a big sky then
but he filled it all
full of a dream I had
a long time running because

there are parades and
schoolbooks for all the rest
but you have to dream
that buzzard.

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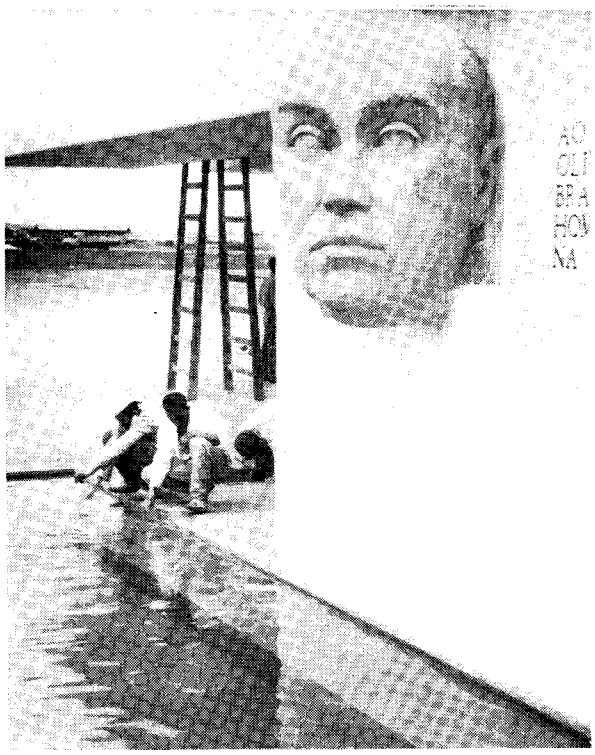
BRASILIA ONE YEAR LATER



Kubitschek keeps a marble eye on the presidential office he recently vacated.

By HORACE SUTTON

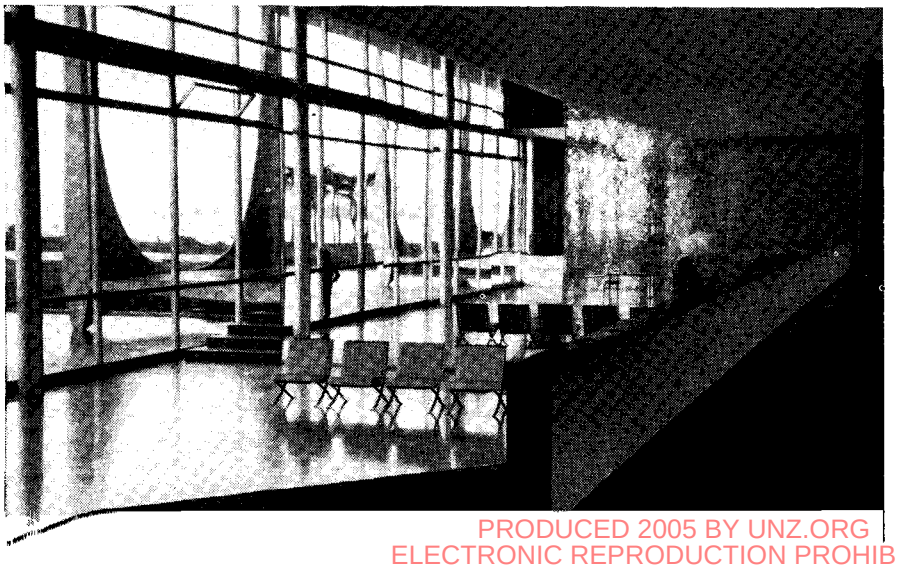
EDITOR'S NOTE: *Just one year ago SR dispatched famed architect-designer-writer George Nelson to Brasilia. His impressions of the burgeoning new capital in the Brazilian bush were recorded in our 1960 spring travel issue (SR, March 12, 1960). Now, just one year later, with Brasilia officially designated as the new capital and a new president installed, here is a first-hand report from SR's travel editor.*

WE CAME in the night, and in the morning when we drew back the blinds all Brasilia appeared in the window like a wide-screen postcard. By all odds and from all angles it is a stunning achievement and whatever the criticisms of it by Mr. Quadros, the newly inaugurated President, may be, it is clear that the concept is too grand to jettison, that it is too late to turn back, and that the national pride at this incredible accomplishment would never permit it.

The broad boulevards stretch for twelve miles in one direction, for twenty miles in another, and there are no cross streets. Standing on the esplanade over the bus stations, one can look down to the heart of working Brasilia, with the eleven glass-and-concrete shafts of the eleven ministries rising like eleven Hilton hotels side by side. To relieve the regularity, there was the cathedral still unfinished, with its cement struts rising like the supports of a tepee. The congregation will sit underground and stained glass will be wrapped around the arms. Far down at the end is the crux of it all, Three Powers Plaza, with its two tall shafts to house the Congressional offices, soaring twenty-nine stories high out of a pool of water. The Chamber of Deputies meets in a huge white covered teacup, the Senate alongside in a white shell.

Behind them, the Palace of the Plateau, where the president works, faces the Department of Justice across an enormous square covered with mosaic stones and barren except for Brunogiorgi's symbolic cut out of two figures, arm in arm, staffs in hand, representing the *candangos,* the pioneers, mostly from the north, who have built Brasilia. The Palace of the Plateau is a dazzling display of grace, with the flat roof extended beyond the glass walls for shade, supported by sharp-cut flanges not unakin to flying buttresses. Inside, a daring curving staircase with out railings uncoils towards the second floor. The mirrored walls reflect the enormous view that stretches out across the green endless prairie of the cattle and diamond state of Goiás. From the second deck a marble walkway leads out a few steps to a tube of white marble that forms a rostrum where the chief of state can make a speech or review a parade. Far off to his right stands a marble reminder, a white T, fashioned, it is said, after the head of a T square. Inside it is a museum of the city of Brasilia with many state

Brazilian White House has 22-karat gold wall, red-carpeted ramp.



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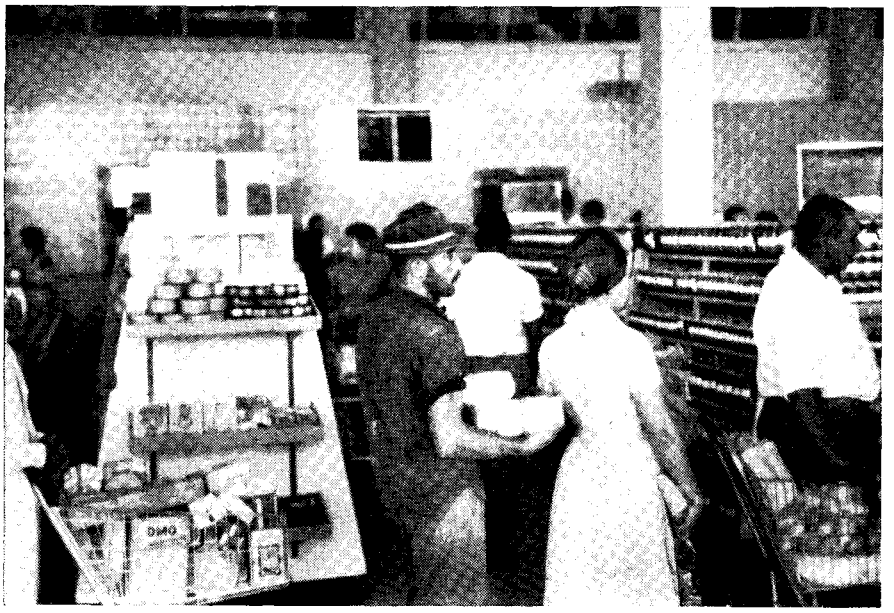
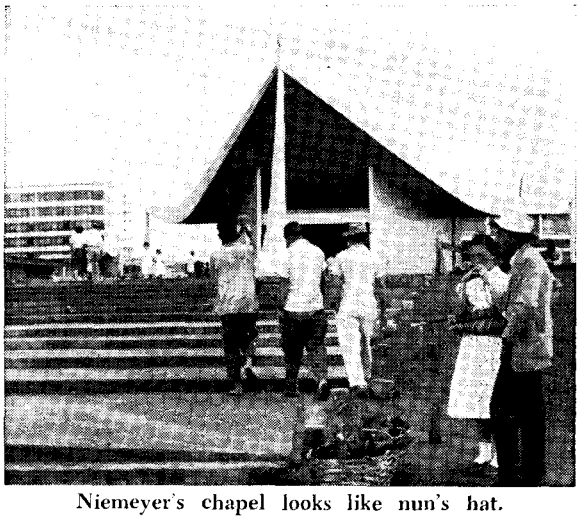


Bearded *candangos* and government employees share the supermarkets.

—*Photos by H.S.*

Hair-tearers sit before Palace.



Niemeyer's chapel looks like nun's hat.

Brasilia's builders hunt bargains in shadow of new apartments they helped construct.

The Masterpiece—Three Powers Plaza with the 29-story legislators' offices rising out of a lagoon. Cup-shaped auditorium houses Chamber of Deputies. Ministries disappear in back.

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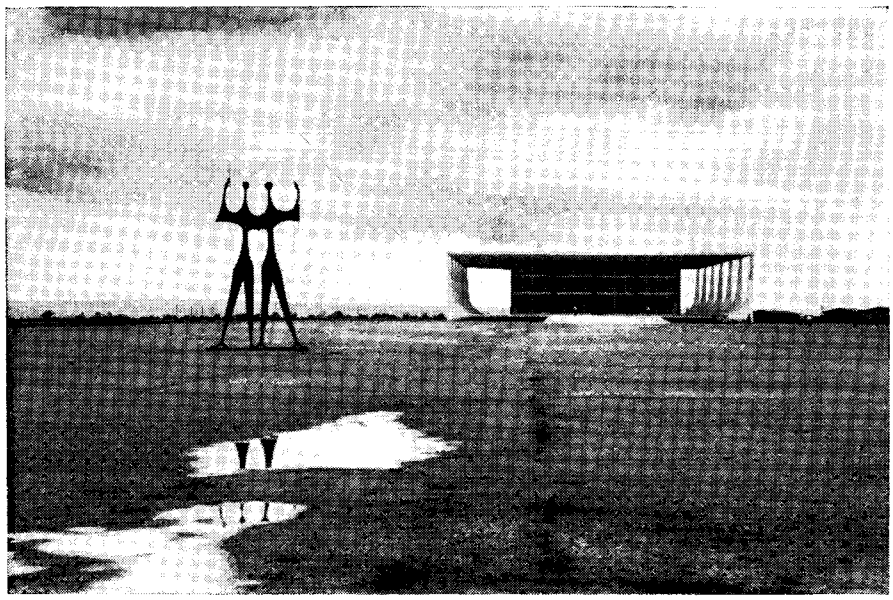


Bronze *candangos* keep lonely vigil in vast plaza between president's office and Justice department.

Brasilia's builders live in Free City, 12 miles away, a clapboard city of 70,000 that looks like American pioneer west.

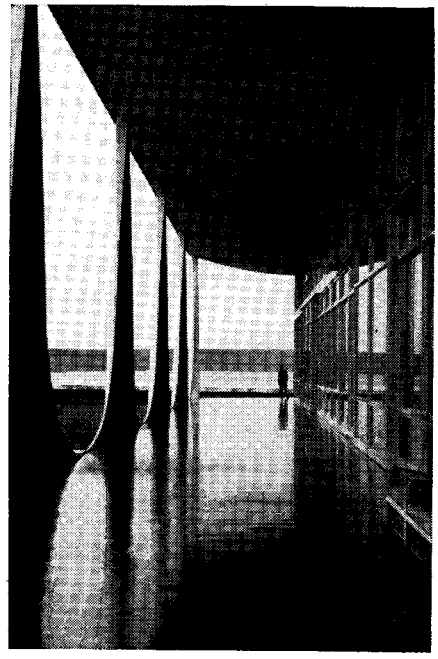
papers concerning the city's beginnings. On the side in bold marble, with his eyes on the presidential office palace, is the face of Juscelino Kubitschek, the recently retired Brazilian president who supplied the personal energy that motivated this city that was made to order.

From the Palace of the Plateau a new road rambles off for three miles into the quiet countryside, where Oscar Niemeyer, Brazil's brilliant architect who was responsible for all the public buildings, placed the Palace of the Dawn, the presidential home. Quadros, whose tastes seem more conservative (even though his politics seem more liberal) than Kubitschek, was away in São Paulo, a city more to his liking and of which he was once mayor, when we were in town, and with great good fortune we were swept through the gate and over the moat and into the fanciful home that Niemeyer created for the presidential families of Brazil.

Guards with submachineguns at the ready surrounded the Palace which lies at the end of a great flat front lawn broken only by a row of palms and a sculpture of two ladies sitting in a lagoon and stretching their hair to the wind. In the biting satire so typical of the Brazilian wit, they are said to represent the two Kubitschek daughters tearing their hair upon being told they had to move from Rio to the new remote capital.

At the Palace of the Dawn the reception clerk sits before a great wall of 22-karat gold tiles, and clears visitors for the walk up the bannister-free ramp, covered in red carpeting. In the second-story reception room, the walls are alternatively glass and jacaranda, that resplendent tree which blooms in spring with great clouds of purple blossoms. Simple slab marble tables are surrounded by a modern adaptation of clean-lined Victorian chairs, unstained and unvarnished. The apartments, on either end of the second story, have sunken marble tubs with two phones on the washstand. The presidential family can step out onto a balcony that runs the full length of the back of the Palace. Looking through the swooping columnar supports which Niemeyer dreamed up, the viewer can survey the flat steps that lead to the turquoise pool, the strange piece of sculpture that depicts the birth and growth of Brasilia, and then across the lake, artificially created but still full of crocodiles, to a white tepee that indicates the exact geographical center of the nation.

Despite the advantages of Brasilia's location and the obvious impetus it will give toward the development of the interior of Brazil, and the alleviation it hopes to accomplish along the crowded coastline, it is doubtful that Quadros will enjoy the stark linear qualities of his new home, nor the advanced art that the Kubitscheks hung on its walls. Still, Kubitschek's library, so leathery and full of dark wood, is a reading man's delight. The refectory, with its long table set with many straight-back chairs, its spare wall hangings, and its view, when the filmy dra-



Back porch Brasilia style—walkway is in president's palace.

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peries are open, to the lake beyond, may well prove just a bit too stark. Whatever Quadros will feel about worshiping in the private chapel is something else again. All he need do is slip back a giant glass door and walk a few steps to the tiny building which looks like a marble snail shell with the top sheared off. Cars slip underneath it to the garage, which, like all the servants' quarters, are underground.

No one in Brasilia will live in quite the splendor as Brazil's first family, but almost anyone, regardless of income bracket, will find himself tucked away in one of the most carefully planned modern communities that man has yet developed. In the city residential area, considerably removed from the governmental office area, apartment buildings are grouped in "squares" of eleven, each with its own shopping center, social club, kindergarten, primary school, and playground. Each of the four squares has its own cinema and church and two restaurants, one popular and one more expensive.

The neighborhood chapel we looked at was donated by Mme. Kubitschek and designed by Niemeyer after the lines of a nun's headdress. *Candangos* in beards and dirty clothes flocked to its blue-tiled walls, scraped the red clay from their feet, and kneeled to pray and supplicate. The cinema we looked at, the first one, in Brasilia, is round, air-conditioned, and finished in tan brick. In the popular restaurant, which somehow was remindful of run-of-the-mill restaurants in rural Russia, the *candangos* were doing well on salad, beans, rice, dessert, and coffee, all for fifty cents. In the better restaurant called the GTB (after Grupo de Trabalhão de Brasilia, the Brazilian work group), there was an elaborate buffet with piles of hearts-of-palm salad, cheap as spinach in Brazil, or a hearty bean-pot full of *feijoada*, which is black beans, rice, sausage and pork to be sprinkled with a cereal called *mandioca*, and washed down with a *cachaça*, a cocktail largely made from a firewater distilled from sugar cane. Luncheon costs about $1.50, and it was the best meal we had in Brasilia, no matter what the tour operators say to the contrary.

The tourist in Brasilia will find himself, I fear, a victim of the inflated frontier economy that still exists in Alaska. Travelers who land at the airport, which is still encased in clapboard, will find that Grey Line tours cost $17 for two for three hours including car, chauffeur, and guide, with extra hours at $2.50 each. If you can gather seven people in one bus, the cost will sink to $3.50 each. Ciclone Hinterland Tours charges even more. There is some

(*Continued on page* 68)

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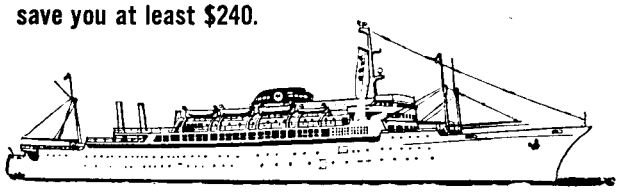

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Great Caesar's Cats

—*From "This Is Rome," by M. Sasek.*

IF YOU WOULD like to experience the sensation of watching the inhabitants of Rome under the Caesars going about their daily affairs, visit the Forum on a hot July afternoon and watch the cats. The air must be still, the sounds of the city outside the broken walls reduced to a murmur, and you must be alone. Sit down anywhere and let your eyes wander over what's happening on the sun-baked rubble.

It may have been the quietness and the heat and absence of other human beings. Whatever the factors were in my case, I suddenly felt myself to be in the living presence of a community of ancient patricians and plebians, pursuing their daily habits. I saw dignified citizens strolling in small groups, discussing the day's activities in the Senate or the business houses; servants on household errands; lazy slaves dozing in the shade of fragments of columns. That they all had four legs did not lessen their identifiable personalities in the least. And not one of them seemed to notice that a stranger was present.

On a warm stone in the sunlight before the ruined temple of Faustina a nurse cat played with a very young kitten. The kitten sat quietly, never moving as the cat would crouch for a moment facing its side and suddenly leap over the tiny body, turning in mid-air, to land still facing the kitten. There it would crouch again before repeating the leap. It was clearly the action of an adult affectionately entertaining a baby. Neither paid the least attention to me. Apparently they didn't recognize my existence. I was an anachronism, a disembodied spirit, privileged for a moment to observe reincarnation at work. A moment later several males, with gray and white coats and long tails in place of their once-familiar togas, approached from the colonnade of the temple of Castor and Pollux. They came directly toward me, conversing soundlessly. When they reached my feet they simply parted into two streams, rejoining each other once the obstruction had been passed. Not one glanced at me.

You can see other ancient Romans in cat form if you visit the Pantheon at sunset. If the day has been warm there will be scores of cats of every shape and size and color assembled in that light well, or moat, or whatever it is that curves around the street side of the structure. Some shuffle about greeting acquaintances, others slowly promenade, digesting their dinners. Many are engrossed in eating or listening to the day's gossip. They never look up at the people who lean over the railings above them and toss down food. They know the menials from the emperor's public kitchens are up there performing their daily chores.

You can see more feline Romans slouching about the Colosseum. I don't know who feeds them. Maybe they have caches of food stored in that dark labyrinth that used to be the passageways to cages and dressing rooms under the floor of the arena. I've watched them moving about down there, obviously familiar with every inch of the place. They ought to, since they have been there ever since Domitian finished building it.

—MARC CONNELLY.

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1961 Travel Tomes

From "The Budget Guide to Europe," by Howard and Adelaide Stein (D. Van Nostrand Company. 624 pp. $6.50): "The exiled robber barons of Europe drive taxis in Paris. Their brothers in the provinces are not as lethal, but they've all graduated from the same school. Here's what's supposed to happen: In Paris, when the flag is cocked it should read 1.50 frs., then .45 frs. for every kilometer. After 11 p.m. the rate increases to .70 frs. per kilometer. All well and good; the average cab ride runs 50¢ to $1.00, tip included. However, if one of the local Dillingers thinks he can get away with it, he'll start the ride with the meter reading of the last passenger, multiply by two and demand a 25% tip. It's up to you to play policeman."

From Fulton J. Sheen's foreword to "This Is the Holy Land" (Hawthorn Books. 143 pp. $4.95): "The two boys and I took three kinds of baggage with us, without which one cannot see the Holy Land. Some people carry only two kinds. Our three were eyes, memory and faith. Eyes took in the sights, but the eyes of a bird could see them better. Memory is history, the knowledge that one has of the successive layers of civilization which the learned can peel off stratum by stratum until the core is reached. But most important of all is faith, for faith is another pair of eyes, a kind of X-ray which penetrates beneath the surface and sees the meaning of it all."

From "The Standard Guide to Mexico," by Lawrence and Sylvia Martin (Funk & Wagnalls Company. 297 pp. $1.95): "Professional mariachis in old times were wandering minstrels. They attended the fairs, composed and sang long ballads of love, jealousy, murder, and vain regret. In the course of years mariachis began to don charro costume, with a gaudy serape over one shoulder in imitation of the Spanish gallant who serenaded his sweetheart."

From "The Danish Quarter of Solvang," by Thor Brandt-Erichsen (Santa Ynez Valley News. 64 pp. $1.25): "A celebration which has developed wide acclaim is Solvang's Danish Days. The festivity originated as a community get-together commemorating Old World traditions. . . . Danish Days is a time when everyone gets their Danish costume out of the closet and converges at the center of town to join other celebrants of the occasion. Not only do the localites turn out for the affair, but

(Continued on page 76)

Americans returning from Europe tell what they *saw*—from Venice, what they *felt*.

The city is almost unreal. "Like a spectacular inkblot test," says a renowned world traveler, "that your personality shapes to its own needs."

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There's a lot more to Venice than a gondola ride—more to see and more to do. But the most compelling attraction of all is what this strange and beautiful city does to you.

For details on Venice, see your travel agent or write: Italian State Tourist Office, 626 Fifth Avenue, New York —Ente Provinciale per il Turismo, or Ufficio Comunale Turismo, Venice, Italy.

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DUTY BOUND

PRESIDENT KENNEDY's voiced intention early in February that he would seek to lower the amount of goods a tourist might bring home duty-free was the first official announcement on a subject which had, in the prior weeks, been dissected, inspected, and analyzed by a wide selection of pundits. First off the tee, as long ago as Thanksgiving Day, was old Washington *New York Times* hand Arthur Krock, who announced himself as seriously worried that the departing Eisenhower Administration was leaving *unchecked*, as I recall his putting it, the $2 billion being spent abroad by American tourists and businessmen. It was all a part of the Eisenhower-Truman foreign aid policy, Krock said, which had been begun in our flush postwar period, and which was being continued in an era in which the same motivations and necessities no longer applied.

In the travel section of the *Times*'s Sunday edition, published just four days later, Paul Friedlander, the *Times*'s travel editor, gave display to a Customs Report which showed that among 65,000 customs declarations sampled in July of 1959, 82 per cent of the returning tourists spent less than $200, and only 10 per cent went over the $500 limit that any person out of the country twelve days or more can claim each six months.

Whereas Friedlander pointed out that the way to offset spending by our tourists was to attract spending by foreign tourists visiting here, other voices called loudly for a limitation. Among them were Inez Robb, the general columnist for United Features, and Sylvia Porter, a syndicated columnist who specializes in money matters. Miss Porter, in reciting the history of how the $100 duty-free limit became the $500 limit in 1948-49, got her figures and limits somewhat garbled, but her intent was clear. Stop the undue spending abroad, she pleaded, and fast. "The time has come for our travel authorities and agencies to spend more money at home," pundit Porter intoned. She also said, as almost everyone else had, that the time was overdue to mount a Come-to-the-U. S. program with vigor and purpose.

To many executives in the vast U. S. travel industry and to most of the travel press corps, the words of caution, the pleas to restrict spending were reminiscent of the high tariff barriers that were erected in the mid-Depression Thirties and that impeded the free flow of international trade. Some pointed out that the restriction of spending by our tourists in some countries might be justifiable, but it also punished other countries that are presently as much in need of dollar trade as Western Europe was in 1948-49. India, whose tourist business is just beginning to burgeon, is a case in point.

It didn't take a seer to discover that one of the prime handicaps to developing foreign tourism in the United States is the spending limit placed on foreign nationals by their own countries. The U. S. can scarcely expect foreign nations to react favorably to our pleas to lower their own spending restrictions while we raise ours.

At any rate, it may prove something of a balm to U. S. citizens, whose duty-free allowance may be cut by a whopping $400, to learn just how much other governments permit their travelers to bring home without a levy.

Duty-Free Allowances of Foreign Countries for Returning Citizens from Oversea Travel

United Kingdom: Goods up to a value of $10, plus ½ pound of tobacco or 200 cigarettes or equivalent weight of cigars.

France: Goods up to a value of $10, plus 200 cigarettes, 50 cigars, etc.

Italy: No automatic exemption but left to discretion of customs officials; 200 cigarettes or 50 cigars, 2 liters of alcohol, etc. Gifts can be sent tax-free to Italy by traveler.

Germany: Goods up to a value of $12, plus 25 cigarettes, 10 cigars, and 50 grams of tobacco.

Netherlands: Goods up to a value of $11, for travelers returning from countries other than Benelux, and from Benelux countries $39, plus reasonable amount of cigarettes, alcohol, perfume.

Japan: Reasonable amounts for personal use and gifts are tax-exempt

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and at discretion of customs officials, plus 200 cigarettes and 6 bottles of alcohol.

Mexico: Goods up to a value of $1,500 or in excess of $4,500 if 3 trips are made by air. Surface travelers are allowed 50 kilos (110 pounds) free of duty in 2 trips per year, which could be valued in the thousands of dollars.

Australia: Goods up to a value of $112, plus souvenir gifts up to a value of $67.20, provided the tourist does not have more than $246.40 worth of dutiable goods in his baggage. If the dutiable amount is under $246.40, adult traveler may bring in goods to a value of an additional $179.20 subject to the payment of a duty of 25 per cent of the value.

Canada: Goods up to a value of $102 for returning residents after a stay of not less than 48 hours. Additional exemption of $204 after an absence of 14 days, but limited to once in each 12-month period from date last special exemption was allowed.

Argentina: Goods up to a value of $150 for personal use.

Union of South Africa: Goods up to a value of $140 after a stay of at least 14 days.

Venezuela: Goods valued after certain absences; $92, 15 to 45 days; $138, 45 to 75 days; $184, 85 to 105 days; $230, more than 105 days.

Sweden: Goods up to a value of $52.25.

Switzerland: Goods up to a value of $23.27, including very limited quantities of alcohol, tobacco, etc.

Belgium: Goods up to a value of $12, plus 100 cigarettes or 20 cigars or 40 cigarillos or 125 grams of tobacco; ½ liter of sparkling wine; 1 liter of wine; ¼ liter of cologne; ¼ liter of toilet water; 25 grams of perfume.

Denmark: Goods up to a value of $50.75, plus 200 cigarettes, one of spirits, and 1 liter of wine. Regulations apply to absence of more than 3 days outside the Scandinavian area and no limitations on frequency of trips. —H.S.

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Typical of your South Seas welcome Fiji's friendly hospitality.

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A TRADITION OF LUXURY

Brasilia

Continued from page 63

small comfort in knowing that sightseeing is about the only excess currently being practised in Brasilia. Hotel rooms, which are sometimes hard to come by, are generally fair by big-city U.S. standards although by Rio's going rate, they are perhaps expensive. Best of them is the new Nacional Brasilia, which charges $15 for a standard single room. Operated by Jose Tjurs, whose chain includes the Excelsior Copacabana in Rio, the Jaragua in São Paulo, the Nacional Brasilia has the advantage of professional hotel management. As yet it has only three floors of rooms, but by May all of its 400 rooms in its ten-story structure will be finished. Coming is the restaurant, swimming pool, bar, and nightclub.

I WISH I could say as much for the Brasilia Palace Hotel, designed by Niemeyer and decorated by his daughter, which sits in isolated splendor down near the presidential palace. Fifteen minutes from the center of town, it was planned as the tourist hotel. The glass walls of the dining room, the open-air cocktail lounge, and the oval pool all look across to the treeless plain with nothing to obstruct the view of nothingness except the presidential palace. Since Niemeyer insisted that buildings in this secluded section be no taller than three stories, the corridors of the Palace Hotel stretch for 700 feet. Corridor windows have been left open in the hallways and rain has left huge unsightly spots on the new rugs. The most distinguished suite of all is wall-splattered with paint, and decorated with chipped furniture. As for Niemeyer *fille*'s interior decor, I found it sparse and uneventful. The rates, I had better tell you, are $10 a night for a standard room with bath, and $20 for the fancy suites.

Born into the jet era, Brasilia will have to wait on no civic lethargy to meet the demands of modern aviation. Already the Boeings of both Varig and Pan American are landing at Brasilia directly from New York, each line sending one plane to the new capital about once a week. Varig has chosen to compete with the big North American giant airline by exquisite food and superior service. It sends an executive stewardess in mufti on every flight. Her principal duty is to keep smiling, keep asking "Is there anything I can do for you?" and keep an eye on the rest of the personnel, some of whose English is shaky. The night flights that leave at dinnertime, serve a *haute cuisine* meal in the *haute* altitudes in the old Air France tradition with stewards and assistants

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bustling all over the place. Then at last the footrests are extended, the lights go out, and peace descends for a fleeting three hours until it is time for breakfast. The flights are nonstop and are probably the longest span now being commercially flown. It takes nine hours.

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Rima in London

By NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

"I SHALL call these my chickens, and I'm obliged to come every day to feed them," said a paralytic, whitehaired old man to W. H. Hudson as he scattered a bag of crumbs for a school of sparrows. The place was the Dell, behind the Serpentine, in Hyde Park; the time, the middle Nineties—a peak period for both "The Savoy" and "The Yellow Book." Often these *fin de siécle* publication are dismissed as decadent simply because they appeared at the end of an era, whereas in actual fact they were nothing of the kind. If Dowson, Ella D'Arcy, and Richard le Gallienne were contributors, so too were Shaw, George Gissing, and H. G. Wells. With Hudson also, a strong social bias tempered his thought: "A field-naturalist is an observer of everything he sees—from men to an ant on a plant." The world of nature for him was subject "to the mind's projection," so that the struggle of a bedraggled blackbird with a relentless chaffinch might begin a train of reflection leading from a discourse on the morality of war to a study of the optic nerve or the curious friendship of pumas toward the human species.

Of all birds, the sparrow is the most perky; the color of the City, he is the first Cockney among them. A good errand boy is said to be "as sharp as a sparrow," and a deserted railway siding, or the sad façade of Working Men's Clubs, seem incomplete without their urchin-calls.

Hudson was one of those gifted observers who do not seek, but find: to say that many of his findings were fortuitous is to misunderstand that he was conditioned by nature to discover precisely what he did find.

What others saw, others were less willing to see—and hence the continual rejection of his early essays. Neither "The Yellow Book" nor "The Savoy" found that he could provide what they were looking for. Nor were his early books successful. When Frank Swinnerton was a reception clerk at Dents, he recalls a meeting with a tall, thin man whose overcoat almost reached his heels; whose tanned shrunken face "resembled a bird . . . , but . . . had not the malignance of a hawk or the solemnity of an owl or the satisfied memory of a parrot." Indeed, what struck Swinnerton was the stillness of his movements; his power of merging into a landscape; his ability to watch birds, ducks, and rabbits by the hour —as indeed, unobserved one day at the Dell, he also watched two laborers, with

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tired, dusty features, produce from their pockets bread and meat, saved from the midday meal and carefully wrapped in newspaper. Then one spoke: "Come on, mate, they've had it all, and now let's go home and see what the missus has got for our tea." And home he saw them trudge, "with hearts refreshed and lightened, no doubt, to be succeeded by others and still others, London workmen and their wives and children, until the sun had set and all the birds were gone."

Thirty-nine years ago he died, and London paid its formal tribute—a sorry tribute. Before a narrow stretch of dead water, set between privets, there reads an inscription in Hyde Park: "This Sanctuary for Birds is dedicated to the Memory of W. H. Hudson—Writer and Field Naturalist." At the back, in the middle of a flat stone screen, is a freize by Epstein. It represents Rima, a semi-human embodiment of the forest spirit that appears in "Green Mansions." There is also an eagle which H. J. Massingham believed to be a mock-

ingbird portrait of the author himself. "When I used to go and see him . . . , it was like taking one of the hunched eagles at the Zoo out of his cage for an airing." Apart from Massingham's censures, there have been many other criticisms of this work. Arthur Mee, speaking for the common man, declares that the sculptor's birds "were never in any realm of nature," and goes on to protest that Rima's hands resemble claws; he adds nothing of the ugliness of her corrugated hair. It seems that the artist sought, but did not find—perhaps his one really dead piece of work, perhaps the price that any great sculptor must pay once. For, unmarked by any plaque, it is the Dell that remains Hudson's most fitting monument.

THERE, to all the animal kingdom (save "stoats, publishers, weasels and ferrets") he could project his sympathy. There, day after day, he would stand till dusk fell and he must needs retreat to his boardinghouse to which his manuscripts returned with the regularity of homing pigeons. There, other writers may still stand, watching pigeons—and take heart.

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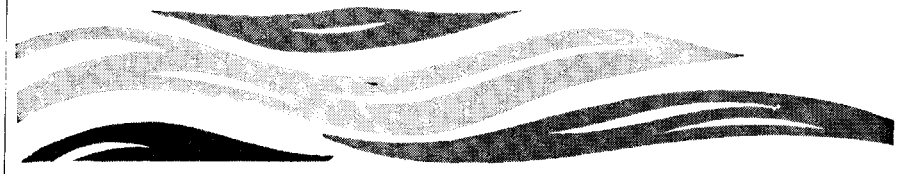

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Titograd

Continued from page 48

children had I? Only two—they registered disappointment but I passed around a photograph (a maneuver I seldom dare among my own friends), and there were cries of admiration—such *fat blond* children!

Every hour or so the bus made an extra long stop at an especially delicious spring of drinking water. Out they would jump, pulling mugs from bundles. Some drank thirstily, others just rinsed their mouths commenting on the taste. They carried the water to me: "Enjoy it."

I loved these people but by evening we had reached mountaintops of such unbelievable beauty that I could not help gaping. My exclamations surprised and disturbed them. What *was* there to look at? The bright black eyes of my fellow passengers stared out at the pale beech forests which grew right up to the snow line, at the jade-blue mountain torrents lined by purple iris and saw nothing unusual. No ambush. No avalanche. What was fussing the foreigner! "Wait till you see Titograd," they said.

Now in the rocky highlands passengers diminished. The wedding party carrying a dead, fancily decorated calf had got off and all the hamlet came to pull it from the luggage heaped in the back of the bus. A dear old "mama" who, lamenting my thinness, had lavishly pressed hard-boiled eggs and onions into my hand, departed with fond farewells and pleas for a photograph (for I was of course snapping away), and at every group of farmhouses we offloaded young soldiers on leave. Jumping from the bus, they flung themselves with rifle and bandolier to be greeted by the men of the family, also carrying guns and wearing the black cap of not-forgetting. With shining eyes and exclamations of joy these fierce-looking toughs would render traditional greeting—about fourteen hard, fast kisses on alternate cheeks! Then the returned soldier turned to the women and courteously, gently shook the hand of each—of mother, of wife, of sister, of sweetheart.

I sat agog. And dusk fell. Only two of my original companions remained—the two I liked least—very disapproving old Mohammedans dressed apparently in bark and string, who were returning to a distant province of Macedonia. They looked askance on a woman traveling alone — "toward Athens"—looking for the battlefield of Kosovo—most sinister.

We reached Cetinje at dusk. I had previously explored the dreamy little capital with its toy palace and forgot-

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ten, haunted embassies (what *could* past diplomats have thought of this post!). All I wanted now was a wash and some dinner—not eggs or onions.

The Grand Hotel was not at its grandest. No one at the desk. No one in the dining room. "But you are the only tourist in Cetinje," remonstrated the puzzled young "director," who eventually appeared. "There is nothing to eat *here*." He gazed sadly at dusty tables laid for forty. But a clean, white-washed bedroom was available and a huge stone bathroom. No water in the taps but a lovely little maid carried me buckets hot and buckets cold. I rewarded her with a packet of needles (needles and razor blades representing prize tips) and we practised our Italian together.

"If only you could stay till next week," she cajoled, "a Putnik tourist bus is due and the pumps will be turned on for them—ah, then you could float —and wash all your clothes too."

In the high, exhilarating air I now felt exceedingly hungry and went out into the dark to search for a food shop. Unlike the towns of Croatia, Cetinje appeared to scorn eating. Two young engineering students joined the throng of giggling children who led me around the deserted palace. The baker was closed. The cheese shop only opened on Tuesdays. There *was* no restaurant. he students, who delighted in practising their book-learned English on me, grew worried. It was after nine o'clock. Everyone had supped hours ago. There just was no food in Cetinje apparently. It had all been eaten.

At last they thought of a personal friend—"a cook in an inn." Into a large hall we marched, some kind of empty hostel, and the cook appeared, charmed to indulge in "English conversation." "There is nothing but white wine and goat's cheese," he explained. "Tomorrow we will have potatoes."

"Cheese and wine *now*," I ordered gratefully. The students sat beside me eagerly asking questions. "How is the war between England and Ireland? We hear there are many battles. . . ."

"Well, not exactly battles. . . ."

"Oh, yes, our paper says so. . . ." They seemed disappointed.

I offered wine and an old packet of sweets, "Oh, no," they said, shocked, "you are a traveler. We should be offering to *you*."

I gave the sweets to the children and one needle to the "head girl." She hung her head and the others chided: "One does not take gifts from a traveler, one offers gifts." But she kept it and waved adoringly when I stumbled sleepily back to the hotel.

Naturally there was no breakfast but the pretty maid called me at 5:30 because the only bus of the day left

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for Macedonia at 6 A.M. I had some kind of wild hope that a workman's snack bar might have sprung up during the night but the bus was waiting, already overflowing and not a crust in sight. They made a place for me and threw my suitcases on the roof. It was only a quarter to six so I wandered off to take a snapshot of the palace, which looked pretty in the dawn sunlight, but a frantic honking recalled me at a run. "It's not six yet," I remonstrated, pointing at my watch. "Ah, but when he saw you wandering the driver thought it time to leave."

I tried to digest this logic and for over two hours we thundered over rocky mountain country until suddenly we reached a modern cement-built city, unexpectedly unlovely. "Titograd," purred the passengers. "Only one hour to wait," warned the driver.

Petulantly I looked around for the delights of a "buffet," I daren't tell my friends I was hungry—in generosity they would press more onions on me—or perhaps an uncooked chicken intended for failing grandmama. I pulled a small tin of Nescafé out of a suitcase and asked pathetically where I could "buy" a cup of hot water. The usual crowd collected—and advised me in German and Italian.

"A cup of hot water!"

I was led to a barber's shop and literally pushed aside. A charming dark-eyed youth stopped shaving his clients, and sat me at a little table on which I self-consciously placed my Nescafé There was a certain amount of blowing on a charcoal brazier. Eventually a glass of hot water and a spoon were placed in front of me. The clients, striped with soap suds, watched me with curiosity. Children thronged the door. No one spoke.

I mixed a teaspoonful of powder and offered "ersatz-Kaffee" all round. They applauded but refused. Was there anything else I needed? "Can one possibly buy a little sugar or bread?"

The barber dashed away and returned with a pot of honey which he dripped lovingly into my glass, and a loaf—presumably his own breakfast. I seemed to have made such a disturbance. He was *so* polite—so helpful.

"Please let me pay for the bother."

"Nothing—nothing—nothing."

He rushed back to the charcoal and soap and clients.

I felt in my bag for a razor blade—the gracious, utterly suitable gift—but had none left.

"Give me address," my Serbo-Croat bloomed. "I post you gift." He laughed and laughed and the shop joined in.

I caught that bus within a half-hour and a month later from Ireland I sent

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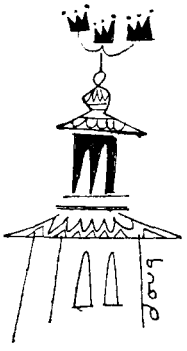
my friend six razor blades. To avoid trouble with suspicious Yugoslav police I wrote my own name and address on the envelope. A few weeks passed and then to my horror a large shoebox arrived full of travel-weary Turkish Delight and strong-smelling cigarettes. Knowing how very poor all the Yugoslavs are, I wrote ecstatic thanks, begged him not to send more presents, and slipped in another couple of razor blades.

Six weeks later I received a packet of photographs—my young barber and all his relations. The pictures must have been expensive, and I did not really want them. When deciphered, the accompanying letter asked for a photo of *me* in return. Thinking these exchanges had gone far enough I did not reply. But another box (falling to pieces, for they don't make real cardboard in Yugoslavia) arrived oozing even stickier contents. Such generosity must have *his* family sugar-starved. I did not answer but a few weeks later a communication arrived from a Yugoslav police station! Our village post office seemed very dazed—A Mr. Josef



of Titograd had asked his local police to discover if his gifts to me were being properly delivered.

"Most improper," commented my husband, "For heaven's sake tell him you are married."

". . . Impossible. He looked about eighteen."

But that was it all right. He had poured honey into my cup at Titograd and I had sent razor blades. Now the family wanted to know about my dowry.

How complicated it was, to extricate myself from this flood of melted candy without hurting feelings. They were all so poor and so generous and so eager to give—and even to marry. The experience taught me something—but nothing useful, for I shall never have breakfast in Titograd again.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 5, 12, 6, 11, 2, 10, 9, 1, 3, 7, 4, 8. Column Three should read: 4, 10, 2, 5, 9, 3, 11, 6, 12, 8, 7, 1.

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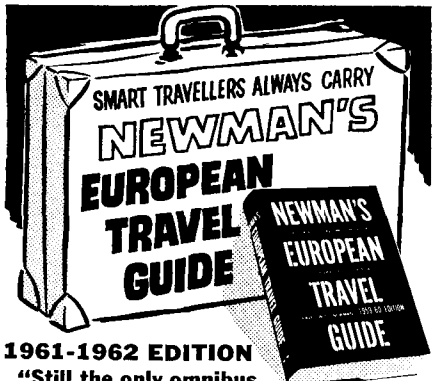

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1961 Travel Tomes

Continued from page 65

visitors from far and near line up on Copenhagen Drive for a plate full of aebleskiver and a hot cup of coffee. Oftentimes Danes residing in other communities pick this one occasion to journey to Solvang and renew acquaintance with some of their long-time friends from the old country."

From "Freighter Days," by Norman D. Ford (Harian Publications. 130 pp. $1): "Mechanically minded passengers might find something interesting to do in the engine room, and the ship's carpenter can often use some help around his shop. Then there is the radio shack, which the radioman will show you over, but like the bridge, this is nearly always out-of-bounds to passengers. The galley will no doubt interest housewives, especially when they see the cook in action while the ship is rolling heavily."

From "Guide to the Caribbean Islands," by John Wilhelm (McGraw-Hill. 247 pp. $4.50): "Perhaps the strongest proof of voodoo's horrifying reality is the sheer terror it inflicts upon some of the country people. They are at times in such complete fear of the voodoo priest that they will follow any course rather than offend him. There is no doubt of the power of the houngans, even though some are known charlatans who use their power to acquire great wealth and drive around in big cars. There are also mambos who have a certain amount of influence. Some are sincere, some are cynical.

"A voodoo ceremony usually starts with a sand ceremony wherein a houngan lets sand trickle through his hands forming intricate patterns on the floor of the 'temple.' The drums beat, the dancing becomes more and more frenzied, some participants climb trees, and soon one of them falls into a stupor and is then considered to have been 'mounted' by a loa. Words issued by that person are then the voice of the loa. Others drink more and more clairin, the fiery raw rum. While the dancing undoubtedly has had suggestive movements, there actually has been little bodily contact.

"From this point on, however, practically anything can happen, depending upon the group and the locale. Sometimes sacrifice of animals occurs. As sex is considered a perfectly normal function among the poorer classes, it would not be amiss to presume that the dancing, at first solitary, leads to more familiarity at times. Usually the evening concludes with a meal."

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Tax Reform

Continued from page 35

thermore, such a manual should be prepared by a group unqualifiedly dedicated to the legitimate minimization of tax payments. Further, it should explain the reasons behind the law. Why are capital gains taxed at a lower rate? Why is depreciation allowed as a deduction?

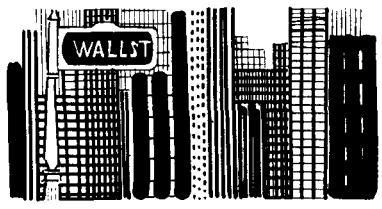
Spot checks of tax returns should be made by special revenue agents who have no authority to assess or even suggest tax deficiencies but who are solely charged with finding overpayment of taxes and granting voluntary tax refunds. This would mitigate the general feeling that the Revenue Service is a completely biased ogre.

Once the Treasury is no longer regarded exclusively as a biased, snooping tyrant, but more as an impartial mediator for all people engaged in the common task of successful government support, we could then move ahead with other steps.

A system of rewards and penalties, for example, could provide maximum motivation and vastly increase revenue collections.

For example, taxpayers might be granted a refund of their tax, increasing 1 per cent annually for each year in which their tax returns were finally accepted as correct, with a possible maximum of 10 per cent. This would preclude the making of undue tax claims and the omission of small items of income, such as dividends, which are ordinarily very costly to police. Taxpayers who achieved a consistent record of probity might be publicly listed on a roll of honor in local newspapers. Those with deficiencies (perhaps limited to deficiencies above a specified amount) might also be publicly listed.

It has been said, "In 1910 if a man took his secretary away for a weekend, he had to pretend she was his wife. But in 1961, if a man takes his wife away for the weekend he must pretend she is his secretary." May the day soon come when this quip is neither comic nor tragic, neither sardonic nor snide, but rather totally irrelevant for a population that takes pride in contributing its fair share towards the price of the best product on earth—life in the United States of America.



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COMMUNICATIONS

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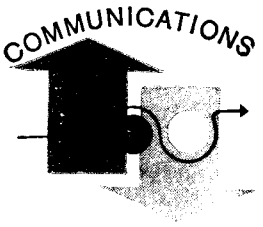

SR/COMMUNICATIONS

MARCH 11, 1961

EDITORIAL
By Richard L. Tobin 79

ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY
By James F. Fixx 80

THE PAPERBACK TEXTBOOK REVOLUTION
By John Tebbel 81

PULITZER PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHY: ONE FOR THE MONEY
By Margaret R. Weiss 82

THE ADVERTISING AGENCY PARADOX
By James Webb Young 85

THE PRAGMATIC MR. SALANT
By Robert Lewis Shayon 86

THE MAN WHO COMES TO DINNER
By Robert Manning 87

INTERPRETATION OF INTERPRETATION
By Lester Markel 89

PR's Golden Chance to Clean House

THE TWO nationwide public relations associations recently agreed to merge after years of talk and months of intensive negotiation. Members of both groups have now ratified the merger by an overwhelming vote and the resultant "Public Relations Society of America" hopes to build itself one day into something comparable to the American Bar Association or American Medical Association, serving the new but mighty important trade or profession called PR. It is a golden chance and the greater society simply must not muff it.

The original PRSA, a national organization of 3,500 PR executives, was formed in 1948 on grounds that no PR association then in existence was doing the job that needed to be done to promote a code of ethics with no enforcement provision. Membership has been limited strictly to professionals in the public relations field; its members have sought, not without success, to maintain high standards of professional practice and public service through association police power.

Now combined with PRSA and being absorbed under its name in merged partnership is the older American Public Relations Association, formed seventeen years ago for purposes similar to PRSA's. APRA has become well known for its annual PR awards, known as the Silver Anvil competition, which is outstanding in the field. These merit awards will be retained in the merger. But the association's name, APRA, disappears and, while "PRSA" is retained, the amalgamated society welcomes new name suggestions and has made provision for a title change within one year should anyone come up with something better than "Public Relations Society of America."

What is impressive about the new PR association is not its large and unified membership (somewhere around 5,000) or its richer treasury (and staff) but the patent public opportunity now available in a trade or profession shot through with unethical tradition and shady practice. PR is a relatively fresh field. It is growing more rapidly than any other in the area of communication. Government and private industry, big business and community association, Hollywood starlet and Presidential candidate have turned to proven public relations practices to sell themselves.

But rapid growth always brings the problem of proper assimilation, especially at the ethical level. And it is in the field of ethics and enforcement procedures to be handled through the new society that opportunity to serve the public appears to be greatest. Simply becoming a big, prosperous, but bland PR association won't be good enough with a golden chance at hand to do yeoman public service where it's badly needed.

What simple yet typical violations of PR ethics at the professional level can the merged PRSA tackle? One common practice frowned upon by any ethical association is the pirating of an account. This is done sometimes by unethical presentations to another's client, damning the work of a competing firm—strictly a code violation with the new PRSA. As in law or medicine, artificially stimulated inroads into another man's

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practice form a large part of professional complaints handled by this sort of craft society.

Yet far graver, and more difficult to prosecute within the industry, are common PR practices involving the unethical taking of money. Mr. X is on the payroll of Company Y, yet is paid a fee by certain media to channel exclusive stories to those media alone. Paid also by his company to get its product or corporate image properly before the largest possible public, Mr. X is quite naturally guilty, in the eyes of PRSA, of unethical business practices, which will take him automatically off the PRSA roster and open his case to public prosecution.

So widespread are unethical PR practices (distorting facts for national publication to make a more sensational story is most common) that any genuine policing power in this direction is bound to tread on some toes, including those of PRSA's members. But if new trumpets are to sound at all, if the new merger is to mean anything, if PRSA sincerely and genuinely intends to attack at their roots the insidious diseases manifest in public relations practice, toes will have to suffer for the better health of the general public body.

—R.L.T.

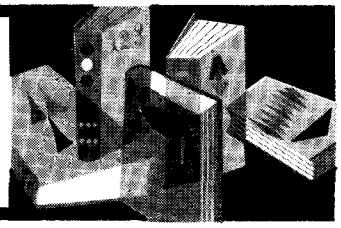
Introducing New By-Liners

ROBERT MANNING, reporting from Washington on President Kennedy's unusual personal relationship with the press, now writes in the nation's capital after service here and abroad for United Press and as a foreign correspondent and senior editor at Time, Inc.

LESTER MARKEL has been Sunday editor of the *New York Times* for almost forty years and has recently published "Background and Foreground," a splendid anthology of the best of the *Times Magazine*, which Mr. Markel practically invented. Mr. Markel's article idea sprang from a controversy over news interpretation in *The Bulletin*, the publication of the American Society of Newspaper Editors.

MARGARET R. WEISS's article on journalistic photography will, we hope, be succeeded by others in this highly important communications field. Miss Weiss has freelanced for many years and has been on the staff of the *American Mercury* and the late *American Magazine*. She lives in New York.

Books in Communications



Any Number Can Play

By JAMES F. FIXX

AMONG those who practise the crafts of mass communication, the most popular pastime these days seems to be self-diagnosis. And apparently any number can play, provided they agree that the mass media are sick, sick, sick. Indeed, expert opinions of what ails television, radio, the movies, advertising, and the press are so common and so conflicting it's little wonder if there is a good deal of confusion not only in the public's mind but also in the patient's. This week we report on two modest but hopeful efforts to clear up some of that confusion.

Exhibit A is "**Freedom and Communications**" (University of Illinois Press, $3), a series of lectures given by Dan Lacy at the University of Illinois. In this brief, crisply written survey of the challenges that face the mass media in a free society, Mr. Lacy, managing director of the American Book Publishers Council, writes that the fundamental fact with which the mass media must reckon is "the enormous increase, and the far greater impending increase, in the actual quantity of knowledge [our society] must organize, retain, disseminate, and use." If public opinion in a democracy is to be based on facts, the communications system must somehow be able to transmit this vast body of growing, changing knowledge. Arguing that "our governments today cannot be wiser than we are," Mr. Lacy writes:

> Much of our ineffectiveness in dealing with new problems comes from the efforts of middle-aged statesmen to apply to them the economic and political concepts remembered from their college days—concepts now not so much wrong as simply irrelevant.

The job of conveying relevant concepts and knowledge is not being adequately carried out today, Mr. Lacy suggests. The present communications system can neither encompass the current flood of knowledge nor spread it widely enough. What is needed, therefore, in Mr. Lacy's view, is a public policy that will tend to broaden the range of available information, and at the same time strengthen our muscles of independent judgment. For example, taking a close look at television, Mr. Lacy proposes as first steps in this direction that television networks be required to sell their shows to local affiliates on a competitive basis, instead of being permitted, as they now are, to hold options on prime time; that the number of independent local stations be increased; that all televising be shifted from the VHF to the UHF spectrum in order to make room for more stations in a single area; that educational stations receive more adequate public support; and that a system of pay or subscription TV be introduced.

While these proposals are far from new, the necessity for them (and for other reforms, involving magazines, newspapers, and the movies) is argued with a logic and clarity that make the book a significant, if unpretentious, contribution to an important debate.

Exhibit B is "**The Agreeable Autocracies**" (Oceana, $1.50), a series of dialogues on American institutions originally broadcast over New York's WBAI-FM, with Joseph P. Lyford of the Fund for the Republic as questioner and occasional prodder. The participants (among them: Robert M. Hutchins, Stuart Chase, Reinhold Niebuhr, Walter Millis) know their subjects, and Mr. Lyford keeps them on the track with deft queries and comments that give even the printed transcript a tone of easy informality. Among the institutions discussed is the press, which comes in for a lion's share of criticism. Penn Kimball blames publishers for "not creating the conditions of employment which make people want to stay in the business." Pursuing the same theme, Joseph Kraft argues that newspaper management should be recruited from among top editorial staffers: "The problem in newspapers is flabbiness. They're dead on their feet. . . . It would be my point of view that to look to the publishers to remedy this, to look to the publishers to encourage good writing, is trying to get blood from a stone." And in another conversation, Theodore H. White laments the sorry state of foreign news reporting: "We grope and we blunder. We aren't informed." The book offers a rare chance to eavesdrop on some knowledgeable journalists as they discuss the problems and pleasures of their trade. Like "Freedom and Communications," it tackles a modest assignment—and carries it out uncommonly well.

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The Paperback Textbook Revolution

By JOHN TEBBEL

A GOOD argument could be made for the proposition that textbooks are the most important of all mass communications media, since the more than 200 million educational books sold annually (254 million estimated by 1965) convey to their young readers the body of knowledge on which they will build not only careers but also political and social opinions.

Everyone is concerned about textbooks: the parents who pay for them and sometimes examine their contents fearfully; the school boards who buy them, often in strange and wonderful ways; the educators who write them and are increasingly compelled to defend them from attack; and the students who use them, whose complaints are largely lost in the controversies of their elders.

Textbook publishing is a big and complicated business; it is by far the largest and most profitable segment of the entire book trade, accounting for a dollar volume in excess of $300 million annually. Anything that happens to the textbook business, and a good deal is happening rather rapidly these days, sends shudders and tremors through publishing's intricate structure. Few of these happenings are known to the general public, and a survey of them could easily occupy an entire issue of this magazine. But paperback books and their impact on textbook publishing is a happening the public thinks it *does* understand. This accounts for widespread misconceptions about the role of textbooks in the paperback revolution.

Even the revolution itself is somewhat misunderstood. It is not a phenomenon of this century. There were two previous tidal waves of American paperback publishing, one just before the Civil War and one after it. Then, as now, the essential result was a broadening and eventual deepening of the book-reading public. One of the special effects of the present wave, however, is its influence on the use of textbooks, an influence that may well portend, sometime within the next two decades, the disappearance of both hardcover textbooks and their paperback companions, as such, whether used as texts or supplemental reading.

Last September the book industry had an opportunity to examine a more immediate projection of what might be expected in the use of books in our schools. A survey prepared by Stanley B. Hunt Associates for the Book Industry Committee of the Book Manufacturers' Institute disclosed that the sale of hardcover books to educational institutions (elementary, secondary, and college) would increase 28 per cent in the next five years, but paperbacks could be expected to increase by 43 per cent. The largest increase, according to the survey, would occur in the colleges, where a rise of 103 per cent in paperbacks could be anticipated, against only 56 per cent in hardcovers. In the secondary schools, said the survey, it would be 67 per cent in paperbacks against 49 per cent in hardcovers; in the elementary system, 30 per cent paperbacks, 8 per cent hardcovers.

Do these figures mean, as the non-bookman is likely to conclude, that the paperback is going to replace the old-fashioned textbook? A good many college students, impressed by the easier handling and lower prices of paperbacks, would like to think so. Many of their parents, who have acquired the paperback habit themselves, wonder whether these "cheap" books wouldn't cut the ever-rising costs of education.

There are substantial reasons why such a replacement is not going to occur, and why few people in the book business think of the two lines as truly competitive. In the first place, textbooks in paper binding are no novelty to teacher and student, who have known them for decades as "workbooks" and "cram books." The Hunt Survey anticipates a 50 per cent sales rise in these workbooks on the college level by 1965.

The prime reason that hardcover texts will not be driven out, however, lies in the economics of publishing, a thorny and often controversial field, in which it can nevertheless be safely asserted that paperbacks are not cheaper because of their binding. Their lower price is achieved by drastic reductions in royalties, and in promotion and distribution costs, as well as by printing editions large enough to reduce plant costs. The largest single cost of selling books is at the retail level—getting them into the hands of readers. The cost of getting paperbacks into people's hands is less.

Other reasons for the low price of most paperbacks is that they draw on books in the public domain for reprinting, or the author has already realized a hardcover sale, or the book has an extremely large potential which would

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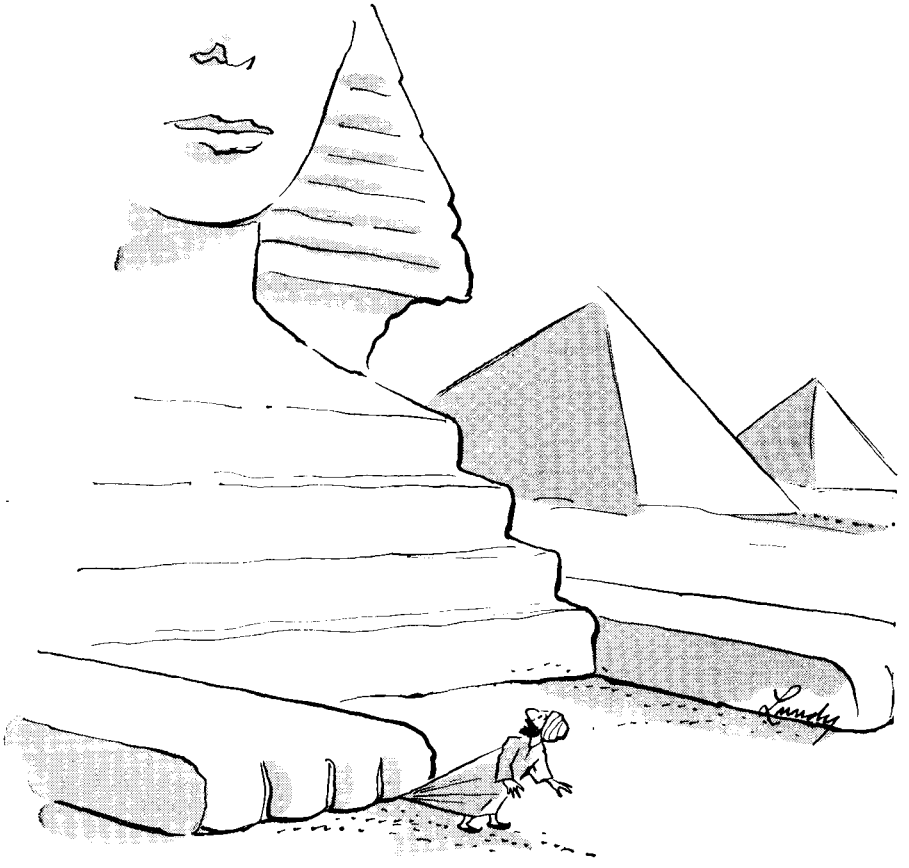

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ONE FOR THE MONEY

By MARGARET R. WEISS

ON MAY 1 the Trustees of Columbia University will announce the Pulitzer Prize for News Photography for 1961—the twentieth year of an award in this category since its inclusion among the seven other annual Pulitzer Prizes in Journalism. The winner this year, as in previous years, is bound to stir up at least a flurry—and possibly a storm—of discussion and controversy.

Every March since 1942, a jury appointed by the Trustees has begun the formidable task of screening newsphoto nominations that stream in from newspapers, press associations, syndicates, professional photographers, amateur snapshooters, and enthusiastic newspaper readers all over the country. Sorting, studying, sifting entries is a matter of six or seven weeks' deliberation and debate. From the pyramid of pictures—often backed up by extensive portfolios and elaborate presentations—the screening jury is charged with narrowing the field down to "two to five recommendations – without necessarily indicating order of preference."

These recommendations are passed along to the fourteen-member Advisory Board on the Pulitzer Prizes. And, in secret sessions on the last Thursday and Friday of April, the Board finally designates one entry for the $1,000 prize —in its opinion, the year's "outstanding example" of news photography.

Since jury reports and board discussions are secret, we may only imagine what goes on before the ultimate prizewinner is agreed upon. How does one go about choosing a single "outstanding example" from the year's news-photos? What does one look for in a news picture that is to represent to the world the nation's finest camera coverage? How valid are the criteria—and the selections—of the Advisory Board? Finally, does the board's definition need updating in view of photojournalism's tremendous growth in the past two decades?

These are but a few of the questions raised by news photographers, picture editors, and newspaper publishers—the people of the working press whose daily labors are concerned with selecting the best, most effective pictorial material to deliver a news story to their readers. Each year, either immediately before or after the Pulitzer Prize is announced, a flash-fire of criticism runs through the editorial pages of camera magazines and the official publications of press associations. Less vitriolic, but often equally pointed, are the analyses and evaluations attempted by writers of feature articles and columns on photography.

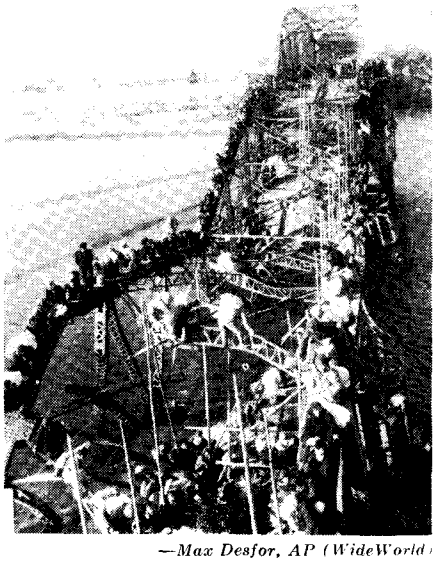
Interestingly enough, none of the criticism has been directed toward the Advisory Board itself. Its character and competence, its broad representation, and its great integrity in making its selections remain unquestioned. What is questioned over and over is the award system—the way the board has defined the news-picture classification. To many of its critics the definition seems too categorical, the category too narrowly defined, to be realistic in a field that has become so important and complex a part of visual communication.

One suggestion for a redefinition has come from the American Society of Magazine Photographers. Obviously rankled by any prize for news photography that excludes or disregards the examples appearing in news magazines, its membership recommends that the award be broadened to include—

> A distinguished example of a photographer's work published in an American news periodical during the year, the determining qualities being that the photos or picture story shall embody an idea made clearly apparent, shall show the mastery of camera technique and striking pictorial effect, and shall be intended to be helpful to some commendable cause of some importance, due account being taken of the whole volume of the artist's work during the year.

As far back as 1950, *National Press Photographer* urged its readers to examine the Pulitzer Prize news categories:

> Just compare these two bases for awards: "For a distinguished example of a *cartoonist's work* in a U.S. newspaper, published daily, Sunday or at least once a week, during the year, the determining qualities being that the cartoon shall embody an idea made clearly apparent, shall show good drawing and striking pictorial effect, and shall be intended to be helpful to some commendable cause of public importance, due account being taken of the whole volume of the artist's work during the year." "For an outstanding example of *news photography* as exemplified by a news photograph or photographs in a U.S. newspaper, published daily, Sunday or at least once a week, during the year. (This prize is open to amateurs as well as to photographers regularly employed by newspapers, press associations or syndicates.)" Photography has grown far above the primitive stage of being a recording device—even if its role in "advancing commendable public causes" and "revealing the full story" has thus far gone unrecognized and unrewarded by the Pulitzer Prize.



—*Max Desfor, AP (WideWorld)*

1951: MISERY ON THE MARCH. War-torn Korean front, bombed-out bridge, ant-like army of refugees fleeing enemy forces —dramatic proof of dangerous odds against which photographer must sometimes work.

Many of his colleagues agree with Joseph Costa, chief photographer of the King Features Syndicate. Costa, who also serves as chairman of the board of the National Press Photographers Association and editor of its publication, says he wonders "whether the rules for the awards, as interpreted by Columbia University, do not place the Advisory Board in too much of a straitjacket."

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—Joe Rosenthal, AP

1945: MARINES PLANT OLD GLORY ON MT. SURIBACHI, IWO JIMA. Most famous picture of World War II, for which rules of award had to be relaxed since photo was taken after deadline.

—Nat Fein, N.Y. Herald Tribune

1949: BABE RUTH BOWS OUT. Rear shot taken without flash captured dark mood of homerun king's stepping out of the sports picture at end of his career.

—John L. Gaunt, Los Angeles Times (Wide World)

1955: GRIEF. A child swept away by strong spring tide—parents stunned by grief. Many critics felt picture fell short of its aim, needed explanation.

The question is certainly a reasonable one, for in the eight categories earmarked for journalism awards only *one* is assigned to news photography. Two awards go to local reporting, one for local news coverage written under the pressure of edition time, the other for an article or series in which the pressure of such a deadline is not a factor. There is an award for reporting on national affairs, and another for international affairs. Editorial writing, of course, has a category of its own, and so does the cartoon.

Functioning under the present system of rules, the board is compelled to lump into one category "news pictures, feature pictures, sports pictures, pictures of great social impact, pictures specially composed to tell the whole story without necessity of a single line of type. . . ." And in doing this, Costa contends, "the Pulitzer Prize committee is by-passing the work of hundreds of competent press photographers."

Bound by a system of rules that is more rule-of-thumb than realistic, the Board can give scant consideration to the fact that today's news photos fall into many classes. Certainly in technique, application, and influence of publication deadlines, they are every bit as diverse as the various classifications of reporting.

Perhaps some feeling of this kind may actually have motivated the board in its selection for the 1956 award. The citation for that year read:

> The 1956 Pulitzer Prize for News Photography was won by the New York *Daily News* for its consistently excellent news picture coverage in 1955. . . . Any one of the forty-two photos entered by the *News* could be admired in any exhibit or salon. It is a collection remarkable for its variety of subjects and the wide sweep of human emotions—a woman thumbing her nose at a rival for the affections of the former's husband, a hound dog with an icepack on his head, a baby being lowered on a fire-escape, a baseball manager shaking his fist in the face of an umpire, and an 86-year-old woman refugee from Romania waiting for her ship to dock in New York. . . . [The photographers'] collective work is a well-rounded coverage of life and death and hope and despair in a great city twenty-four hours a day.

To many photojournalists this award to the "collective work" of one newspaper seemed a step in the right direction. Here, at least, many types of news pictures were included; the efforts of a number of professional photographers

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were recognized, even though not individually cited.

Other critics of the Pulitzer award are less concerned with definitions than with the pictorial subjects that generally win prizes and influence juries. This part of the opposition has decried the overemphasis on pictures of violence, tragedy, and disaster—as well as the accolades too often given the accidental shot, the glorification of the lucky scoop. Bruce Downes, editor of *Popular Photography*, says ". . . it puts a premium on mere sensation, when it should emphasize creative photojournalism." He adds, "Oddly enough, of the fourteen Pulitzer Prizes (in Music, Letters, and Journalism) awarded each year, all but the one given for news photography are referred to as '*distinguished* examples.' When they get down to describing the news photography award, the Trustees, gagging on 'distinguished,' substitute the safer '*outstanding*.'"

A good many photographers and picture editors think the present award system conforms to neither the spirit nor the letter of the late Joseph Pulitzer's plan. The terms of his will, they maintain, carefully specify his intention: to single out examples of distinguished achievement in the practice of journalism as a profession, which would serve to encourage young men studying journalism or beginning their careers in the field.

TO allow amateurs not engaged in photojournalism as a full-time profession to compete for a Pulitzer Prize rewards "the chance action of a lucky trigger finger rather than true creative expression." The work of the professional news photographer is no mere "snap." It is an exacting daily job performed under the pressure of events and time by experts whose training makes their reactions to the dramatic moment almost instinctive—whose insight and sensitivity translate news into human terms and emotional values the reader can appreciate. As those who oppose amateur nominations point out, "The Advisory Board doesn't include letters-to-the-editor as acceptable entries in editorial writing, does it?"

But no matter how vehement the voices of protest grow, their blasts have apparently not ruffled the calm academic surfaces of Trustees or Advisory Board. According to Professor John Hohenberg, secretary of the board, "Its policy has always been to announce the awards, not to explain them, defend them, or answer critics."

About ten years ago, however, one valiant member of the news photography jury replied to a question about what a juror looks for when he screens the nominations for a Pulitzer Prize:

> Your query brought home to me the realization that the matter was more intuitive than I realized. Certainly I have no system; nor even a criterion of hard-and-fast rules or regulations. Anything of the kind is subconscious, if it is there at all.
>
> I can state positively, though, that to be a picture worthy of a prize, it seems to me that the photo must tell its own story with a minimum or no verbal explanation.
>
> It is difficult to discount properly the lucky shot. If a photographer has a million-dollar shot because he happened to be at the right place at the right time, it's still a million-dollar shot.
>
> On the other hand it seems to me that a juror must consider initiative, ingenuity, and the challenge of difficult conditions. Not all great news pictures are shot from the hip. Some of the best have been by reason of composition and the exercise of pure technique.
>
> A picture is a report, . . . the picture that tells the whole story completely is the winner, to my way of thinking.
>
> One factor I should like to add: In most contests, reporters are permitted to submit a series of articles covering a general topic or news situation. The tendency is to limit the photographer to one shot. This, I think, is a bit unfair.

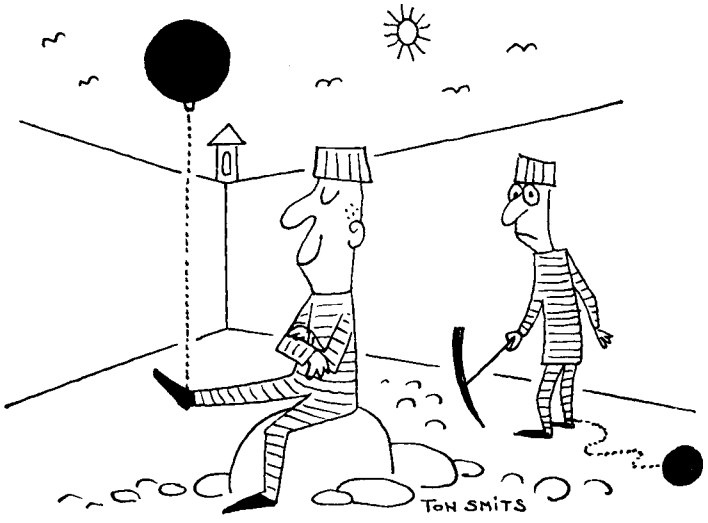
This last comment undoubtedly suggests why portfolios and presentations incorporating a generous sampling of the photographer's work so frequently accompany the submitted nomination. Max Desfor, for example, was selected as the 1951 prizewinner on the strength of a single shot, but an extraordinary portfolio of more than sixty pictures covering the entire Korean activity attested to the high quality of his work as a whole.

Once again on the first Monday of May, a familiar scene will take place. Gathered in a typical college classroom—an unprepossessing background of scribbled blackboards, battered one-armed student chairs, and a lecturer's podium—an impatient group of reporters will await the moment of the Pulitzer Prize announcement. There will be a dash for open telephone lines in Columbia's Journalism Building— and within a few minutes the first bulletins will be ripped off teletypes in thousands of newspaper offices and radio-TV newsrooms from coast to coast.

"THIS is the kind of reaction the announcement of the prizes has always had," says Professor Hohenberg, conceding that "there has been criticism, even dissension at times. But the prizes have survived, expanded, and strengthened the role assigned to them. . . . They have become a hallmark of excellence in American cultural life, of the working of a tradition of conscience in American journalism."

With a more down-to-earth approach —and referring specifically to the photography awards—Julius Klyman of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* sees the Pulitzer Prize-winning pictures as proof that "each year photography gains a little in importance in the American press. Any day, now, it will be nationally, eminently respectable."

Twenty years is an accommodating interval—short enough to be within memory's span, long enough to allow a retrospective view. But even from a twenty-year vantage point, it is difficult to estimate just how much—or how little—credit should go to the Pulitzer awards for making news photography an "eminently respectable" part of journalism. To the prizewinners themselves, and certainly to the general public, a "Pulitzer" connotes the most coveted annual award. To its critics, the one-for-the-money selection has too often failed to signalize the year's finest photojournalism.



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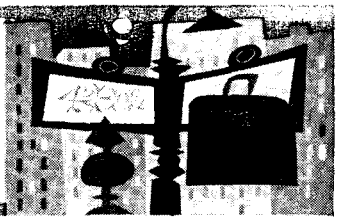
Madison Avenue



The Advertising Agency Paradox

By JAMES WEBB YOUNG

PROPONENTS of methods of advertising agency compensation other than the traditional media commission often seem to discuss the subject as though agencies and advertisers were the only parties concerned.

As one who was for some ten years involved in the ownership and operation of a successful magazine, this seems to me to be something less than realistic. For agency men quickly did for publishers in the field of commercial information what AP and UP did for them in the general news fields.

And thus advertising revenue—along with editorial vitality—became the very life blood of the publishing business, and the total volume of advertising became each publisher's blood bank.

Very early in this whole process it became clear to both publishers and agencies that two things were important to both the development and the maintenance of advertising volume:

First, that no advertising of any kind was ever really "sold" until somebody had prepared and got approval for an advertising plan and telling copy.

Second, that the mortality rate among advertisers depended on how soundly conceived and skilfully executed that plan and copy were for the individual advertiser.

Some publishers of early periodicals, such as the *Youth's Companion*, tried to promote their business and make advertising more effective for their advertisers by providing this copy work themselves. As late as 1911, when I was employed by *System, The Magazine of Business*, forerunner of *Business Week*, we had a whole staff doing such copy preparation.

Gradually, however, it became clear to all concerned that this planning and copy activity was costly to the individual publisher, and that the agency, which could study each advertiser's problem in the round, could do this essential development work much better and at a lower cost to the whole publishing structure. Out of this concept grew the whole of modern agency service.

Thus the publishers, in the field of national advertising, later followed by the broadcasters and owners of other advertising facilities, settled back to run only the transportation end of the advertising business. Each continued to sell his own market and route to it, but left mostly to the agencies the development of the total volume of advertising, and the servicing of it for maximum effectiveness.

For this development and servicing of the total volume of advertising, the medium owner paid the commission, in the only way he could pay it—a flat rate on his share of the volume as received. For this the medium owner became concerned that the agency be a *bona fide* one, engaged in the broad development of advertising volume and services; that it retain its commission and use it for such purposes; and that the commission be adequate to induce able men to enter the agency field.

Probably the most formidable effort to upset this slowly evolved and well-tested structure was made in 1932. The chief executive officers of five of the largest national advertisers began, as a committee, to make representations to publishers on what they believed to be the inequities in this percentage-on-volume method of agency compensation.

WHEN all the facts had been gathered and laid before these gentlemen, one of them was reported to have said: "If the publishers of America are convinced that this is the best way for them to promote and service the sale of their product, I do not feel that I have any more license to tell them differently than they would have to tell me what allowance I should make in my costs for the men who sell and service my product." After which the committee withdrew.

The agencies have, under this method of compensation, not merely met this basic need of every medium owner for expansion in the total volume of advertising. They have learned that the only way to do it, and to secure their own growth and profit, is to make advertising pay the individual advertiser.

But in the very doing of this, as the servant of the advertiser, they have created the paradox in the media-agency-advertiser relationship—the kind of paradox that Webster defines as "an assertion seemingly opposed to common sense, but that yet may be true in fact."

That assertion, "seemingly opposed to common sense," in this case is that the agency can best serve the advertiser while receiving its basic compensation from the medium owner.

It is possible to produce a rationale for the "truth in fact" of this assertion, based upon such factors, tangible and intangible, as:

1. How the total cost of advertising to the advertiser is dependent on the methods used by media owners to meet their need to develop and maintain total advertising volume.

2. How the unassignable and fluctuating elements in agency costs as between advertisers make any advance estimates of such cost precarious ones.

3. What the losses would be to both media owners and advertisers if agencies did not retain the initiative in the incurring of costs for submitting development ideas for the advertiser's business.

4. The cost to the advertiser of involvement in agency management if he is to audit every cost element in his agency's services.

5. And, perhaps most of all, the impossibility of evaluating in worksheet terms the contributions of those born entrepreneurs and creative sales-minded people whose thinking and judgment are the most valuable elements in agency service.

But I prefer to rely upon the empirical evidence. Variable rates of pay for agency services had a long period of testing. "I have paid all the way from 2 per cent to 15 per cent," the then largest advertiser of a single product once said to me, "and I like what I am getting for the 15 per cent."

Dispensing with agency service and buying direct at net rates was once quite popular and possible—until publishers saw that it did not pay them. And "house agencies" were also once in vogue, until, as with one of the largest and most successful advertisers of today, the competitive disadvantages of being cut off from some of the most fertile sales brains became clear.

I have seen all this, in over fifty years as an advertiser and as the client of three different agencies; as an agency officer; and as a publisher. I am convinced, both by reason and experience, that in spite of the apparent paradox, when the agency gets its basic compensation as a flat percentage on volume, carried in the media owner's rate, all concerned thrive best; that the necessary costs of promoting, sustaining, and servicing total advertising volume are most equitably distributed; and that the total cost of advertising in terms of results is lowest.

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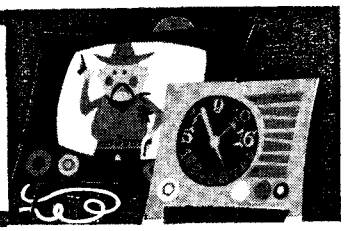
Audio/Video



The Pragmatic Mr. Salant

By Robert Lewis Shayon

THE BEST NEWS about Richard S. Salant, newly appointed president of CBS News, is that he has a personal stake in prime-time public affairs programming. He doesn't like staying up late in the evening; and when he had to watch a CBS News Special at 11:15 P.M. he found it difficult to stay awake. Many viewers share this aspect of humanity with Mr. Salant. If, under his guidance, CBS comes across with more prime-time information programs, early-to-bedders will yet bless him for this strong, pragmatic streak. It may well be the key to an appreciation of this forty-seven-year-old former corporation lawyer who is now a news chief without ever having done a professional hitch as a journalist in print or broadcasting. The qualifying adjective "professional" takes care of his stints as editor of the Exeter prep school newspaper and as an undergraduate member of the Board of Editors of the *Harvard Law Review*.

Richard Salant's pragmatism is evident even in the prologue to his career. In his student days he wrote an honors thesis on the subject of the moon's influence on the romantic poets. He elaborated on the moon as a touchstone of different romantic philosophies; but for the author the touchstone was the $500 prize he won for writing the essay. He needed a car (his first, a convertible) and he entered the competition to earn the money to buy it. Since then the paradox of poetry and practicality seems to have dogged his footsteps. He served in the Navy during World War II, beginning as an ensign and ending as a lieutenant commander. The atmosphere of verbal controversy in which he will probably work as CBS News President is familiar to Salant. Prior to his Navy experience he came out of Harvard as one of the bright, Justice Frankfurter lads, to share in the excitement of the early National Labor Relations Board.

The immunity he developed there to "attack from everybody" will no doubt serve him well in the time ahead. The adventure did not rob him of eyes that readily glint humor behind scholarly horn-rims, or of a very wide grin that explodes spontaneously during a rapid interaction of ideas. The realist behind the glint and the grin was nurtured in prewar service in the offices of the Attorney General and the Solicitor General. Salant's early experience with broadcasting was that of a radio fan. He "drove everyone at home crazy" by playing the radio while he did his homework. He anticipated his current defense of the industry in his collegiate days when he volunteered for an experiment in psychological medicine. Along with other student guinea pigs he proved that concentration is increased by a steady background noise at low level. His serious introduction to broadcasting began after the war when he became a partner in the Washington law firm of Rosenman, Goldmark, Colin and Kaye, counsel for CBS. He quickly learned the facts about color TV, spot rates, and comparative hearings for licenses.

His baptism in news broadcasting was a conspiracy with Ed Murrow to break Speaker Rayburn's gag on recordings in the House of Representatives. The idea was to attack the gag by violating the ruling and testing it in court. Murrow's role was to sneak a tape-recorder into the House news gallery and record a session. Salant finally advised Murrow to forget it: the prospects for jail, he concluded, looked too good.

From his hidden legal perch, the CBS News president has long pushed for more and better public affairs programming. As counsel for stations in parallel hearings he would urge his clients to promise more and deliver more in this department. Consistently, his approach was pragmatic. He appealed to the conscience of a client ("you won't sleep at night") and to his pocketbook ("you won't get or hold your license"). Salant is still loyal to his old clients, the network affiliates. He asserts that he has yet to find evidence that licensees do not live up to their promises in their public affairs performances. The argument is a myth, he argues.

Richard S. Salant—"has a personal stake in prime-time public affairs programming."

Eyebrows were raised up and down broadcasting row when Dr. Frank Stanton, CBS president, announced Salant's appointment. Marie Torré, of the *Herald Tribune*, phoned Salant and asked him what his qualifications were for the new job. "Not any better than those of your new publisher," he replied, "except that he has more money than I have." From the radio days of Paul White, CBS's first, impressive news director, all news chiefs at the network have had backgrounds in journalism. The break with tradition was news, even though the new appointee had served as chairman of the CBS News Executive Committee for a year, and as a member of the CBS Editorial Board for five years. Salant had joined CBS in 1952, as a vice president and general executive. Insiders were aware of an even sharper paradox in his appointment. Salant describes himself as the network's "vice president in charge of losing money." He led Columbia's legal battalion in the war with RCA-NBC over compatible color television—and lost. It was an expensive victory. "One hundred million dollars is a reasonable estimate," he says.

Characteristically philosophical, he counts it as another of his many lost causes. As editor of the *Exonian* in his prep school days, he campaigned for permission for the students to have radios in their rooms. Exeter boys still concentrate on their studies without a low level of steady background noise. "No problem I ever tackle," Salant reminisces with a smile, "ever gets solved." Nevertheless, he has been given his new job at a time when news and public affairs are moving up along the whole of the television front and when CBS is launching an offensive to regain its old leadership. In the coming test Salant's pragmatism will govern. He made a speech in 1958 at the Ohio Association of Broadcasters, in which he gave the impression that broadcasting's exclusive business was entertainment and the maintenance of mass circulation for advertisers. It was a wrong impression, he admits. He did not mean to say

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that entertainment and uplift are mutually exclusive. He just didn't want television to be a Mexican general who gets too far out in front of his men.

"First catch the rabbit before you make the rabbit stew," Salant argues. "Broadcasting is not solely in the uplift business: it needs its mass audiences to survive." But even the level of current entertainment is far too low, he asserts. He's not against Westerns—he merely wants better Westerns. In his own news division, Salant is shearing away sports. He thinks sports belongs someplace else in broadcasting but not in news and public affairs. He wants to make his division "lean and hard." Public relations may build corporate images, he believes, but not in broadcasting: "There the public will judge us by what we do." Fundamentally, he hews to the classic CBS line of "fairness and balance" in news and public affairs. This means the insistence on "objectivity" and a willingness to defend this abstraction as possible and meaningful. Salant is against the "personality cult" in contemporary news broadcasting, against newscasters who are "comedians" and who mix viewpoints with hard news. This is the anomaly of the historic CBS news philosophy. The network has traditionally espoused fairness, balance, and objectivity versus "editorializing"; nevertheless, CBS has made its maximum impact on the public imagination with its strong viewpointers—Elmer Davis, Ed Murrow, Eric Sevareid.

As for the last named, Salant thinks CBS has not been using Sevareid properly and hopes to change that. The future lies in a better blending of news and entertainment functions, he believes, and in a gradual "changing of the mix" as audiences become habituated to stronger fare in their viewing. A pragmatist to the last, Salant is determined not to let his new campaign cost him his "sacred" weekends with his five children. He accepted the job on that condition: he's taking no chances. The new CBS News president may not be a technician, but he seems to be a corporate egghead of awareness, purpose, and courage. He will need the good wishes and support of all who care about broadcasting and broadcast journalism. He will particularly need the receptive minds of the network affiliates. The finest blend of objectivity and bite can never make its full impact on the viewing public unless those individual station spigots are turned on where the cables and the microwaves meet the local communities. As one insider remarked about the new CBS News president: "They don't have to worry. He's not there to cover fires on the CBS network executive floors. He's out to do a job for broadcasting."

The Man Who Comes to Dinner

—U.P.I.

The President and First Lady arrive for dinner at the home of N.Y. Herald Tribune reporter Rowland Evans, Jr.

By ROBERT MANNING

WASHINGTON.

"REPORTING," the Brothers Alsop wrote in their book "The Reporter's Trade," "offers the sense of being *engagé* in the political process of one's own time." Nowhere is this truer than in Washington, and never has it been truer in Washington than in these early days of the Kennedy Administration.

Mr. Kennedy is seeing to it personally. Washington correspondents had worked in the context of a President who rarely if ever read their newspapers. The new President reads half a dozen papers each morning, and he has been known to give his reaction to a magazine story on publication day, which is speedy reaction indeed. What has most tickled the Washington press corps' ego (one of the larger Freudian land masses) has been Mr. Kennedy's dining-out propensity. Some of his best friends, it appears, are newspapermen. Several of his informal social outings have been to parties or dinners at the homes of correspondents. Columnist Alsop has hosted him twice—which, when account is taken of the demands on the President, is about as *engagé* as a reporter can expect to get. Some correspondents are finding it fairly simple to see the President personally for a few minutes, or even longer, in his busy White House office. At least one Washington bureau started subscribing to the Chattanooga *Times* because its Washington correspondent is one of the President's closest friends. (Up to now the new subscribers have been disappointed; although the correspondent still sees a great deal of the President, he does not spill confidences.)

Newspaper acquaintances of the former Congressman and Senator who is now President cannot be certain that he will not drop in to borrow a book or stay for a snack. Some of them may even find themselves pondering the prospect of being that king of beasts, the Washington social lion. This honor is generally accorded tycoons and their wives; possessors of large fortunes; or hostesses with an ample supply of whatever the mostest is. The prospect that *Newsweek* might become the new Gwen Cafritz or Pearl Mesta is probably not real enough to give *Time* its first-ever pangs of inferiority complex, but there are those around the National Press Club bar who enjoy contemplating it.

For all the pleasure it seems to give

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him, Mr. Kennedy of course is very much aware of the value for him in maintaining intimately good relations with correspondents. This town has long been almost as much a newspaperman's place as a politician's. There are more than 1,200 newspaper, magazine, TV, and radio correspondents on the accreditation rolls. An immense amount of the time, the resources, and the *hors d'oeuvres* of the Congress, the government, and the private interest organizations goes into the cultivation of them. Often in the past high officials, up to and including Presidents, have chosen individual newsmen as occasional poker-playing or golfing companions, as aides, and even as close confidants. Compared to newspapermen on the Continent, where most journalists are viewed as political agents, or to those in Britain, where everyone writes and a man who works *only* for newspapers therefore has low social status, Washington correspondents are peers of the realm. In private they hobnob with, and on TV they are inquisitors of, the might of Capitol Hill and the Cabinet. In press conferences they can even badger the President himself.

By what they report or neglect to report, they can collectively make or break policies or careers. Their power to do so intertwines with other lines of power, and these other conduits of power are often more dominant or more pertinent. The press power can therefore be perverted by its own limitations (as happened during the McCarthy era) or neutralized by these other powers (Franklin Roosevelt, for example, outflanked the editorial pages by capturing the front pages). The press in turn can profoundly affect the other channels of power; it deserves its self-given appellation, the Fourth Branch of Government.

A new Administration that proposes to jog a hesitant Congress, to change the tempo and the mood of a vast country, and to communicate a new clarity and new policies to the rest of the world cannot expect to approach its objectives without persistent wooing of the Fourth Branch. Accordingly, the cordial concern for the press does not by any means stop with the new President.

The goal of easy and open relations with correspondents seems to be a matter of deliberate style all the way through the top echelons of the new Administration. Perhaps a dozen Washington newsmen have been offered jobs, or have had dangled before them the possibilities of jobs, on the new team. And for one of the trickier diplomatic posts, that of Ambassador to Guinea, the President has further recognized the profession by appointing William Attwood, of *Look* and formerly of the *New York Herald Tribune;* while admittedly not a Washington correspondent, Attwood is a familiar of the Washington press corps. Some of the new Cabinet secretaries have allowed newsmen to follow them about and even sit in on private conversations and conferences as they assume their responsibilities, assemble staffs, and formulate policies. A lady magazine reporter seeking information on Bobby Kennedy was invited by the new Attorney General to join him and his family on a skiing weekend. A reasonably well-established correspondent finds that he can comfortably assemble not just the usual quota of Senators and sub-Secretaries but two or three Cabinet members for a dinner party or one of the Sunday brunches that are a widespread fixation in Washington. The other day Columnist Walter Lippmann collected so many men of the new White House staff under his roof that if Mr. Lippmann's furnace had exploded, the President would have had to assemble an entirely new department.

THIS free and talkative embrace of the press by the new Administration does not, of course, account for the enthusiasm verging on awe with which a seasoned and in part sophisticated press corps has generally embraced the Administration. It takes more fundamental facts, more substantial contrasts with the recent past to produce such near-reverence from a group that includes even those dour Dew Line sentinels David Lawrence and George Sokolsky. Indeed, the new government's reception by the press conveys about the recent past more—and conveys it more pungently—than many correspondents conveyed at the time, concerning their doubts and dismays over the Eisenhower Administration's conduct of great affairs. Some of Kennedy's actions would seem routine if viewed against anything but the lassitude that preceded them.

There is, I suppose, a certain amount of hazard for a newspaperman who becomes intimate with the personages whose deeds and whose motives he is appointed to assess with detachment. It is a good rule in journalism that, without the most stringent self-checks, familiarity breeds obligation. An unwary reporter can become so enamored of the distinction of high-level friendships, and so handcuffed by the obligation not to use what he is told in "confidence," that his usefulness as a reporter is crippled. An unscrupulous reporter can find himself deliberately protecting or misrepresenting one corner of government in return for the information with which to aerate others. A vain reporter may tend to confuse himself with the Delphic oracle—though it must be added that this is a disease that has persisted here with or without the vanity-fertilizing attentions of high officials. There is no doubt that above and beyond his natural pleasure in relations with newsmen, President Kennedy is bent on exploiting every resource and reflex of the communications world to promote his Administration and his policies. A smoothly realized policy of pleasant, personalized relations between high officials and newspapermen is as much a part of such exploitation as live TV press conferences and psychologically timed news breaks. To that extent, at least, Mr. Kennedy will be "using" his dinner hosts as much as they think they will be "using" him.

A sensible newsman realizes this just as readily as a good policeman, if a perhaps inept comparison is allowed, must realize that association with criminals is a tricky if necessary part of the game. The hazards are minor compared with the drawbacks of an opposite atmosphere, where communion between reporters and officials is confined too much to the calculated machinery of official press relations. This machinery has been devised in great part to inhibit and obscure; it is operated to make things easy for the newspaperman; it is attuned, like so much in this land of education for all, to the lowest common denominator. The desire to know people who make the policies, to hear the facts from their own lips, to hear how they talk, see how they play, and find out what their wives are like or how many martinis they need before dinner, and to be engaged in the evolution of their policies, is worth encouraging even at the risk of some considerable head-turning. At its least productive, the easy private relationship between a sound and mature reporter and a high government official is pleasing to the reportorial and to the official egos; as the headwaiter once said of a Chicago restaurant's specialty, flaming meat on a skewer: "The fire doesn't hurt the meat much and the customers love it." As it currently prevails, the wide-open-door policy is sharpening curiosities and producing anticipations of happy days of newsmining along the New Frontier. With it, of course, there prevails a certain amount of skepticism that the pleasant state of affairs can continue after the full weight of the load has settled on the shoulders of the new men and the inevitable occurrence of abused confidences or burned fingers begins to invoke gun-shyness. Until then, Washington correspondents are making the most of the mood.

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Interpretation of Interpretation

By LESTER MARKEL

THERE IS a great to-do these days in newspaper and TV circles about "interpretation"—a word that denotes (at least for me) an endeavor to define the significance of the news, to supply its background, to give meaning to the bare facts of events.

Arguments and counterarguments have been flung about. Some editors see in the process Great Promise; others, with a rating high in decibels if not in logic, discern in it Great Peril.

All this may strike the lay reader as a purely parochial dispute. Yet to my mind it is a paramount issue, one of grave import to every citizen, even to the functioning of democracy itself.

The problem of American public opinion is of paramount importance. If American public opinion is well informed, our course is likely to be a sound one. If it is uninformed or badly informed, our course may well be disastrous. And we must keep in mind always that the world looks to us for leadership.

Whether we have an informed opinion depends in large degree on the job done by the mass media in making understandable the great issues of the day, in clarifying the ever-increasing complexities of global events. Other agencies obviously play major roles in the opinion operation. The President, for example, through his messages, speeches and press conferences, can influence opinion. But the day-by-day, the grass-roots job, is one that must be done by the mass media, especially the newspaper.

What, then, what is the Great Debate about?

Before setting out the argument, it might be useful further to define that moot word "interpretation." There are, as I see it, three approaches in dealing with news; first, the basic facts; second, the interpretation of these facts; third, the comment on them. Thus:

What Mr. Khrushchev says about Mr. Kennedy is spot news.

Why Mr. Khrushchev says these things is interpretation.

Whether Mr. Khrushchev should have said these things and what we should do about him is opinion.

It is crucial that the difference between interpretation and opinion be fully recognized. Interpretation is an *objective* appraisal, based on background, knowledge of a situation, and analysis of the primary and related facts. Editorial opinion, on the other hand, is a *subjective* judgment; it is a definite taking of sides; it is likely to be exhortation; it is always an attempt to be a Solomon—even if it turns out to be a Sheba—pronouncement.

This difference is vital and it cannot have too much emphasis; opinion must be held, almost religiously, to the editorial page; interpretation is an essential part of the news.

Those who oppose interpretation in the sense in which I have defined it do so on three main counts:

First, they contend that the job of the newspaper is to confine itself to "factual reporting"; that some "background" is admissible but that it shall be only a statement of "what has gone before" and not at all an effort to supply meaning and to consider what is likely to come next. Thus a difference is made between what these critics call "reporting in depth" and "interpretation," and the latter is passionately denounced.

Second, they assert that "interpretation" leads inevitably to editorializing. This is condemned as a reversion to old-time journalism, the journalism of the saffron days of the Pulitzers and the Hearsts when there was "personal bias in the reporting of the news."

Third, they hold that the job is too tough and too dangerous. "You get into trouble, for there are many meanings." And "to know the truth when there are many opinions is an attribute of the gods, not ordinarily given to man." And there is peril that "interpretation may lose the confidence of the reader."

Those, like myself, who have been crusading for more interpretation offer three arguments in rebuttal to the three counts set out above.

The first count—that interpretation is a sinful assault on "factual reporting"—I consider a huge illusion. These critics seem to believe that the presentation of the "facts" is a simple and obvious process. I hold that it is not; I ask: what facts?

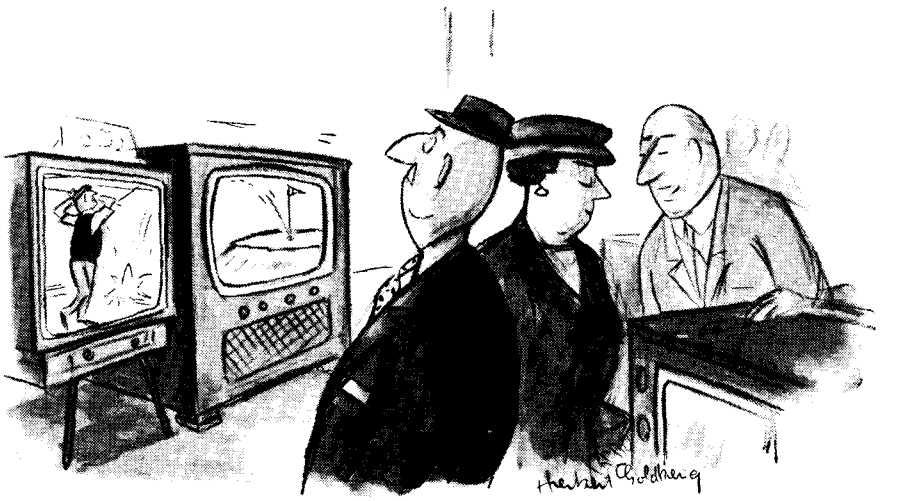
The reporter, the most objective of reporters, collects fifty facts. Out of the fifty he selects twelve to include in his story (there is such a thing as space limitation). Thus he discards thirty-eight. This is Judgment Number One.

Then the reporter or his editor decides which of the facts shall be the first paragraph of the story, thus emphasizing one fact above the other eleven. This is Judgment Number Two.

Then the editor decides whether the story shall be placed on page one or page twelve; on page one it will command many times the attention it would on page twelve. This is Judgment Number Three.

This so-called factual presentation is thus subjected to three judgments, all of them most humanly and most ungodly made. So I inquire: What has happened to this much-acclaimed "objectivity" which the critics blazon before us interpreters?

The second count in the indictment—that you cannot interpret without falling into the morass of editorializing—I consider another illusion. Because, as I have indicated above, interpretation is an *objective* judgment, whereas opinion is a *subjective* one; and so-called factual reporting requires as



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much selection as does "interpretation," both involving judgments and editorial processes for which no simple rules and regulations can be set.

I believe in objectivity as far as it is humanly possible. Even if we can never attain it wholly, we should cherish it as an ideal. But I contend that objectivity is not the fundamental issue in this debate.

The definition of "reporting in depth" as the presentation of the spot facts plus a recounting of some of the antecedent facts, I do not accept. This may be reporting in width—that is, two-dimensional rather than one-dimensional presentation—but the third and all-important dimension is missing: genuine interpretation.

The third count in the indictment—that interpretation is tough and dangerous—I also reject, even though part of my case is necessarily personal.

As for the toughness of the job, it is being done every day by the best and the most admired reporters. (I am not speaking here of columnists. These are an entirely different breed of bird and their proper nest is on the editorial page where they can find the limbs on which they love to go out.) I concede that too many reporters, under the guise of interpretation, have been dishing up opinion instead of background and have thereby provided horrible examples with which the "factual" boys have been able to lambaste the cause of interpretation. But these transgressions do not negate the true facts.

In further refutation I point immodestly to the "News of the Week in Review" section of the *New York Times*, where for some twenty-five years we have been doing a job of explanation without opinion, of interpretation without slant. I do not think we have any special tricks or fancy formulas. We apply our best editorial sense, trying to make the appraisal as stone-cold (but graphic) as any warm-blooded animal can achieve. Therefore I am convinced from personal experience that the job can be done effectively.

As for possible dangers, sure they exist—just as they exist in "factual reporting." But are we to surrender to them? Are we to leave interpretation and illumination to harried news weeklies or hurried television? To the "Britannicas" or to the Winchells?

No, the job of explanation is primarily ours. And the reader should insist that we fulfill that assignment, that we do our best to inform all the people some of the time and at least some of the people all of the time, so that no one will be able to fool all of the people all of the time.

Textbooks

Continued from page 81

justify a first printing in high figures, thus lowering unit costs. No matter what assortment of devices a publisher might use, he could never bring the price of a hardcover book down to the paperback level; his editorial, production, and distribution costs would be too great.

But why don't publishers bring out everything in paperback, the way they do in Europe? Every publisher has listened to that question, mostly from the plaintive lips of people who have just been abroad. Aside from this erroneous conception of European publishing, American taste does not yet accept the paperbacks as completely as Europeans do, and this is particularly true in textbook publishing, where there are further practical reasons. School boards want durable bindings on the books they buy so that they will get the longest possible use from them. Kids are hard on books. Schoolbooks seldom survive more than three or four years; paperbacks would scarcely last one year. Besides, the average price of elementary texts approximates the cost of high-priced paperbacks.

THE BIG thing in colleges is the steadily increasing use of paperbacks as supplementary reading. A high percentage of publishers have various paperback lines that they are pushing in that direction, and some estimates of future sales in the field make heady, if confidential, reading, since the competition is keen and getting keener.

This use of paperbacks is part of the revolution in teaching itself, which in our time has given the teacher a whole battery of aids by which he instructs: audiovisual devices, including educational television; on-the-spot tours; lectures by himself and others—and supplemental paperback reading. In this armament, the hardcover text usually remains the solid base upon which everything else rests. But the teacher is no longer simply an explainer of a text; students now *learn* instead of being *taught*.

The bulk of paperback sales to colleges is concentrated in the so-called "quality" paperbacks, distributed in 3,000 college bookstores and 1,500 retail bookstores, at prices approximating two-thirds of the hardcover level. These include both reprinted classics and original editions, and must be differentiated from the mass market reprint fiction and nonfiction which is distributed through more than 100,000 other outlets.

Paperbacks do much better at the college level partly because the mechanism of buying is different. The professor assigns them as collateral reading, or possibly as a text in some instances, and the college bookstore or nearby retail stores handle the sales. But in the high school and elementary fields, the buying patterns of school boards and administrators are much more rigid. Twenty states, for example, provide books for students through state contracts. These states, through the National Association of State Textbook Directors, have drawn up official minimum manufacturing standards and specifications for textbooks which are rigid and exacting. They make no provision for paperbacks; indeed, some states do not permit the acquisition of paperbacks at all.

Often simple human ignorance blocks paperback sales to school boards. To many board members the word "paperback" conjures up visions of lurid covers, police and church censors, and the kind of cheap publishing that reputable paperback entrepreneurs have had so much trouble in counteracting. These members would not give house room, much less school room, to paperbacks. It is significant that the rapid rise in school library sales—which have doubled in the last half-dozen years—is overwhelmingly in hardback, rather than paperback, books.

If there is one thing the buyers of textbooks all have in common, however, no matter on what educational level they operate, it is the desire to get good, durable books at the lowest possible figure. This is where the dichotomy between hardcovers and paperbacks may disappear. Book manufacturing technology is expected eventually to produce a plastic cover material that will be far superior in wearing quality to the boards now being used, and substantially cheaper.

THE best prediction of things to come, therefore, is that the sale of hardcover books will remain relatively constant through the present generation; that paperbacks will continue to rise in use, especially in the colleges; but that, sometime in the next twenty years, both hardcover and paperback publishing as we know it now will disappear and be replaced by the new plastic-covered editions, selling in a price range somewhere between the present quality paperback and hardcover textbook.

Publishing is often described in the trade as the largest continuous crap game in the world. Knowing the truth of this axiom, most publishers involved with the paperback revolution are covering all bets.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Turandot" Triumphant—Price's Aïda—Sutherland

THE SIMPLE summation of the first performance at the Metropolitan in thirty years of Puccini's last and greatest score is that this "Turandot" is fulfilling all the expectations aroused by the conjunction of Cecil Beaton as designer, Yoshio Aoyama as producer, and Leopold Stokowski as music director of a cast headed by Birgit Nilsson, Franco Corelli, and Anna Moffo. Given the presence of qualified personnel, it is likely to go on fulfilling them for years to come as one of the proudest accomplishments of Rudolf Bing's direction. It proves that there is nothing in the least the matter with "star" opera if all the stars are of the first, and equal, magnitude

Here is a sample of international opera—which the Metropolitan, at its best, has always represented—in which East and West, North and South were joined in an effort always coordinate and compatible. Beaton's beautifully imaginative, superbly colorful visual conception—ranging from the blue of the skies through a subtle scale of incidental tints to the deep orange of Turandot's regal robes — sounded the same note of International Exotic as Stokowski's sonorous production of Puccini's score. The architectural plan did not exploit the full height of the Metropolitan's proscenium (doubtless to suit practicalities of touring), but it substituted curving depth (in Act II) and a fine homogeneity of detail (in Act I) to establish a high sense of imperial grandeur.

Complementing both was a wholly Oriental scheme of stage production evolved by Japan's Aoyama (well remembered for his memorable "Butterfly") and carried out from his detailed "plot" by the Met's Nathaniel Merrill when its deviser was suddenly hospitalized. Some traditionalists better versed in "Turandot" than most of the cheering audience (and the undersigned) took exception to the dancelike actions of Ping, Pang, and Pong and their subordinates, but it was all so manifestly in style as to be self-justifying.

As for Stokowski (the musical savior of a situation jeopardized by Dimitri Mitropoulos's death last fall), this was more than the crown of his long musical career in New York—it was the corona corona. Because of a back injury sustained some weeks ago, he was barely able to reach the conductor's desk on crutches—a slow trek made to a rising clamor of applause and bravos—but, once in place, he was all authority and impulse, dominating the scene with the assurance that comes from complete command. On some occasions it has seemed that Stokowski aspired to turn the concert hall into a theatre; he finally achieved his objective, in reverse, by turning the theatre into a concert hall.

Among the various contests embodied in "Turandot" not the least sanguine is the one between orchestra and singers, an outcome—in this view—of Puccini's impulse to depict the inaccessible, the remote, the unattainable, even at the cost of the humans involved. Thanks to the power of Nilsson and Corelli it was, for once, pitched on even terms, in which no quarter was asked or given. But it should be emphasized that the sonorities Stokowski achieved, whether ear-pounding or gossamer, were always sonorities, not noise, which supported and blended with the strong voices at his command rather than opposing them. Thus there was aural drama in Nilsson's deployment of her jetlike sound to cope with the inhumane range and power Puccini demands of Turandot. The evening was a memorable theatrical experience before she sang a note of "In questa Reggia" (her entrance aria of Act II). It became a historic one, musically, through the pulsing splendor of vocalism sustained without flaw to the final ringing climax of Act III, when dawn broke on the scene and on her emotional life.

ABOUT ten pages (in the orchestral score, 428-437) of the final duet worked out from Puccini's sketches by Franco Alfano were omitted in the performance. I can't say I missed them, especially as the level of this whole episode is sub-Puccini. In the perspective of a production with as many values as this one, the emotional emphasis clearly falls elsewhere: on the moment when the slave girl Liù daggers herself to death rather than reveal the name of the Prince she loves. It is the key that unlocks Turandot's awareness of her inferiority, Princess though she is, to the womanly superiority of the slave. In Anna Moffo, Liù had an interpreter of equal, if opposite, qualifications to Nilsson's Turandot, a figure of humility and tenderness whose vocal freshness and artistic response to Stokowski's shaping influence provided a touching balance to the Princess of "fire and ice."

No balance can function without a pivot, and this "Turandot's" was exactly where it should have been—on the broad shoulders and strong voice of Corelli as Calaf. How he might perform under a less resolute *maestro* than Stokowski may be proven soon enough; but this time his prodigious power was all at the service of the score, even when he turned his back on the Princess he desires at the risk of death to woo the audience he reveres at the cost of life. It is the nature of his endowment that the least suggestive singing he did was in the lovely "Nessun dorma" of Act III, but such power, mated to so fine a figure and handsome a face, made his service to the general good more consequential than some moments, here and there, of special pleading.

The meticulous concern for detail that makes an ensemble out of individual efforts extended to a well-sung, affectingly acted Timur by Bonaldo Giaiotti, a skilfully matched trio of councillors (Frank Guarrera, Robert Nagy, and Charles Anthony, whose Ping-Pang-Pong scene in Act II was abbreviated as at the La Scala premiere), a well-spoken Mandarin by Calvin Marsh, and adroit use of ballet personnel (well directed by Mattlyn Gavers) as executioners, the ghosts of departed suitors, female attendants, etc. Alessio De Paolis excelled himself as the venerable Emperor, not merely in his croaky simulation of vocal age, but in the crinkly smile of satisfaction that creased his ancient skin when the rule of riddles was ended and a new future for the Empire became possible. This makeup was typical of a phenomenal unity of facial angles and shapes imparted to the numerous performers under Beaton's direction, including the choristers so well trained by Kurt Adler.

In the retrospect of such a fusing experience as this, one more paradox may be added to its built-in ones of life and death, hope and despair, love and hate: why, if the Metropolitan can produce such a triumphant example of musical theatre, must it settle too often for less? The answer, obviously, relates to such a patron as John S. Newberry, who provided a small fortune well spent; and, let us hope, to the resources of Lincoln Center, where such achievements could be the norm rather than the exception.

THERE was more cheer for the future of the Metropolitan in Leontyne Price's first Aïda, vocally fervent, dramatically vital. In a part that develops in a long arch from feigned humility to self-elected entombment, Miss Price put her strongest effort just where it should be, in the Nile scene's "O cieli azzurri." Its subtly shaded fine points, artistically contrasted with a ringing dramatic

(*Continued on page* 97)

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

DANCE MUSIC IN THE FIFTIES

By Robert Farris Thompson

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD began the tradition of labeling decades by dance music when he called the Twenties the Jazz Age. Fitzgerald was being more intuitive than musicological but the term fit. Jazz was indeed the dance music of flappers and philosophers. But what of the Fifties? Can we determine its specific symbol? For the popular music of that decade was as baffling as it was vast. Even in the days when Zelda Fitzgerald was shouting "My hips are going wild!"—presumably to the rhythm of jazz or near-jazz—there were a few rival musics. The tango, for example. But the Fifties were much more competitive. Glancing quickly at the leading contenders we find rock-and-roll (c. 1955-59), mambo (the entire decade), hillbilly (the entire decade), cha-cha-chá (1953-59), merengue (1954-59), rhythm-and-blues (the entire decade), and calypso (1956-57).

Competition for the title of "Dance Music of the Fifties" has resembled a steeplechase, a sort of musicological Grand National, with calypso the dark horse and heavy betting on rock-and-roll. Therefore, it seemed appropriate to arrange the race according to precedents established by the Jazz Age. These were the principal barriers:

1. Evidence of a fresh musical language.
2. Evidence of an accompanying choreography, improvised and exciting.
3. Proof of a world impact.
4. Unusual quality.

At least five entries tackled this course, but by December, 1959, two alone remained.

Hillbilly's performance, for example, was brave but ill-fated. Hillbilly or country music, a nasal *ain't*-flavored style of singing that added zest to the radios of the rural night, traced ultimately back to the ballads of Elizabethan England. It established an urban impact during the Fifties, prompting Jacques Barzun to dub the genre "citybilly music." The downfall of this delightful quasi-rural music came toward the end of the race. As the musical mascot of the American G.I., hillbilly traveled the world and took root in West Germany where *hillbilly Gasthäuser* were legion. In Japan hillbilly and rockabilly singers were the sensation of adolescent Osaka, Kobe, and Tokyo despite the hazards of transliterating the non-Japanese "l" into "r." Thus "Love Me Tender" as sung at Tokyo's Kyoritsu Theatre became "Rub Me Tender." But hillbilly had not fathered a cycle of dances, as had jazz in the Twenties, swing in the Thirties.

—*Jack Mitchell.*

Palladium Ballroom, home of the "interaction of minorities."

With hillbilly eliminated, eyes search out a dark horse. But calypso dropped out early in the race. The calypso craze (roughly September, 1956, through August, 1957) was altogether too brief to qualify.

Merengue was a stronger challenger than calypso because it enjoyed the practical support of New York's teeming Puerto Rican population. Via the Puerto Ricans, merengue (actually the national dance of the Dominican Republic) diffused into the USA at large and Arthur Murray was soon busy teaching non-Latin Americans how to cope with its gimpy style. But merengue was a nearly 100-year-old form and thus could not fairly be assigned to any one decade.

With the elimination of merengue only rock-and-roll and Afro-Cuban remained. The two genres took the first obstacle with equal aplomb. Both were essentially new dance musics, native to the Fifties, both came from blooded stock.

ROCK-AND-ROLL, of course, stemmed from the rural blues of Afro-American music. Jazz historian Marshall Stearns has signalized blues singers Blind Lemon Jefferson, Leadbelly, Sonny Terry, Blind Willie Johnson, and Big Bill Broonzy as marking the transition from rural and urban blues to what he calls "proto-rock-and-roll." In the Twenties and Thirties blues shouted over a roaring rhythm base sold widely in Negro neighborhoods under the rubric of "Race Records." Trade papers in 1952 started—under pressure—to call the form "rhythm-and-blues" and finally around 1955 the name changed to rock-and-roll.

What made rock-and-roll a new music? The answer lay in its blending process. With the rise of Elvis Presley in the winter of 1955-56, country music, gospel singing, and Tin Pan Alley merged for the first time with rhythm-

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and-blues. Overlapping call-and-response singing, triplets, fast boogie-woogie patterns, honking tenor saxophones, self-consciously sexy lyrics, and exaggerated afterbeats coalesced in a thousand recording sessions and for better or worse a devastating new sound was born.

Mambo, musically the most interesting form of the Afro-Cuban music of the Fifties, like rock-and-roll traced back to folk antecedents. The Twenties were the golden age of *son*, a rural music from the east of Cuba that channeled African percussion and a simple rondo form into Havana in 1916. Musicians on *tres* guitars adorned the execution of their *sones* with fiercely swinging staccato phrasing that was passed down from musician to musician, from instrument to instrument, to turn up finally in the bass and piano improvisations of Antonio Arcaño's band. In 1940 Arcaño dominated the Cuban dance band world. Hot *son*-tempered variants spanned the Forties, from the flute of Arcaño to the trumpet of Arsenio Rodríguez's "devil music" to the saxophones of Pérez Prado. By 1945 the trend was called "mambo," a word borrowed from Afro-Cuban cult vocabularies.

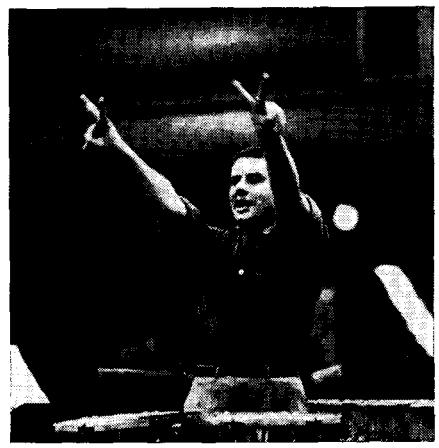
The most exciting development of the mambo took place in the Fifties. Pérez Prado popularized the rhythm on a heroic scale in Mexico City (1950-53) with an orchestral mambo that crossed the brass of progressive jazz with staccato mambo riffing on sax. The jazzy Prado mambo demanded—and got—dance-floor pyrotechnics. Meanwhile, in New York City, Tito Puente, Machito, Tito Rodríguez and other "Latin" bandleaders worked out concise, well-integrated blends of swing, bop, sweet music, and mambo. In the process a new United States music emerged, a fusion of Havana and Spanish Harlem, as native to the Fifties as Cinemascope.

Cha-cha-chá was "born" in Havana around 1948 when an ambitious young composer named Enrique Jorrín streamlined the structure of the *danzón*, a warhorse among Cuban dances, leaving only its sixteen-bar introduction and adding a highly palatable alternation of flute passages and unison vocals. The cha-cha-chá sped north to New York in early 1954 where its flutes, *güiro* (gourd percussion instrument), and lack of syncopation were eventually absorbed within a mambo framework.

HOW do they fare on the second lap of the competition? Both stimulated the creation of fresh choreography. Around 1953, according to dance historian Art Silva, a new dance popped up among West Coast teen-agers: the Bop. The Bop bore a fascinating resemblance to both the Charleston and the Trinidadian King Sailor and found the inspiration for its extroverted movement in the heavy off-beats of rock-and-roll. The Bop became the rock-and-roll dance par excellence (having nothing to do with the jazz music of the same name). During the period 1955-57 a peak in Bop dancing was achieved in Dallas. Rock-and-roll blared incessantly in Dallas nightclubs—The 3 to 12 (now closed), Louanne's, the It'll Do—where young collegiates improvised the Rabelaisian choreography of the Texas Bop (banned, they say, in Memphis). Uproarious dance cycles surfaced, to the delight of the young and the horror of the old, and doubtless the most infamous was "The Freeze," which seemingly pantomimed an out-of-control pneumatic drill.

Negro New York fashioned rock-and-roll choreography of its own. The Fish was a sensuous animal dance and the Slop circulated the parties of young Harlem. Girls performing the Slop pulled their skirts up to knee level and switched their posteriors to and fro.

A head-on collision of a variety of dance traditions Cuban, Puerto Rican, and United States Negro sired the American mambo. For the first time in United States history people were gyrating to the beat of a genuine international hybrid. The blending process was not so much caused by the great Puerto Rican influx of 1945-60 as intensified by it. Actually, the mixing had started at least a year before the migration began, a double synthesis, in Spanish Harlem and on the island proper. Bilingual New York Puerto Ricans (Pedro Aguilar, Joe Vega, Tommy Díaz), either born in the city or taken there at an early age, merged jazz dance and Afro-Cuban traditions, which they knew with equal intimacy. Thus, while Tito Puente (himself New York born) scored swing-influenced saxes over hot Afro-Cuban *guajeos* on piano and bass, Aguilar and Vega cross-fertilized mambo with tap, Lindy, Charleston, and shimmy. They had learned their jazz dancing, for the most part, at the Harlem Savoy. Meanwhile in Puerto Rico, whose Constitution duly notes as a "determining factor in life" the coexistence of the "two great cultures of the American Hemisphere," a handful of youngsters led by Andy Vásquez embraced American motion picture precision dancing (à la Fred Astaire and Gower Champion) at the same time that they immersed themselves in the bodily quicksilver of Afro-Cuban. When Vásquez and his peers joined the great migration north and arrived at the Palladium Ballroom on Broadway, the two coeval Puerto Rican trends—jazz dance plus Afro-Cuban in New York and motion picture precision plus Afro-Cuban on the islands—came together under one roof. Cultural ferment was inevitable.



Tito Puente — "scored swing-influenced saxes over hot Afro-Cuban *guajeos*."

Near the end of the Fifties rock-and-roll stumbled and almost fell. It was not that rock-and-roll had not established a world impact. In Communist East Germany, in fact, The Big Beat was so popular among teenagers that the Ministry of Culture felt constrained to counterattack with an ersatz proletarian dance called the Lipsi. In West Germany, Britain, and Japan the patterns of rock-and-roll activity were identical: teen-age singers, teen-age dancers, teen-age record consumers. For the first time in history most of the globe was presented with a sharply age-graded set of songs. But this was the fact which seemed to jeopardize rock-and-roll's pretensions to the musical leadership of the Fifties. For the Jazz Age was based on a market including but not largely restricted to adolescents. Only when rock-and-roll was sung by artists of the stature of Joe Turner, Ray Charles, La Vern Baker, or Ruth Brown did its market widen and include collectors past the age of discretion. Mature Negro vocalists kept rock-and-roll in the running.

There was nothing age-graded about the international conquest of mambo and cha-cha-chá. From the "night-long mambo party" of Britain's Princess Alexandra to the coffeehouses of Tokyo where intellectuals dissected the latest cha-cha-chá of Naoteru Misago, young and old participated in the Afro-Cuban scene. In Bogotá, Columbia, an avant-garde writer styled his works *mambo-letras*, while in the USA the marvel of the Catskills were the cha-chaing grandparents. By 1959 Afro-Cuban had even invaded the adolescent heartland of rock-and-roll and teen-agers began to cha-cha on Dick Clark's American Band-

(*Continued on page 97*)

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Guide to European Music Festivals-1961

DATE	LOCATION	TITLE	DETAILS	INFORMATION & TICKETS
May 1- May 22	Wiesbaden, Germany	International May Festival	OPERA: Belgrade State Opera, Teatro Massimo, Palermo BALLET; DRAMA.	State Theatre, Wiesbaden, Tel. 2 24 21
May 4- June 30	Florence, Italy	May Music Festival	OPERA: "Il Mercante di Venezia" (Castelnuovo-Tedesco—world première), "Assassinio nella cattedrale" (Pizetti), "Don Carlo," "Attila" (Verdi), "Lohengrin" (Wagner), "Arabella" (Strauss).	Teatro Communale, 16 Corso Italia, Tel. 29 61 11
May 5- May 20	Bordeaux, France	Festival of Music	OPERA; CONCERTS: Bordeaux Philharmonic, Radiodiffusion-Télévision Orchestre, etc. CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; DRAMA: Comédie Française; ART EXHIBITS.	Commissariat du Festival, 252 Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris 8. Tel. WAG 9728
May 12- June 4	Prague, Czechoslovakia	International Music Festival "Prague Spring"	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET. Fischer-Dieskau, Schwarzkopf, Oistrakh, Primrose, Lympany et al. Czech Philharmonic, Moscow State Symphony, etc.	"Prague Spring," House of Artists, Alesovo Nabrezi 12, Prague 1. Tel. 635-82
May 17- May 31	Copenhagen, Denmark	Royal Danish Ballet and Music Festival	OPERA; CONCERTS; BALLET: Royal Danish Ballet.	National Travel Association, 5-7 Banegaardspladsen, Copenhagen.
May 23- August 20	Glyndebourne, Great Britain	Glyndebourne Festival Opera	Henze: "Elegy for Young Lovers."	Glyndebourne Box Office, London, or Lewes, Sussex
May 25- June 11	Bergen, Norway	International Grieg Festival	Leningrad Symphony, Radiodiffusion-Télévision Orchestre Arrau, Johannesen, Riefling.	Festspillene Borstbygningen, Bergen
May 27- June 25	Vienna, Austria	Vienna Festival Weeks	OPERA; CONCERTS: Wiener Philharmoniker, Orchestre Lamoureux, London Symphony Orchestra, Moscow Symphony	Österreichisches Verkehrsbüro, Friedrichstr. 7, Vienna. Tel. 57 23 15 or 57 36 72
May- June	Venice, Italy	Spring Opera Season	Opera at La Fenice	Biglietteria, Teatro La Fenice, Venice
End of May- June	Zürich, Switzerland	Zürich June Festival	OPERA (including Martinu's "Greek Passion"); CONCERTS; BALLET; ART EXHIBITS; DRAMA.	Tourist Office, Hauptbahnhof, Postfach Zürich 23.
End of May- June	Lausanne, Switzerland	International Festival	OPERA; BALLET.	Lausanne Tourist Office 7 Benjamin-Constant
June 1- June 10	Bath, Great Britain	Bath Festival		Festival Office Abbey Church Yard. Tel. Bath 61 500
June 4- June 16	Stockholm, Sweden	Stockholm Festival	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET.	Stockholm Festival, Klara V. Kyrkogata 3A, Stockholm. Tel. 23 30 70
June 6- June 12	Helsinki, Finland	Sibelius Festival	CONCERTS: Sibelius Cycle, Violin Concerto; Leningrad Philharmonic, C. Arrau, Ruggiero Ricci.	Sibelius Festival Foundation, Taivaskalliontie 17, Helsinki
Early June- Mid-July	Spoleto, Italy	Festival of the Two Worlds	"Vanessa" (Barber), "Salome" (Strauss).	Festival dei Due Mondi, Spoleto, Italy.
June 10- June 25	Aldeburgh, Great Britain	Festival of Music and the Arts	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; EXHIBITIONS.	Secretary Festival Office, Aldeburgh, Suffolk
June 11- June 18	Dublin, Ireland	Dublin Festival of Music and the Arts	Berlioz "Requiem"; CHAMBER MUSIC; ORGAN RECITALS.	Metropole Building, O'Connell St., Dublin
June 15- July 15	The Hague, Amsterdam, Scheveningen, The Netherlands	Holland Festival	OPERA: "Le Nozze di Figaro" (Mozart), "Ali Baba" (Cherubini), "L'Elisir d'Amore" (Donizetti); CONCERTS: Hague Residentie Orchestra, Concertgebouw Orchestra.	*Amsterdam:* Honthorstraat 10, Tel. 72 33 20 *The Hague:* Tel. 55 87 00
June 16- June 27	Strasbourg, France	International Music Festival	CONCERTS: Premières of modern music; OPERA; ORATORIOS; Berlin Philharmoniker. Radiodiffusion-Télévision Orchestre, etc. Francescatti, de los Angeles, etc.	Festival de Strasbourg, 24 Rue de la Mésange, Tel. 32 43 10

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Dance Music

Continued from page 93

stand. Afro-Cuban, like modern jazz, bridged the generations everywhere.

Rock-and-roll fails at the final hurdle. No one could deny the skill and charm of Elvis Presley or the taste and economy of Joe Turner. But the best of the rock-and-rollers seemed powerless before the triumphant vulgarity of the genre at large. Songwriters who manipulated their clients cynically with classroom corn, disc jockey whose promotion of recordings was based on fraud and bribery, and shirtless musicians performing while prone were all too typical of the forces which seriously impaired the quality of rock-and-roll. On the other hand, as thoughtful a jazz critic as Nat Hentoff could find in rock-and-roll an "answer to the psychological needs of a disturbed generation and not a conspiracy of payola." What rock-and-roll lacked in quality it furnished in extroversion.

Even in their lighter moments Afro-Cuban musicians were light-years in advance of the rock-and-rollers. The

potent polyphony of the early Pérez Prado, the prepossessing vibraharp of Tito Puente, the vocal expertise of Tito Rodríguez, the songs of allusion of Machito or Justi Barreto were facets of an urban form of the highest significance. Perhaps the most vigorous affirmation of the musical superiority of Afro-Cuban, with the respect to mambo, came from a University of Chicago sociologist, Philip Ennis:

> The problem of quality cannot be blinked; rock-and-roll is at the bottom of American music, the commercial sludge which lubricates the system enough to allow some musicians to play and record better stuff. Mambo is high octane and some of its vapors infuse the highest jazz forms.

Brought to our shores by the Puerto Ricans, complementing a global epoch as the first large-scale merger of North-American song and dance with the melodic rhythms of Latin America, penetrating our culture deeply, Afro-Cuban over the past decade became part of the American way of life. Mambo and cha-cha-chá *were* the dance music of the Fifties.

Certain elements, perhaps nationalist, perhaps *retardataire*, will doubtless resist the inclusion of Afro-Cuban as a native idiom on the grounds that it does not reflect our culture as did jazz or swing, Charleston or Lindy. But since the Puerto Ricans and naturalized Cuban-Americans (American citizens all) were responsible for the bulk of the mambo blending in New York and on Puerto Rico proper (at all times on American soil), strongly seconded by American Italians, Jews, and Negroes, and since the mortar of their mixtures was pure Americana—swing, bop, Lindy, and tap—it seems reasonable to characterize their work as an *American* hybrid, borrowing from Cuba many traits but elaborated into final form in our largest city. If the American Negro gave us jazz, our newest minority, the American *latino*, gave us mambo and cha-cha-chá. At the Palladium (and elsewhere) during the Fifties Joe Vega mamboed with two religious medallions jangling together inside his shirt—one Jewish (a gift from his favorite partner), the other Roman Catholic. It was a splendid symbol of the interaction of minorities at the heart of the mambo world.

Music

Continued from page 91

climax, brought her the longest, most unified response a singer has had from a Metropolitan audience since Nilsson's first Isolde.

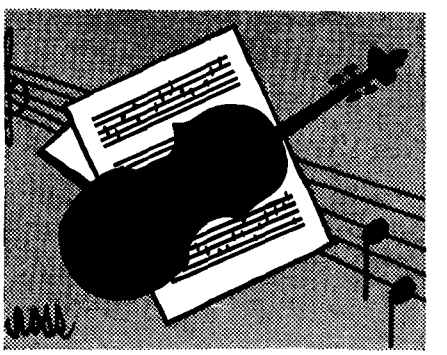
One can sing Verdi very well, and still not be the vivid kind of Aïda Miss Price conveyed. A truly regal African apparition, Miss Price's identity with the role is decidedly more than skin-deep. It is, as yet, not as well articulated dramatically as it is musically, especially in the early scenes where her servitude is conveyed by stagey, rather makeshift gestures. But she sustained a consistently high score in such matters as even texture of sound, dynamic contrasts, and thoughtful phrasing. Beautiful soft tones as well as the power to override the ensemble of the triumphal scene are the marks of a fine Aïda, and Miss Price has both at her disposal. Now and then she finished off a phrase with a rather awkward explosion of sound on a final note, or the rough-sounding, gaspy accent called a "glottis stroke." She has much too much in her favor to perpetuate such crudities.

Crudities were rather too abundant otherwise with her associates, always excepting the unexceptionable Giorgio Tozzi as Ramfis. Eugenio Fernandi should not be trying to sing Radames at the Metropolitan, but he is young and may learn. But Robert Merrill's posturing and pumping for sound hardly become so experienced a performer. Irene Dalis was the Amneris. Conductor Nino Verchi kept order but did not exert leadership.

Superior vocalism of another sort was heard from Joan Sutherland at her New York debut before a crowded Town Hall attendance in the all but forgotten "Beatrice di Tenda" of Bellini. Her tantalizing velocity, the oily agility with which she skated her surpassingly flexible soprano voice up, down, and around the curving melodic lines were ample cause for wonder, sometimes delight. But as the evening progressed, one tended to think of little Peterkin's question, "But what good came of it at last?" and Southey's answer, "But 'twas a famous victory."

"Beatrice di Tenda" is a B production among Bellini's better efforts, lacking the vocal elevation of "Casta diva" in "Norma" or the depth of the mad scene in "Il Pirata." It has a good deal of mournful music relieved largely by vocal embellishments in the part of Beatrice, as she lives out her unhappy existence as the aging wife of Filippo, who does not love her but Agnese, who in turn does not love him but Orombello who, in his turn, loves the inaccessible Beatrice.

Whether the real virtuosity of Miss Sutherland's vocal development also includes a capacity for characterization was left unanswered in this role (she was, understandably, a somewhat subdued figure throughout, for she decided to perform though her mother had died a few days before in London). Beneath the overlay of agility there remains the lyric-dramatic power admired in her Vancouver "Don Giovanni" (Donna Anna) several years ago, which should fit her for many exciting projects. Her associates in this one, energetically conducted by Nicola Rescigno, included Enzo Sordello, a rather gruff Filippo, Marilyn Horne, a promising soprano, as Agnese, and Richard Cassilly, whose charge at the high-lying tenor music of Orombello was valiant if only partially on target. —Irving Kolodin.



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Editorial

Continued from page 36

profit ventures. Yet should any country or region ignore its cultural roots in the rush for modernity? The Polynesian culture of Hawaii was disappearing until it was saved to enrich the life of the islands as well as delight tourists. The pity of New Zealand is that the colorful Maori civilization has all but vanished because there has apparently not been enough tourist traffic to encourage its protection. This is an even greater loss for New Zealand than for the foreign visitor. Spaniards do play fotball (and not surreptitiously either), but it is also true that the bullfight is authentically Spanish and not a bloody charade put on to titillate Anglo-Saxon visitors. Genuine mountain folk-art flourishes in various U.S. regions because a tourist market that scorns prefabbed ersatz imitations has been created for it. Much of our own American Indian culture has been preserved through festivals planned for tourists.

Nor can the economic factor in tourism be demeaned. For many countries, large and small, it has provided sinews for a distressed national economy, created employment, generated tax revenues for essential public services, and produced the monetary reserves for imports necessary to a nation's welfare.

What the critics, officials, and entrepreneurs of tourism often seem to overlook is that travel is a significant human activity whose byproduct, at worst as well as best, is greater understanding in a shrinking world where parochial ignorance and prejudice are increasingly intolerable. This is what any intelligent or influential person engaging in criticism of tourism must constantly bear in mind. It is neither possible nor desirable to turn back the clock of world travel.

It is hard for *SR* to believe that any culture worthy of the name is so weak-kneed that it can neither stand the impact of a few thousand visitors each year nor actually benefit from the valuable cultural interchange that inevitably takes place.

The central truth for the critics as well as the champions of tourism to bear in mind as the globe contracts and the world expands in complexity is this: tourism, wisely administered, can enrich a national culture as well as a national economy. This is the task that government and industry on both sides of the welcome mat must perform, and they must encourage tourists to fulfill their role as good ambassadors for the country they visit as well as for their own land.

—William D. Patterson.

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(Continued on page 100)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 99)

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B. Following an identical method (4 wds.).	30 145 201 118 169 36 130 19 109 77 183 115
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E. Specifying the trapezoid whose nonparallel sides are of the same length.	66 113 28 52 141 38 135 209 151
F. Differentiating a certain humor in the eye.	7 179 101 73 144 205 31
G. Things to go back to with pleasure and profit, acc'g to old French saying.	104 117 88 157 199 110 29
H. Very mean or base; inside information (comp.).	111 149 132 175 153 107 106
I. The art of conducting government affairs.	53 114 93 96 105 176 185 190 83 1
J. Preceded by "La", and followed by Word S, scene of the provocation for Words N, R.	33 119 44 159 196 165
K. Nickname for Dostoevsky's "Prince Myshkin".	70 80 192 61 89
L. Empty bluster.	148 116 131 172 23 43 194 56 49 65 40

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Substance.	127 161 166 123 59 171 5
N. Followed by Word R, slogan widely used in U.S., which promoted a war after a naval loss.	206 186 39 20 63 9 17 55
O. Dangerous disease transmitted by cooties.	32 170 208 164 180 121
P. Sharp, thin countenance (2 wds.).	142 51 21 163 129 45 188 82 195 102 137
Q. Conventional decorum.	134 191 75 13 86 64 42 167 155
R. See Word N (2 wds.).	71 103 204 128 98 81 178 122
S. See Word J.	6 46 156 50 202 25
T. Forceful action toward the inside.	15 124 160 126 48 150 100 76
U. Twin slain by his brother shortly after founding of Rome, 753 B.C.; beloved fictional storyteller of today.	4 181 57 162 94
V. Time for final judgment.	41 67 177 198 139 120 112 35
W. Eradicates (2 wds.).	92 54 24 16 146 193 140 99
X. Obliterated.	37 203 62 187 68 11 8
Y. Tax, tribute, or duty.	133 143 95 90 74 125
Z. Builder of second pyramid at Giza and probably also of the Sphinx (c. 2850 B.C.).	85 27 34 152 158 69 58 189
Z1. Biblical words for overwhelmingly (3 wds.).	97 72 26 18 12 136 60 108 84 91 168

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 I	2 C	3 A	4 U	5 M		6 S	7 F	8 X		9 N	10 A	11 X	12 Z1		13 Q	14 C
15 T	16 W	17 N		18 Z1		19 B	20 N	21 P	22 C	23 L	24 W	25 S	26 Z1	27 Z	28 E	29 G
30 B	31 F		32 O	33 J	34 Z	35 V		36 B	37 X	38 E	39 N	40 L	41 V		42 Q	43 L
	44 J	45 P		46 S		47 A	48 T	49 L	50 S		51 P	52 E	53 I	54 W	55 N	56 L
57 U	58 Z	59 M	60 Z1		61 K	62 X		63 N	64 Q	65 L	66 E	67 V	68 X	69 Z	70 K	71 R
72 Z1	73 F	74 Y		75 Q	76 T		77 B	78 D	79 C		80 K	81 R	82 P	83 I	84 Z1	85 Z
86 Q	87 C	88 G		89 K	90 Y		91 Z1	92 W	93 I	94 U	95 Y		96 I	97 Z1	98 R	99 W
	100 T	101 F	102 P	103 R		104 G	105 I	106 H		107 H	108 Z1	109 B	110 G		111 H	112 V
113 E	114 I		115 B	116 L	117 G		118 B	119 J	120 V		121 O	122 R	123 M	124 T		125 Y
126 T	127 M	128 R		129 P	130 B	131 L		132 H	133 Y	134 Q	135 E	136 Z1	137 P	138 A		139 V
140 W	141 E	142 P		143 Y	144 F	145 B	146 W	147 C	148 L	149 H	150 T	151 E		152 Z	153 H	154 A
155 Q	156 S		157 G	158 Z	159 J	160 T		161 M	162 U	163 P	164 O		165 J	166 M		167 Q
168 Z1	169 B	170 O		171 M	172 L	173 C	174 D	175 H		176 I	177 V	178 R	179 F	180 O	181 U	182 D
	183 B		184 C	185 I	186 N	187 X	188 P		189 Z	190 I	191 Q	192 K	193 W	194 L		195 P
196 J	197 A		198 V	199 G	200 D	201 B		202 S	203 X		204 R	205 F	206 N	207 C	208 O	209 E

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 15 of this issue.

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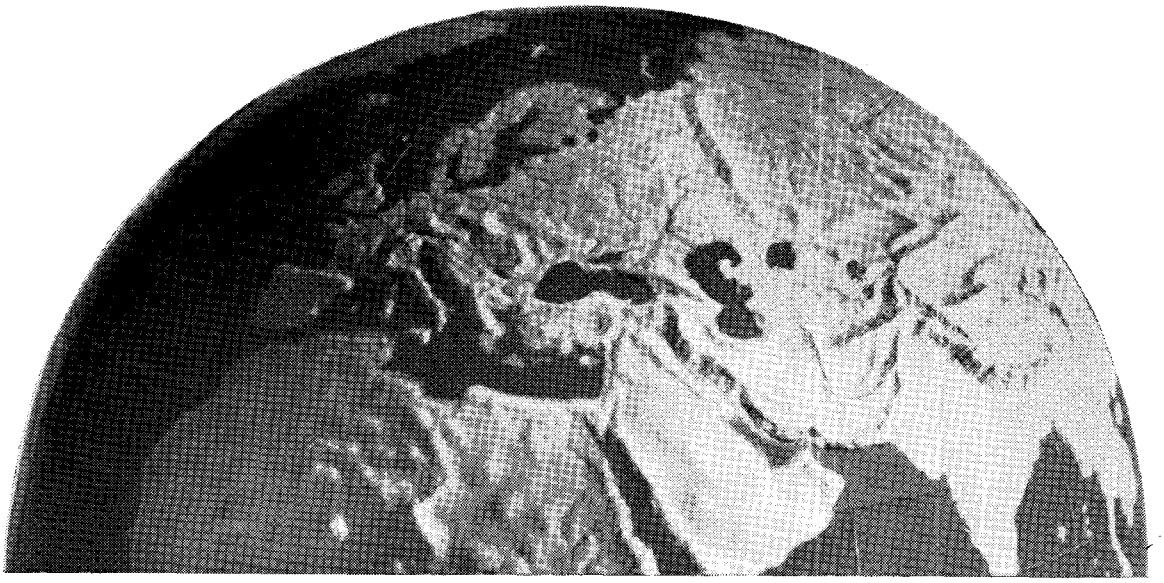

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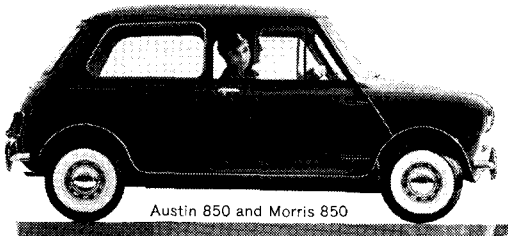
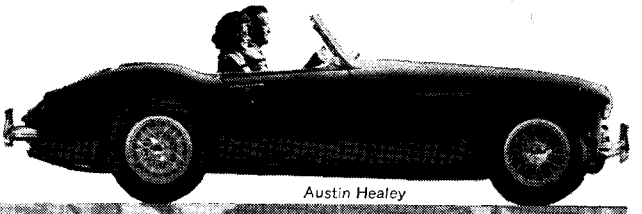
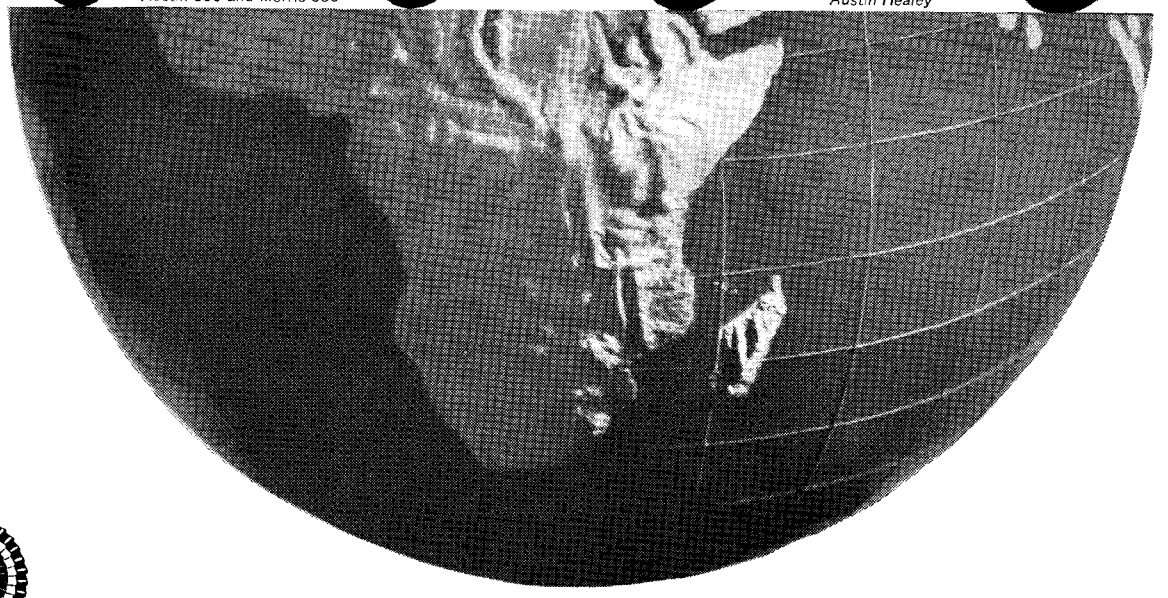


Austin 850 and Morris 850



Austin Healey



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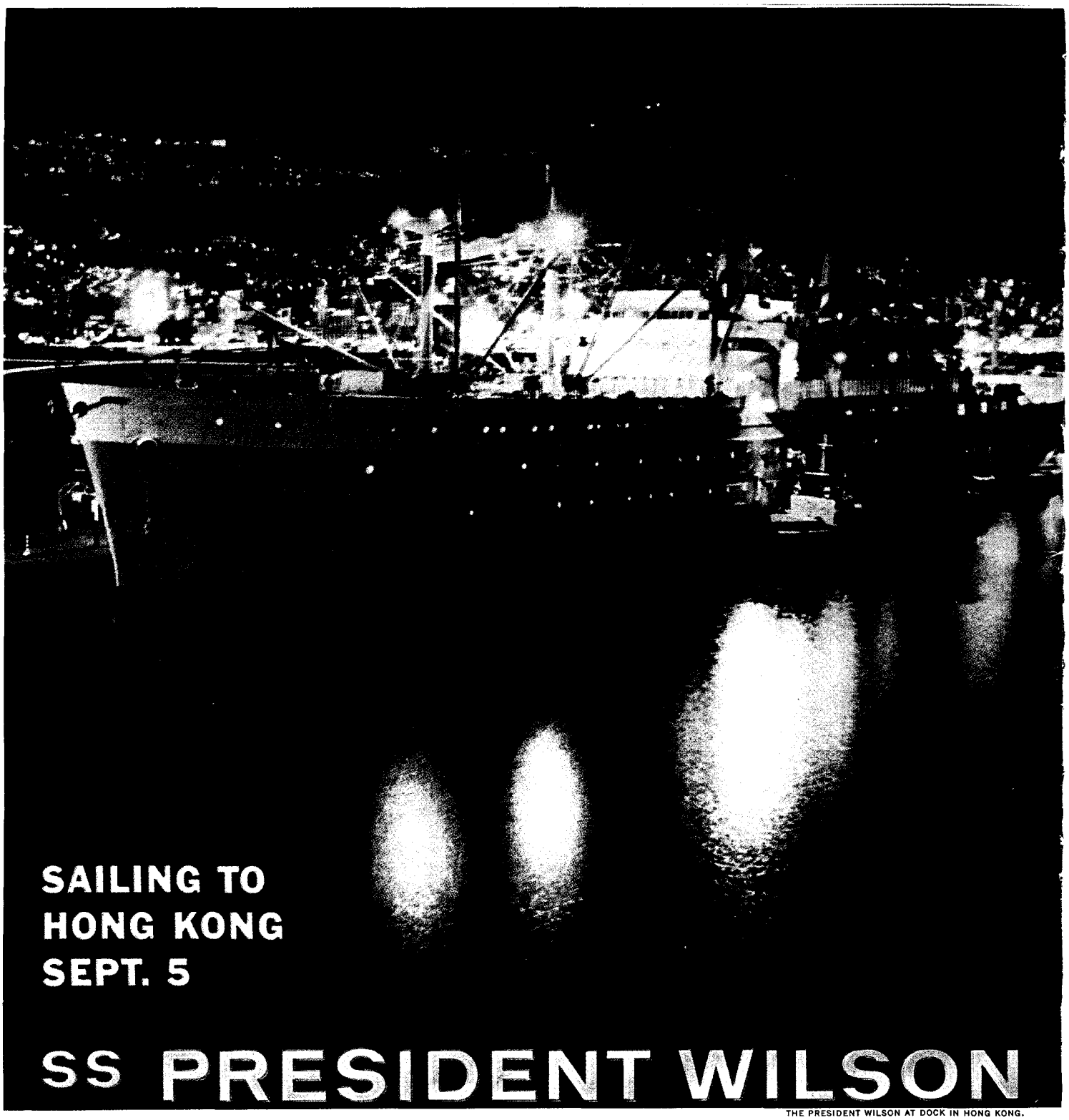

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